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INCREDIBLE LOADS OF PONDEROUS LOGS.

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AT THE SKIDWAY

Donahoe's Magazine

VOL. LIX. JANUARY, 1908. No. 1.

SURSUM CORDA.

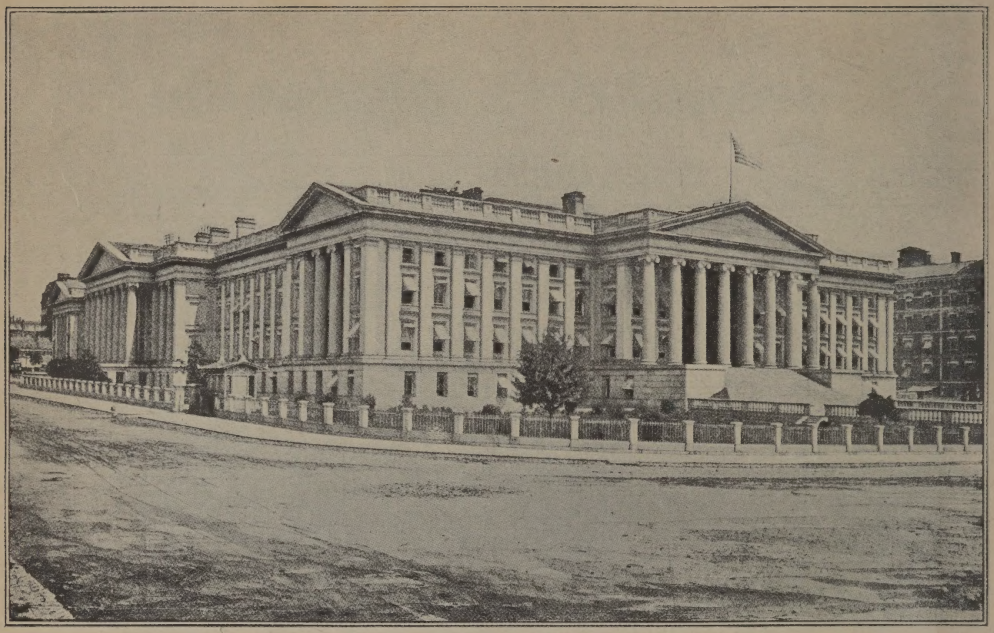
BY AMADEUS, O.S.F.

Lift up your hearts: give the best to the Lord;
Bind not to earth what above should far soar;
Not in this life may come aught of reward,—
God, Who is just, keepeth watch evermore!

What is this world that our hearts should e'er let
Hope for their happiness rest on a whim?
Man makes a promise, but man will forget,—
God will remember; trust only in Him!

Bury the past; for the future take cheer;
Have no regrets where they may not avail;
Lift up your hearts: face another clear year;
God is your Helper; His strength will not fail.

Lift up your hearts: take your crosses each day,—
Life-tired you may be,—yet, lay them not down,—
Christ, Who awaits you, once walked the same way;
Follow His leading till reach you your crown!

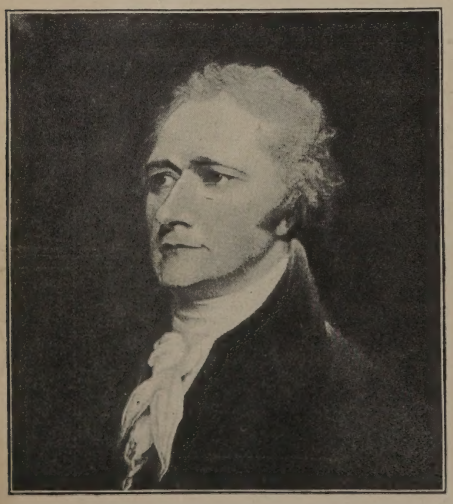


THE TREASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON.

THE TREASURY OF THE UNITED STATES.

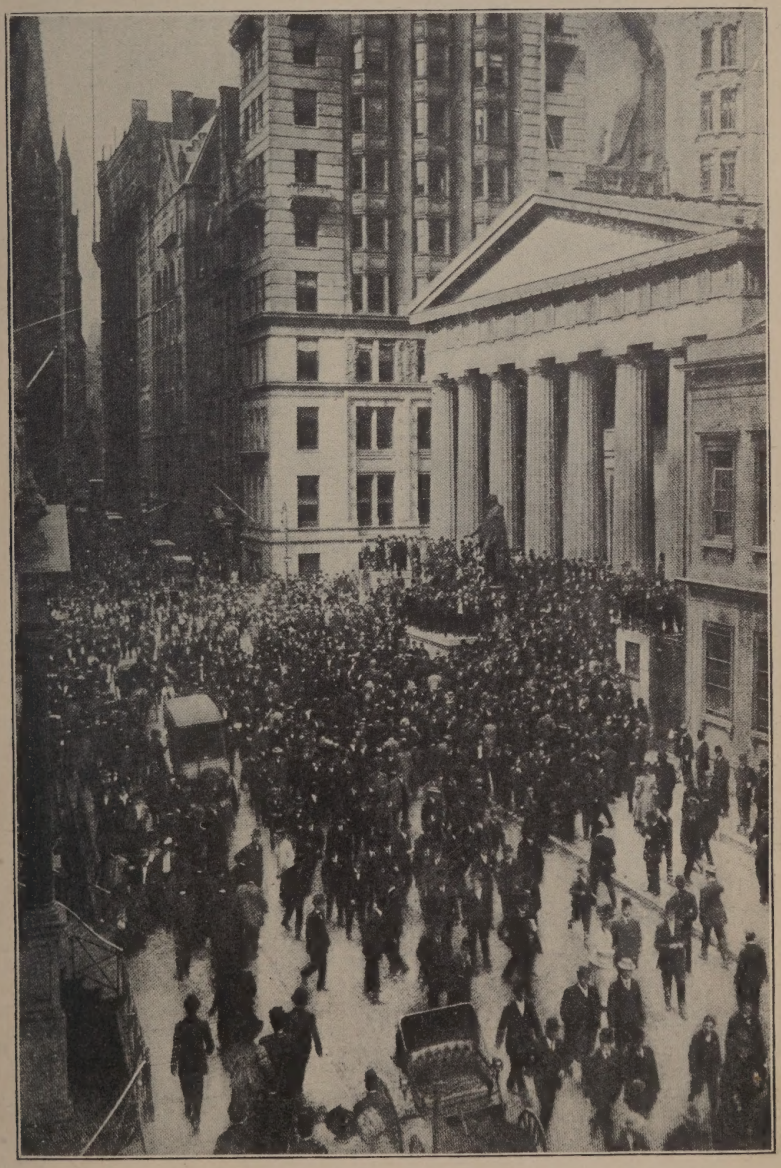
BY JOHN MORGAN.

Among the men who acquired an international importance during the events of the recent financial crisis the Hon. George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, is perhaps the most interesting figure. He has had a remarkable career, stepping into positions for which he had no special training, and yet proving that he is the man for the place. From stenographer to private secretary to the President was the first step in his ascent to his present high place. When President Cleveland discovered him he was acting as private secretary to the fourth postmaster-general. When invited to become stenographer and executive clerk at the White House he said: "You know, Mr. Cleveland, that I am a Republican?" "That," replied Mr. Cleveland, "does not make a bit of difference." And he insisted upon making the appointment, despite the opposition of Democratic statesmen. Cortelyou remained at the White House as assistant secretary under President Mc-



ALEXANDER HAMILTON,
First Secretary of the Treasury.

Kinley, and under the present administration was elevated to the office of secretary. The next upward step was into the Cabinet, as first secretary of the new Department of Commerce and Labor; and then, in 1904, without any particular political experience, he was elected chairman of the National Committee of the Republican party—a position that called for the exercise of the shrewdest political tactics. And to the surprise of all Mr. Cortelyou vindicated



THE SUB-TREASURY, WALL STREET, NEW YORK,
Where Secretary Cortelyou made his headquarters during the recent panic.

COUNTING GOLD COIN AT THE PHILADELPHIA MINT.

the wisdom of the choice. His grasp of affairs was remarkable. He next assumed the duties of postmaster-general, and from the start displayed great executive ability in organization. Only seven years after he had held the subordinate position of assistant secretary in the White House he was made Secretary of the Treasury, the greatest national treasury in the world, with revenues aggregating (outside of the post-office department) about $600,000,000 a year. Writing of his record a Washington correspondent calls it "a meteoric progress that is without parallel in the history of the Republic."

Commenting on the reticence that seems to be the Secretary's most marked characteristic the *Times*, New York, says:

"He manifested a characteristic which has stayed with him ever since—an aversion to language. Whenever he had to use any it seemed to worry him. If he had to speak he disclosed a superhuman genius for getting all that he was obliged to say into the shortest possible compass. When he had finished he stopped instead of going on. Nobody else has shown so much skill in getting a column and a half into six words. Conversations with Cortelyou were usually short, but contained as much information as another man could have dispensed in an hour. This accounted largely for the immense number of conversations he could hold in a single day. He is still that way. He always will be."

A genius for picking out men competent to attend to the details of business is another of the natural gifts of the Secretary of the Treasury, and he has also a vast capacity for work. According to the *Independent:*

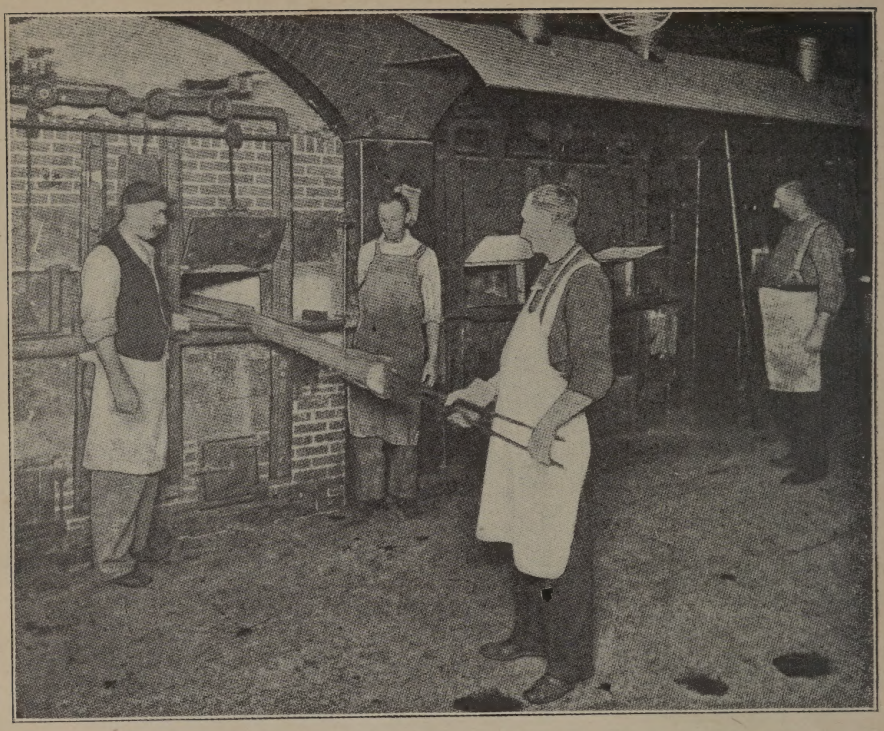
"He is the hardest worker in the Cabinet, putting in the most hours and turning off a prodigious amount in every one of them, but he never appears to be busy. He is never in a hurry. He is an exceptionally handsome man and an exceptionally well-groomed man. Hurry would be decidedly unbecoming to him. He seldom smiles a right hearty smile. His face is not built for it. It is too earnest and thoughtful a face. But unless there is occasion for the other thing, there is always a genial touch o something which is almost a smile flitting over every feature. He is quiet, demurely dignified always. There is an imperturbable self-reliance about him which never yields to excitement. His black hair, bristling back from his forehead, which has made him such an easy mark for cartoonists, and his short, black mustache have gone gray rapidly, in the last few years, but

that is the only sign of the burdens he has been bearing. His words and motions are always deliberate. His voice is musically low and undemonstrative, but his eyes tell you that he fully understands what he is saying and that you would better understand.

He is so gentle about everything and so easily approachable that one often fails at first to appreciate the manner of man he is; but by degrees the powers of good and bad that have been brought in contact with him are finding him out, and it is whispered—a whisper that one who knows Cortelyou can easily believe—that the strength of the opposition which is constantly developing against him is the result of the discovery that he is not a man who can be used for dishonest purposes.

HON. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Another writer gives this pen picture of Mr. Cortelyou: "He has reached the point of life when a man should be at his very best. Physically he has the appearance of an athlete. His shoulders are broad and his muscles are well developed. He has a strong face—a face filled with lines that denote fixedness of purpose, considerable stubbornness—but a stubbornness that will yield to logic—deep concentration, almost to



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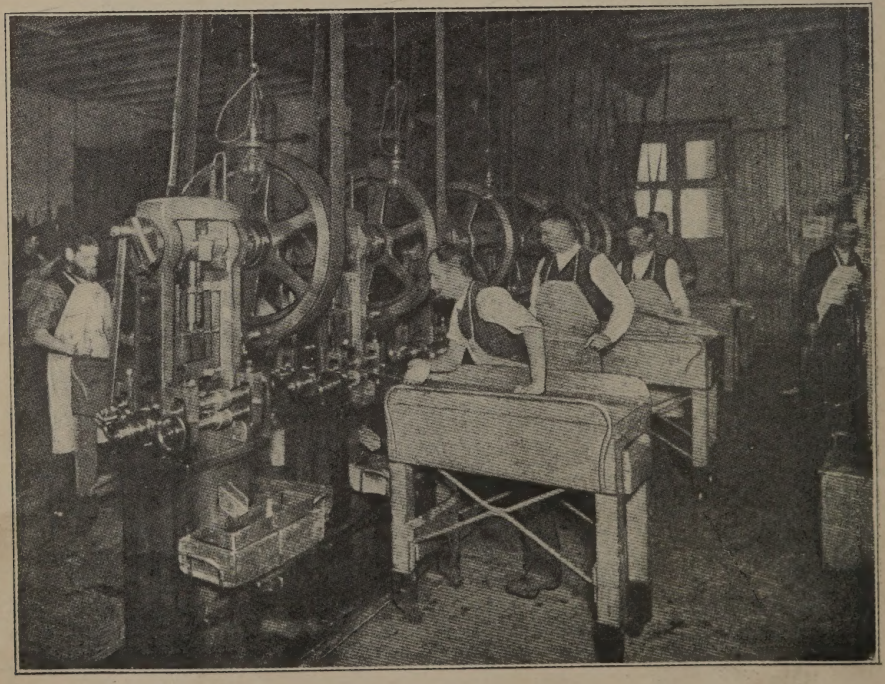


THE CUTTING MACHINES, THE MINT, PHILADELPHIA.

the extent of absorption, and extreme seriousness."

The name Cortelyou is of French Huguenot origin, but the Secretary's ancestors came to America in early Colonial days. His father was a friend of Greeley, Raymond, Thurlow Weed and other famous men, and had one of the most beautiful homes on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. The future Secretary of the Treasury was graduated from the Massachusetts Normal School, and for two years taught stenography in New York.

So much for the history of the man who with the President and other members of the Administration worked out the plan for the relief of the financial situation, and who came from Washington to New York to place $25,000,000 of Government funds at the disposal of the national banks.

J. Pierpont Morgan and his associates placed $27,000,000 on the floor of the Stock Exchange for call loans and arrested the collapse of prices; John D. Rockefeller deposited $10,000,000 in one trust company and pledged $50,000,000, if necessary, to relieve the strain; bankers of the highest standing, under the leadership of the clearing-house committee, co-operated with all these agencies and succeeded in staying the avalanche.

The power and scope of the functions vested in the Government at Washington are known to but the few, though the public generally has a vague idea of the many branches of the great executive system. Thus, while readers have grown familiar with the name of the Secretary of the Treasury, there are many who have but the most limited knowledge of his office or of the working of the Treasury itself. Second only to the Capitol in architectural importance, the Treasury building stands within a stone's throw of the executive mansion. It is an imposing structure of sandstone and granite with colonnades and porticoes of Ionic columns, and having a total length of 450 feet. Such a massive pile of masonry should have had a fitting setting, instead of bordering on the thoroughfare, but it is said that the intentions of the architect were defeated by the impatience of President Jackson, who wearying of the delay in choosing a site stuck his cane into the ground, one morning, and peremptorily ordered, "build it here."

The impression given by the building is of great solidity and strength, as becomes the bank of the nation, for, while a surprising number of activities are carried on in the 200 rooms on each floor of the structure, it is primarily a financial institution, from which flow the energizing currents without which the Government could not be carried on.

The first treasury was built of wood, by George Hatfield, an English architect, and English troops set fire to it in 1814, burning it to the ground.

Another building was erected for the State Department, but that, too, was burned, in 1833. Eight years later the first part of the present building was completed.

The financial struggles of the Revolution laid the foundation of the Treasury Department, and to-day fiscal affairs continue to be its most important operations. Prior to the existence of the Treasury and the framing of the Constitution committees under the direction of the Continental Congress controlled the finances of the Colonies.

Washington was inaugurated in April, 1789, and on September 2 of the same

year Congress passed an act establishing the Treasury Department. Alexander Hamilton was the selection of Washington for the post of Secretary of the Treasury. It was a selection so approved by all who knew Hamilton's abilities as an organizer and financier that the nomination was confirmed on the day it reached the Senate. Only ten days after his appointment Congress requested him to prepare a report upon the public credit and when Congress met in January he submitted his celebrated report "On Public Credit," which laid the cornerstone of American finance under the Constitution. He set about organizing the Treasury and laid his plans so effectively that despite the developments of years and the unprecedented growth of the nation comparatively few changes have been made in the system he devised. He seemed to gather in his hands all the tangled threads of the disordered finances of the Continental Congress and of the State, showing how they could be woven into a bond of strength and symmetry; he proposed to plant the public credit on a firm foundation, and put the nation on the high road to industrial and financial progress.

To-day national financial transactions involve the receiving and disbursing of more than a million dollars each day, and in two years as much money is received and disbursed as in the first fifty years of the nation's existence. The expenditures of one week exceed the maintenance of the entire public service during any year of the first quarter century of the nation.

More than five thousand persons are employed by the Secretary of the Treasury in collecting the duty upon imports; and to ensure efficiency in this customs department he has under him a corps of specially qualified officers, some of whom are stationed abroad to expedite the transaction of business between the importers and the United States. This branch of the service also looks after the salmon and seal fisheries of Alaska and the enforcing of the Chinese Exclusion Acts.

The internal revenues service is administered with as minute attention to details as in the customs branch. The safe custody of the monies received through these sources necessitates the maintenance of the treasury at Washington, and nine sub-treasuries, located in the principal cities of the United States, each of the latter being under the direction of an assistant treasurer. Further depositories for funds are provided in the one hundred and seventy or more national banks. Every dollar of the vast sums paid out by these disbursing agencies must be accounted for in the auditing of the department. The auditor of the Treasury for the post-office employs more than four hundred clerks. The auditors of the Treasury are under the direction of the Comptroller of the Treasury, who is the chief of the accounting system.

This great arm of the national service is not only concerned with the direct office of the Treasury, but is also a department of commerce, maintaining separate services under the general title of marine departments. The officers of the revenue cutter service rank in efficiency with those of the navy. The work of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the maintenance of lighthouses and lightships, the inspection of steamboats, the life-saving service, marine hospitals and relief stations, the quarantine system, inspection of immigrants, the bureau of statistics, and the erection of public build-

ings authorized by Congress are among the many and varied functions carried on by the Treasury.

The mints of the United States are also a part of this vast equipment, the operations in this branch extending from the mines to the vaults of the Treasury. Officers receive the metal in its crude state almost at the mouth of the mine. After leaving their hands it passes through the various processes of refining until the coins are ready for distribution. The crude bullion is received at the assay offices, conveniently located, where its value is ascertained and payment made, after which it is shipped to a coinage mint.

In the days of the late Rebellion American currency was conducted on a gold basis, but it is rare indeed now to receive a gold dollar in exchange; and perhaps it is as well for the circulation of such a small coin would cause no little anxiety. The mint produces one, two-and-a-half, five, ten and twenty-dollar pieces, the last-named, the double eagle, being the largest gold coin in circulation the world over. The precious metal reaches the mint from California and the Klondike. Most of the gold of the world is obtained by washing it free of the superficial sand and gravel or by separating it from quartz. Native gold is an alloy, silver, copper and iron are often associated with it. California gold contains from ten to twelve per cent. of silver; that of Australia less than half that much; Mount Morgan, Queensland, yields a purer metal than any hitherto discovered, as it contains ninety-nine per cent. of gold, with only a minute trace of silver.

The washed gold is smelted into ingots, those produced in the United States Mint for coining being about twelve inches long and one-half inch thick. The width varies from one to two and one-half inches according to the size of the coin to be made and the amount of alloy contained. These ingots are tested at the mint for their comparative pureness. Yukon gold is valued at sixteen and seventeen dollars an ounce, California gold from seventeen to eighteen dollars an ounce. After being again melted and refined it is subjected to an alloy. The American gold coin contains nine parts of gold to one of copper, while that of England has eleven parts gold and one of copper. This alloy is necessary because if made of pure metal the coin could not stand the rough usage attendant on wide circulation. The standard metal is then melted and run into ingots, which are assayed and tested, and, if up to the requirement, are passed to the coiner. The operators engaged in the mint range from laborers to men of the highest scientific knowledge.

Having glanced at the mint and the processes of making gold coinage, let us follow the course of a piece of paper money from its manufacture to its destruction. The process begins in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, a branch of the Treasury. Government bonds, national currency, postage and revenue stamps, military, naval and diplomatic commissions, passports, etc., are printed here. The actual work of engraving the plates is surrounded with the utmost precaution, the plates being closely watched by day, and locked in the safe at night. The original plate itself is never printed from. A replica is used, as in case of an accident to the original plate there would be a possibility of the bureau becoming a counterfeiter, as it would be impossible to du-

plicate the original. But if a replica should be injured a new one can be made from the original.

The first process witnessed is the printing of the notes, the printing being done on paper, the manufacture of which is a closely guarded trade secret. It is delivered in packages of 1,000 sheets, and this count of 1,000, begun at the mill in Massachusetts, is continued in every department of the Bureau and after the packages reach the Treasury. The printing is done on hand presses, each pressman having a young woman assistant. Each pressman gets 1,000 sheets at a time, and each sheet makes four notes. A pressman prints five hundred a day on one side; and from this floor the sheets are sent to one below where the count is verified. Numbering machines impress in blue ink the distinctive series letter and number of each note; the numbered sheets are counted for the last time, and wrapped in packages of 1,000 sheets each, to be taken to the Treasury.

There are fourteen departments in the Bureau and 1,400 employes, each piece of work passing through the hands of thirty people. At closing time custodians verify every count before the force is dismissed.

From the Bureau the currency is brought over to the Treasury at nine o'clock every morning, a million dollars a day, in a wagon built of steel and attended by a force of guards. It is delivered to the Division of Issue. Three experts verify the contents of each package, and the sheets then go to the sealing-room where the red seal of the registrar of the Treasury is stamped upon them. The cutting machine cuts the sheets into four parts, and in new packages of 4,000 bills the currency passes to its final counting, each package having been counted by five successive hands. The counters are the most expert in the service, their marvellous rapidity and accuracy being as the work of a perfect machine. When counting, the expert lifts each note by the upper right-hand corner, and not only does she count the 4,000 notes in the package but also scans the seal and detects any imperfection. The average daily volume of new money passing through the hands of the counters is a million dollars, made up of 320,000 separate notes. Every package is receipted for by each person into whose hands it comes.

After the final count the sealing clerk wraps up the packages in brown paper, and seals each package with the Treasury seal. At the close of the day the amount received by him must tally to a dollar with the amount brought in from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The new money is deposited in the currency reserve where it remains for two months or more. As a new lot is added each day another is taken out, to put in circulation. A large proportion of this money eventually comes back to be redeemed in the Redemption Division.

Here again great precaution is taken to guard against error or loss. For every old dollar received a new dollar is paid out, and for every new dollar paid out an old one must be received. The money, brought in sealed packages by express companies, is delivered to the receiving clerk, who distributes the packages among the counters, each one of whom receipts for the package given to her, specifying the amount it is said to contain. After other precautions to ensure accuracy have been observed the counter takes the package to the cancelling machine, and finally delivers

the cancelled notes to the clerk who credits her with the amount received. The expert counter must also detect counterfeits and "raised" bills. When bad money is detected the bill is stamped "counterfeit" in letters which cut right through the paper. Such money is sent back to the sender to trace it if possible, and finally reaches the Treasury again for investigation by the secret service department.

Each day the cancelled packages of the day before are taken to the cutting knife—a huge blade which cuts the package in two lengthwise. The upper half goes to the registrar's office, the lower one to the office of the Secretary of the Treasury. In each office the half sheets are counted, and if this final count corresponds with that of the first expert the money is sent to the mascerater for destruction. In event of an error being discovered or a bad bill passed undetected the first counter is held responsible and the amount is deducted from her salary. One million dollars a day on an average is handled in the redemption division by the women experts, reputed to be the most skilled counters of worn money in the world. Their work is more difficult than that of the counters of the new money for much of the currency is difficult to handle and there is no order of enumeration to guide the count. The mutilated currency is entrusted to the workers of tried proficiency, and in a secluded corner an expert in burned money sorts shreds and patches of currency which would defy the skill of one less acute and patient. She solves problems which are exceedingly difficult of solution, and with every new success comes the satisfaction of knowing that some unfortunate person had been helped.

The closely set knives of the mascerater complete the work of destruction. After four days the destroyed money flows out as liquid pulp, is screened into a pit, and from thence goes to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where it is rolled into sheets of bookbinders' board, and sold for forty dollars a ton. The largest sum ever placed in a mascerater in one day was 150,000,000 national bank notes and United States bonds destroyed June 27, 1894.

The Treasury is carefully guarded by a force of watchmen who patrol the building night and day; and police or military aid can be summoned promptly. On the outside. watchmen are stationed and at five o'clock all doors are closed; by six the building is deserted, except by the watchmen, and after that hour no one is ever admitted except the secretary, the treasurer, and the treasurer's chief clerk.

So numerous and so interesting are the functions of this great branch of the national service that it would be impossible to dwell upon even one section in the limited space of a magazine article. Visitors to the World's Fair, at St. Louis, will recall with pleasure the fine exhibit made by this department, though doubtless there were many who did not realize that the Treasury alone controlled so many different activities in the conduct of the nation's business.

MON CAMARADE.

BY THE REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

The big lumber camp was situated on the shore of a large lake, in the northern part of the Province of Quebec, and Karnaghan, the "greenhorn" Irishman, as he viewed the desolate scene, was very sick at heart. It was all so strange and savage—so different from his own green country in the Golden Vale of Tipperary! The vast expanse of lake was sheathed in thick ice, partly swept clear of snow by the wind. The shantymen had told him the ice was five feet in depth, but surely such a thing could not be! It was so clear in places that he imagined the water must be very close, and they laughed at him when he had checked his steps. His work to-day was "cutting trails" through the bush, in order that the fallen timber might be drawn out and "skidded" close to the main track. As he was not an expert hand at the axe, he liked the job not at all; and watching the deftness of the other "lumber-jacks" he felt himself at a great disadvantage. At home in Ireland things had been so different with him. There Denis Karnaghan had been a very king among men. The big, handsome giant had been a champion athlete, with world's records to his credit in heavy-weight throwing. Lovingly the old neighbors had christened him Karnaghan *Buidhe*, on account of his yellow locks, and a sad day, indeed, it was for the whole country-side when the train left the little station of Bohernabrone, carrying away to America their idol and their pride. Karnaghan *Buidhe*, in a bewildered way, watched the teamsters with their astonishing loads of ponderous logs—sixteen feet high every load, if a foot—go hurtling down the main trail at a dizzy speed. The roadway had been carefully built, with snow plentifully sprinkled with water on top, so as to make a perfect glare of ice, and down this devil's slide the shouting drivers whipped their maddened horses unmercifully. Once the heavy incline down to the lake-level was struck there was no such thing as stopping and the least swerve towards a deep gully that ran alongside the road meant death to man and beast! But the trained hands of the teamsters never failed, and fear never seemed to enter their calculations.

The foreman, Fortunat Bourbonniere, a tall, dark, scowling French-Canadian, drove the men to their work unsparingly. From morning till night he kept them going incessantly, oftentimes taking the post of danger himself, to let them see he was the "best man," as every foreman must be who tries to control these wild, rough spirits. They feared and respected him, for his sinewy arm was quick to punish a boaster or malingerer. Karnaghan *Buidhe* had no special reason to like the foreman. It was true the French-Canadian did not join in the rough gibes and practical jokes the lumber-jacks practised on the new hand, but he, too, seemed to enjoy their rough sallies, at meal-time, when the discomfiture of the big Irishman was most evident. And now as the latter leaned idly on his axe, his attitude did not escape the vigilance of Bourbonniere: "Get to work, dere, you beeg Irlandais," he shouted "or I sack you to-night, queek;" and sullenly Karnaghan bent once more to his uncongenial task.

The long day passed, as every day must—no matter how hard—and in the

big dining shack the thirty odd men belonging to the camp were seated at supper. It was a hearty and substantial meal, and the way those hungry shantymen made the food disappear would be gall and wormwood to the eyes of a dyspeptic. The foreman sat at the head of the table, his sharp, black eyes now and again taking in the whole scene.

As usual, the "greenhorn" came in for his share of attention from the men. They asked him, among other facetious queries, was it true that potatoes were the only thing grown and eaten in Ireland, and was the pig still the household pet. "What I object to in you Irishmen," said a big shantyman from Maine, "is the way you run down the English, and are afraid at the same time, to get up and lick 'em, like we Yankees did long ago."

"There are lots of people besides the Irish," answered Karnaghan, "who would like to lick the English but can't. I saw the red flag an' the red sogers at Quebec as I came up. The English licked the Canadians, too."

Bourbonniere leaped to his feet. "What you say? What you say?" he cried coming close to the Irishman. "De English never lick no Canayen—We lick 'em way back in turty-seven—we got wat you call—Hom' Rule! I show you how we lick 'em!" Grasping Karnaghan's collar in his huge hand, the foreman dragged him to his feet. Then in a twinkling both men took wrestling grips. The shantymen, with loud shouts of delight, pulled the tables to the side wall and stood with backs against them to prevent damage.

At first the French-Canadian almost rushed the surprised "greenhorn" off his feet. The impetuosity of the former was indeed well-nigh irresistible, but as the wrestling progressed, Karnaghan began to rally and soon was even enjoying the wild tussle. Steadily he settled down to the work, getting his great arms into play on the foreman's body. The rush of the latter was stayed—the sweat came out on his forehead—his panting began to be audible. With astonishment the onlookers saw the strong arms of Karnaghan *Buidhe* slowly but relentlessly contracting. The Canadian's body was being pulled together in a ball! Suddenly he was shot upward and came down with terrific impact to the floor, the great weight of the Irishman above him. The fall, hard as it was, would have been much harder had not the "greenhorn" partially checked it at the last. The men could see this plainly, but whether the foreman was aware of it or not could not be known.

It was the first time in his career he had ever been put to the ground, and the shantymen were breathless, looking for a terrible ebullition of rage. No such thing occurred. The foreman got to his feet slowly, and, without a word, went back to his place at the table. In fact never again did Bourbonniere make the slightest allusion to the incident. As the days passed it was noticed that his countenance became, if possible, darker and more scowling, and the men were driven at the work remorselessly.

It was remarked after this he never addressed a word to Karnaghan, nor took the least notice whether that individual worked or idled.

The men thought it a bad sign, and that the Canadian was meditating dire vengeance.

Two weeks passed since the scene we have described when the manager of the lumber company came into camp. He appointed another foreman, and ordered Bourbonniere, who was a skilled prospec-

tor, to take a man with him and go about a hundred miles north of the camp to examine new timber-limits lately acquired by the company.

"Ver' well," was Bourbonniere's laconic reply to this command. "I go to-morrow, an' tak dat man Karnaghan wit' me."

The men were greatly surprised when they heard of the choice, and foreboded dark things for the Irishman. "Shouldn't be surprised if Frenchy comes back all by his lonesome," opined the man from Maine. They even warned the Irishman that it was risky for him to go, but he only laughed at them good-naturedly. "All right, boy," said the spokesman, "it's none of our business, and it's your own funeral, after all."

Bourbonniere attended to getting together the necessary outfit, and the next morning, on snowshoes, they left the camp, striking due north. The Irishman was far from proficient with the shoes, having had them on but three or four times already, and the first few miles of the journey were occupied by the foreman in giving lessons to his companion on the proper way of using the shoes. Karnaghan was nearly played out when they came to a halt for dinner. Tired as he was he had to admire the deftness with which the veteran wood-ranger got the fire going, the water boiling, and a welcome and warm repast ready in a few minutes.

Beyond these attentions at meals, however, during the days that followed the Canadian was silent and gruff, and no word passed between the men for hours at a stretch. After several days—the Irishman had lost all count of them on the hard march—they came at last to a high bluff, from the top of which they could see stretched beneath them the new timber-limits. The wood-ranger had gone straight for them, as the crow flies, though he had never before been in these regions. From this vantage point he took a long survey of the timber lands, making many calculations and jotting down notes the while. They then descended, and for three days ranged in every direction through the virgin woods. Never before, probably, had the foot of white man trod those dim and mighty cathedrals of the primeval pines. The deep silence and majesty of the forest produced in the soul of Karnaghan *Buidhe* a strange feeling of awe, and he half dreaded to behold some gigantic and terrible guardian of the place step forth to bar their progress. Once or twice he heard the wind in the pine tops wailing a weird lament for the lords of the forest whose reign was drawing to a close.

Fortunat Bourbonniere's piercing glances took in and appraised everything with business-like alertness. No dreamer was he, and the spell of the forest was lost on him. The towering, majestic pines represented to the trained eye of the prospector only so much value in dollars and cents to the company for which he worked. Already he had calculated what it would cost to fell, skid, and drive them down stream to the towns. In his mind's eye, already, he saw them stripped of all their beauty, riding the turbulent rapids, ripped by the merciless saws, and lying in huge piles—so many thousand feet of uninteresting lumber, in the crowded yard of some smoky city to the south.

The sullen manner of the Canadian towards his companion was unchanged. He saw to it, however, that everything that could be done for his comfort when they rested for the night was well done. The Irishman was instructed how to make his bed of balsam branches, how to lie so as to get the most benefit from the

fire, and many other lessons in wood-craft that were essential to his well-being. Once, indeed, Karnaghan got one of his feet frozen, and Bourbonniere spent two hours rubbing it vigorously with snow before he brought back the circulation. The sense of direction exhibited by the Canadian was an ever-recurring source of wonder to the man from Tipperary.

From the moment they lost sight of the camp, Karnaghan was irretrievably lost. The foreman on the other hand seemed to find the waste plains and the heart of the woods an open book for him to read. No matter where they went, or how far, he easily, at any moment, without doubling on his trail, found his way back to the place whence they started. Should the sun fail him, or be overcast, a look at his compass—a short examination of the moss on the trees—these were enough to give him all the bearings he required. He carried a rifle with him on all his trips and they had any amount of wild game to keep up their strength. Karnaghan noticed that whenever the Canadian shot at wild grouse he never missed, and always sent the bullet through the bird's head, that the body might not be torn or spoiled for eating.

If the Irishman ever had any fears with regard to his guide he had dismissed them altogether by this time, and was thoroughly enjoying the experience, and learning the lore of the *courier-du-bois* from a master of the art. Having satisfied himself with regard to the quality and abundance of the standing timber, the prospector made preparations for the return journey. Ere long they had packed their little effects, and were soon upon the heights again, leaving the wooded country and coming to a rough barren tract of land they had traversed before. Quite a change had come to pass during their short delay. Snow-storms, which in the shelter of the woods they had hardly noticed, had covered the land to a considerable depth with soft snow, making the walking heavy and difficult even with the aid of snow-shoes. Their progress was of necessity labored and slow. The wild things of the forest, too, seemed to be in distress, and they oftentimes caught sight of many species of wild animals that had lost their customary swiftness of foot.

One night, as Karnaghan *Buidhe* slept by the campfire, he was awakened by a stark, unearthly sound. Long-drawn, weird, abysmal in its savage desolation, it seemed the very voice of the waste and barren plains protesting to the Lord against the cruel curse of utter loneliness and sterility. The Irishman knew not what it was, but an indefinable dread—the terror of the primeval man—chilled the marrow of his bones. In the morning he dismissed the thing as a vague and horrible dream and forbore mentioning it to his companion. Next evening, as he was gathering brushwood for the fire, a large, grey animal, indistinct in the twilight passed some distance in front of him and disappeared behind a rock. Karnaghan casually mentioned the fact to the foreman. The Canadian started a little, and asked quickly:

"What he look lak—you tink?"

"He looked like a dog, with a long tail, but a lot bigger than any dog I ever saw," answered the Irishman.

The foreman laughed.

"Ha! ha! *bon!* a beeg dog, you say—he what you call him—*loup*—en Anglish—voila, wolf—he's one beeg wolf you see—a bad place to meet him—no high tree to climb—we will see!"

The subject rested here and was not broached again that evening. That night the Irishman tried hard to keep awake, but unsuccessfully, and in a short time

he was enjoying the sleep of the utterly exhausted. The foreman did not seem to have taken any special precautions except to build a larger fire than usual. He, too, slept, and soundly,—but were his ears, trained to abnormal sensitiveness, listening while he slept?

Karnaghan *Buidhe* awoke with a shock; and for a moment imagined that the demons of the lowest void had hold of him. A horrible and continuous howling, punctuated by the splitting bark of the foreman's Winchester, filled the air. He noticed that the fire was out, and it was evidently far gone into the night. The moon, drawing close to the horizon, shone full into the face of the cliff against which their fire had been built. Fortunat Bourbonniere stood in front of the little camp, his rifle blazing into the half-circle of an on-coming wolf pack. The wolves were dropping fast before his deadly aim, but their numbers were great and the survivors pressed in relentlessly. In less time than it takes to tell they were upon the Canadian, and he, discarding his rifle, snatched his long knife from its sheath. As the wolves leaped, the knife flashed right and left with wonderful power and skill, and at each stroke a prowler fell with slitten throat. But the odds were too much for even the skilled wood-ranger. A large grey wolf, of superior strength and cunning, leaping from behind, ripped the flesh from his fighting arm. He barely had strength to change the knife to his left hand when his right fell limp by his side. With the left hand he kept them at bay a few moments, then with a great shout that caused the surprised pack to fall back an instant, the foreman turned and running to the cliff placed his back against it.

At this point Karnaghan *Buidhe*, hitherto dazed by the astounding sight, took a hand in the fray. With the roar of a lion he leaped out, and, grasping the empty Winchester by the barrel-end, literally waded into the snarling pack. The wolves dropped by twos and threes before the resistless swing of his mighty arms clutching the formidable club. The Canadian looked on with amazement at the lightning swiftness and crushing force of the blows—the accuracy of eye and verve of muscle which Karnaghan had acquired on athletic fields when swinging the heavy "hurling-stick." A sharp warning from the foreman, and the Irishman turned in time to crack the skull of a large wolf leaping at him from the rear. And now the Canadian, having got back his breath, came into the fight once again with a revolver in his left hand. Four wolves fell at his fire before the pack realized it was beaten. At last a wounded wolf ran yelping across the plain, and a moment later was joined by the survivors of the pack. More than a score of the marauders lay dead or dying on the snow in the waning of the moon!

Fortunat Bourbonniere wiped the sweat from his brow. "*'Pas mal—'pas mal!*" he cried, "it was one great fight, dat—but close—ver close, *mon ami.*"

Heaping up some brushwood on the embers, he soon had a lively fire crackling. He filled a little teapot with snow and set it upon the fire. From some place of hiding—never at a loss—he produced a few long strips of linen. In a short time they had hot water, and, with this, at Bourbonniere's request, the Irishman washed the wounded arm, bandaging it afterwards as well as he knew. The wood-ranger's sullen mood had gone, and gave place to a quaint admixture of sadness and gaiety. His tongue seemed to be unloosed, and he talked of his youthful days at St. Felice, on the St. Lawrence banks, his "*ancienne paroisse.*" He talked of his mother,—the old Curé,—his school

companions, and the Irishman listened deeply moved and interested.

"And now, *voici!*—I sing you a song," he continued. "I sing you 'Collette,' and in good English, too."

'Twas at Saint Felice I met
My sweetheart—*ma chere* Collette,
And the glories of her eyes,
Rivalled summer suns' uprise!
Who could think such youth would fade?
Angels called the radiant maid!

Ere the last sad moment came
These the words that she did say:
"Il y'a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai!"

Back to Saint Felice I go,
When the red June roses blow.
I will pluck from grove and green
Bouquets for my sleeping queen.
I will pray that "Le Bon Dieu"
Call me to His kingdom, too.!

In my dream last night she came
Sweet the words that she did say:
"Il y'a longtemps que je t'aime
*Jamais je ne t'oublierai.**

There were tears in the eyes of the Canadian as he finished. "Sing," he said, "sing you, too, *mon ami.*"

And Karnaghan sang, though he could think of nothing but snatches of a wailing ditty full of Celtic longing and despair:

I would I were on yonder hill,
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
My falling tears would turn a mill!
'Go dhe thu mavourneen slaun! **

I'll sell my rack, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my only spinning wheel,
To buy for my love a sword of steel!
'Go dhe thu mavourneen slaun!

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain;
I wish I had my heart again,
And vainly think I'd not complain!
'Go dhe thu mavourneen slaun!

For now my love has gone to France,
To try his fortune to advance,
Will he e'er come back?—'tis but a chance!
'Go dhe thu mavourneen slaun!

The dawn was breaking when the two set out again. Travelling incessantly all that day, they were lucky enough to reach the big camp at supper time. When Fortunat Bourbonniere entered, the substitute foreman relinquished his place to him, and once again the mantle of power fell on his shoulders. For some time he ate in silence and preoccupation, no one daring to ask him a question. At length he was aroused by loud guffaws from the other end of the long table. The shanty-men were at their old fun of baiting the "greenhorn." The Irishman's good-natured face was crimson with embarrassment, and he shuffled unhappily in his chair.

The foreman stood up and in a few strides was close to his late companion.

The men cowered before the terrible look in his eyes!

"You peegs!" he cried, "what you tink you doin'? You see dis man—de first man mak' fun of him, I brak' hees bone lak' sawdust!—I mak' hees head one punk!—Dis man de bes' man in camp—I mak' him bes' lumberman nort' of St. Laurent—You see." The strident voice suddenly became low and tender, and the foreman's arm went caressingly about the neck of Karnaghan *Buidhe!* "Dis man here, he what you call *mon camarade*— my chum!"

For a moment the crowd sat dumfounded, then as by an irresistible impulse the rough "shanty-men" leaped to their feet and cheered till the rafters rang!

* "Long have I loved you,
Never will I forget you."

** "May you go safely, my darling."

THE CULPRIT FAY.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

A generation ago, "The Culprit Fay," by Joseph Rodman Drake, was a well-known poem. To-day there are very few persons who are acquainted with it. The poem is one which does not deserve to sink into oblivion. It is an original, fascinating, and delicate piece of workmanship. The author was born in New York City on August 7th, 1795. He was a poet from his childhood. "The Culprit Fay" was composed in August, 1816, when the young poet was twenty-one years of age. He was at the time stopping among the Highlands on the Hudson. He was walking with some friends on a warm moonlight evening, when one of the party remarked that it would be difficult to write a fairy poem, purely imaginative, without the aid of human characters.

When the friends met again a few days afterwards Drake read the poem to them. When Drake was on his death-bed in 1820, his friend, Dr. James Ellsworth De Kay, collected and copied all the poems of the young man, which he could find, and took them to him. "See, Joe," said he, "what I have done." "Burn them," was the reply, "they are quite worthless."

A judicious collection of the poems was made in 1835, by Mrs. Janet Halleck DeKay, Drake's only daughter, and the wife of Commodore George C. DeKay. This collection, printed the following year included the "The Culprit Fay," and the well-known poem on "The American Flag." It was the only issue of Drake's poems which appeared until 1866, when an illustrated edition of "The Culprit Fay" was brought out in New York, of which many thousand copies were sold.

In 1812 Drake met the poet Fitz-Greene Halleck, and the two immediately became fast friends. Drake's daughter was named for Halleck, and on the death of the young poet, "The handsomest man in New York," as Halleck called him, the latter wrote the touchingly exquisite lines so familiar to the English-speaking world:—

> Green be the turf above thee,
> Friend of my better days;
> None knew thee but to love thee,
> Nor named thee but to praise.

Nathaniel P. Willis, in his usual exaggerated, but delightful manner, speaking of "The Culprit Fay," says, "The man who could read this poem without feeling the chambers of his brain filled with intellectual incense—without feeling his eyes warm, his blood moved, and his inmost craving of novelty and melody deliciously ministered to—does not love poetry enough 'to give a rose-tint to his russet cares.'"

The story of the poem is very simple. The Fay has committed the offence of falling in love with a mortal maiden. This offence has so soiled his wings as to make them useless, and to put out the flame of his fairy lamp. He is sentenced by the fairy king to the double task of catching a drop of water from the bow which the leaping sturgeon leaves in the air, and to relight his lamp with the last spark left by a shooting star.

The development of the story gives the poet a fine opportunity to indulge his fancy in the realms of fairyland; and

having purposely denied himself the use of human characters, his exquisite handling of the story might be characterized as a *tour de force.*

The poem opens with a vivid description of "Old Crow Nest" or Cro' Nest, as Drake writes it, on the Hudson River, where the fairies meet. The gathering of the diminutive throngs, at the "middle watch of a summer's night," is brilliantly portrayed. The poet takes us at once into fairyland. The moon mellows the shadows on the old Cro' Nest; we see the noble Hudson at our feet. "The stars are on the moving stream," and the moon casts across its surface "a burnished length of wavy beam." The cricket's chirp, the answer of the katydid, "and the plaint of the wailing whippowill," are the only sounds to be heard. There is intense earnestness among the little multitude as they hurry to "the moonlight glade," arrayed "in the tricksy pomp of fairy pride." The size of the elfin people is indicated by the manner of their arrival and the dwellings from which they come:—

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
  Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
  Where they swung their cob-web hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
  Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
  Has slumbered there till the charmed hour.

This was of course the hour of the middle watch; the wood tick, "deep in the heart of the mountain oak," had given "twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell," to indicate "the dawn of the fairy day," when they were to meet. But they do not come now, as usual, to dance and sup and drink.

A scene of sorrow meets them now
For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
  To the elfin court must haste away:—
And now they stand expectant there
  To hear the doom of the Culprit Fay.

Seated upon his throne, built of spice-wood and sassafras, and curtained about with the "tulips' crimson drapery," the culprit at his feet, and the peers ranged around, the monarch speaks, with a grave brow and severe eye, but with a voice softened as in sorrow, and utters the doom of the offender. Lucky for him that the mortal whom he has loved "is pure as the angel forms," and gentle, meek, chaste and kind. Had it not been for this the punishment would have been bitter indeed. His purgatory would have been well-nigh equal to perdition itself. To be tied to the wings of a hornet, tossed on the pricks of nettles, to writhe under the tread of the centipede, or to lie among the carrion bodies of "the worm and the bug and the murdered fly," are some of the punishments which would have been meted out to the culprit "had a stain been found on the earthly fair."

Here is the milder decree; and note the delightful play of fancy:—

Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright sunshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.

He is warned beforehand that the water sprites will oppose him, and that, as they are the rulers of the wave, his woodland charms are useless against them, yet

If thy heart be pure and spirit right
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

But this is only a portion of his punishment.

If the spray-bead gem be won
The stain of thy wing is washed away;
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye;
Thy flamewood lamp is quenched and dark
Thou must re-illume its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast and follow far—
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.

The little sinner bravely accepts the decree, and as he is unable to fly, on account of the stained wing, he is obliged to make his way as best he can on foot. He plucks a bell-shaped flower as he starts, in which to catch the water-drop. After struggling wearily, but gallantly, for a long time through beds of fern and groves of nightshade, over grass plots and patches of azure violets, leaving in many places the points of the brambles dyed with fairy blood, he at length succeeds in capturing and harnessing to his use a spotted toad, on which he soon passes the "mountain's magic verge," and reaches the beach of sand. Then follows a picture strikingly true and beautiful:

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
Moveless still the glassy stream;
The wave is clear, the beach is bright
With snowy shells and sparkling stones;
The shore surge comes in ripples light
In murmurings faint and distant moans;
And ever afar in the silence deep
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—
A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
And dripping with gems of the river dew.

The story of his plunge into the river, and the fearful assault of the water sprites is told in a very spirited manner. The poet gives free rein to his fancy, and treats his diminutive characters with the same artistic fondness that might have been displayed towards human personages. By this means he succeeds in awakening a real and active interest in the mind of the reader. His fancy often becomes so pictorial as to deserve the more dignified name, imagination; as for instance when the imp returns to the shore from his second attempt, and

Gashed and wounded and stiff and sore ,
He laid him down on the sandy shore;
He blessed the force of the charmed line,
And he banned the water-goblin's spite,
For he saw around in the sweet moonshine
Their little wee faces above the brine,
Giggling and laughing with all their might.

The struggle of the little fellow to launch a mussel-shell, in which to make his third attempt is very pleasantly portrayed. He follows the sturgeon till he sees it pointing its head upward for the leap. Then he makes ready with his flower cup. I think the description which follows is brilliant:

With sweeping tail and quivering fin,
Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
And, like the heaven-shot javelin,
He sprung above the waters blue.
Instant as the star-fall light
He plunged him in the deep again,
But left an arch of silver bright
The rainbow of the moony main.

It was a strange and lovely sight
To see the puny goblin there;
He seemed an angel form of light,
With azure wing and sunny hair,
Throned on a cloud of purple fair
Circled with blue and edged with white,
And sitting at the fall of even
Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

A moment and its luster fell;
But ere it met the billow blue,
He caught within his crimson bell
A droplet of its sparkling dew,—
Joy to thee, Fay; thy task is done
Thy wings are pure for the gem is won.

He finds the return to the shore easy sailing. His success has won the re-

spect of the sea-nymphs, and they escort him to the beach of speckled sand with smile and song, on reaching which they bid him adieu, kiss their hands to him, and drop back into the wave.

The fairy pauses on the beach only long enough to breathe a prayer of thankfulness, and then he spreads his cleansed wings and flies back to the elfin court.

And now begins his second adventure, the relighting of his lamp. The microscopic character of the poet's fancy cannot better be shown than in the delicately fabricated verses describing the preparation of the elf for his starry journey:

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle down;
The corselet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak of a thousand mingled dyes
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heaven and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

His passage to the vaulted firmament is made very unpleasant for him by the opposing shapes of air; they cast a drizzly mist around him which makes him shiver with cold. But although he cannot see his way, he pushes on with elfin bravery, nothing daunted by the airy hands that grasp his reins, or the flame-shot tongues and fiendish eyes of the malign spirits around him. Up, up he goes, swift as a swallow, till he passes the moon, and the earth appears but a tiny blot on a sheet of azure.

Suddenly he finds a change in his surroundings. There is no more opposition. He has arrived at the country of the sylphs. He sees them gliding about, attired in the crimson of sunset. A party of them meets him and leads him in honor to the palace of the sylphid queen. She is reclining under a rainbow, and

She seemed to the entranced Fay
The loveliest of the forms of light.

She immediately becomes enamored of the little culprit and invites him, in the honest, straightforward and sylph-like manner, which custom has ruthlessly denied to her earthly sisters, to abide with her forever, to lie in fleecy drifts, to hang on the edge of rainbows, to wear stars for jewels, to bathe in the milky way, to dance on the moon, and to indulge in many other wild and spirit-like pastimes.

But fair as she was and warmly as she sought to win his love, he remained the faithful little sinner to the last. And here are some lines that possess color:

She was lovely and fair to see,
And the elfin heart beat fitfully;
But lovelier far and still more fair,
The earthly form imprinted there;
Naught he saw in the heavens above
Was half so dear as his mortal love,
For he thought upon her looks so meek,
And he thought of the light flush on her cheek;
Never again might he bask and lie
On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye,
But in his dreams her form to see,
To clasp her in his revery,
To think upon his virgin bride,
Was worth all heaven and earth beside.

He addresses the queen in knightly fashion, assuring her that he has sworn "to do his sentence-task aright."

My honor scarce is free from stain,
I may not soil its snows again.

The queen is far more reasonable than most queens of romance, or real queens for that matter. She instantly allows the force of his claim, and sets at work

assisting him in the performance of his task. She procures a cloud which she blesses with charm and spell for his accommodation, explains where he will meet with a star which is about to shoot that night, presses his hand, and sends him away in a very cheerful and friendly manner. He arrives at the "verge of the northern sky," bestrides his fire-fly and awaits the shooting of the star. Here the metre changes, and we have some very spirited lines, as soon as the star "bursts in flash and flame." It has a genuine ring, and even recalls Shelley whose "Cloud," had not yet been written:

As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance
That the storm-spirit flings from high,
The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,
As it fell from the sheeted sky.

As swift as the wind in its trail behind
The elfin gallops along.
The fiends of the cloud are bellowing loud,
But the sylphid charm is strong;
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
While the cloud fiends fly from the blaze,
He watches each flake till its sparks expire,
And rides in the light of its rays.
But he drove his steed to the lightnings' speed,
And caught a glimmering spark;
Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,
And sped through the midnight dark.

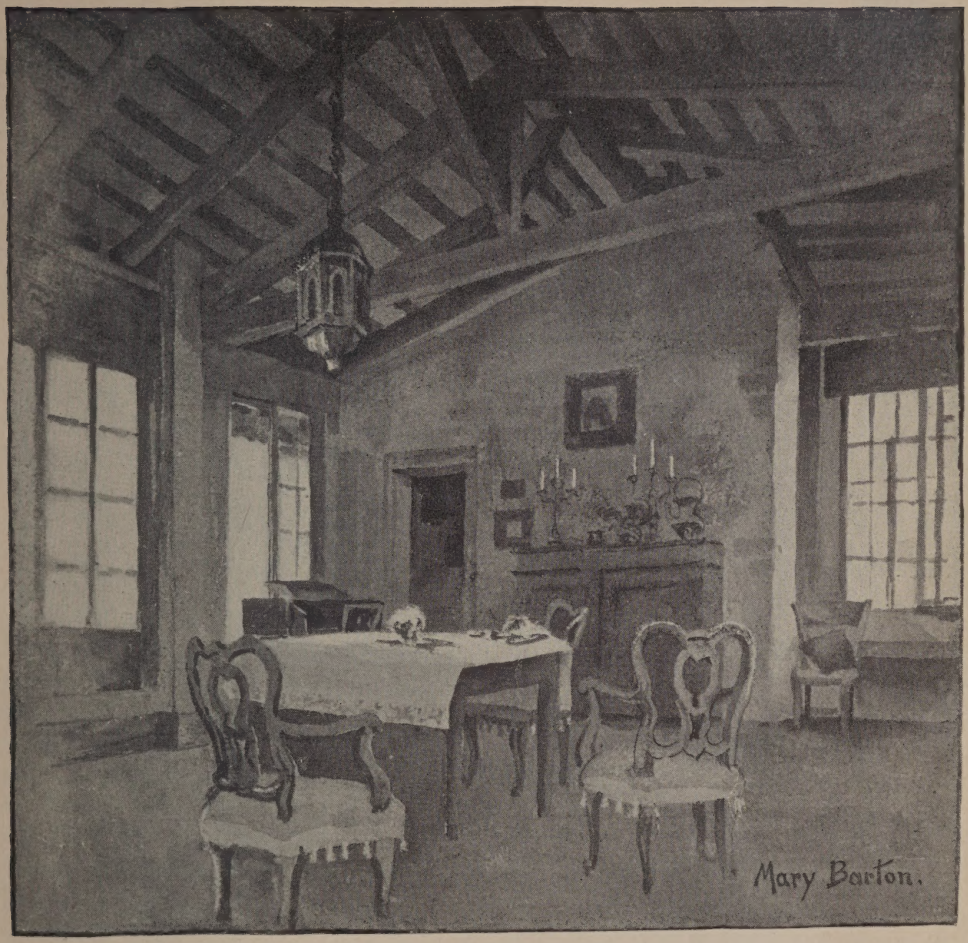
All that remains is for the fairy multitude to hail the return of the heroic little culprit; which they do with a good will, and they sing and dance and play till "a streak is in the eastern sky," when they flit and fade. And now,

The hill tops gleam in the morning's spring,
The skylark shakes his dappled wing,
The day glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
The cock has crowed and the fays are gone.

THE BROWNINGS IN ITALY.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

Mrs. Browning immortalized her home, that of her husband and of their child, in "Casa Guidi Windows." Florentines, full of gratitude to the poet for her sympathy in troublous times, placed a tablet on the house she occupied. The street is typical of the streets of most of the Tuscan towns; but it is rare to see one of them peopled only by a priest, a strolling musician and a boy. As a rule an Italian street teems with life. Reminders of past customs greet one here and there, picturesque features that had withal a practical use. Take, for instance, the old torch-holder. The ring attached to it was placed there that a horse might be tied to it. This particular torch-holder is to be found on the wall of a Florentine palace. In olden times there were many such holders, generally made of beaten iron, and they had



BROWNING'S FAVORITE RESORT, THE LOGGIA AT ASOLA.

their uses when great cavalcades went through the streets at night, and the torch-bearers led the way, sometimes on horseback and sometimes on foot, planting their flaming brands here and there to light the streets.

At Arezzo, where Browning laid the greater part of the scene of "The Ring and the Book," a statue represents an Aretine duke who had been a benefactor to Arezzo. In later times the people of his city desired to raze the statue to the ground in a fit of mistaken fury. Regarding this statue Giuseppe Caponsacchi, in his speech in "The Ring and the Book," says:

He spent to the last doit
His bishop's revenue among the poor,
And used to tend the needy and the sick,
Barefoot, because of his humility.
He it was,—when Grand Duke Ferdinand
Swore he would raze our city, plough the place
And sow it with salt, because we Aretines
Had tied a rope about the neck, to hale
The statue of his father from its base
For hate's sake,—he availed by prayers and tears
To pacify the Duke and save the town.
This was my father's father's brother."

Mrs. Browning's poetry is less in vogue than it used to be; but what memorable passages are contained in her works, what inspiration in her "Sonnets from the

Portuguese," what noble preaching of "the gospel of work," and the dignity of woman, in "Aurora Leigh!" What a gift to the world is her page: "The Great God Pan!" Yet, even in the heyday of the poet's popularity, Sara Coleridge (whose critical faculty has been extolled) cried out upon what she called "the bodily organism" of Mrs. Browning's writings. In many passages this censor finds "expressions that are very faulty; images, forced and untrue; situations, unnatural and unpleasant;—whereas poetry should carry with it an influence and impression of delightfulness."

Can it be that a poet in the family may warp judgments in regard to poets who are not relatives?

It is difficult to realize that Robert Browning and his wife purposely withheld criticism of each other's work, but such is undoubtedly the case. Neither saw the other's poems until they appeared in print. As Browning's influence on his wife's later writings is so strongly marked this designed abstention from consultation is all the harder to realize.

Browning's firm belief was that the main object was *to get a thing said*, fling it forth, small matter how. Mrs. Browning's attention to form, never a very marked characteristic of hers, was, roughly speaking, more noticeable before Browning rose above her horizon, most of her early work being more finished and smoother than the later poems, with the exception of the famous "Sonnets."

It has been said that all that is necessary to a writer's success is "to have something to say, and to say it well." Browning declared that the first half of the saying was the all important part.

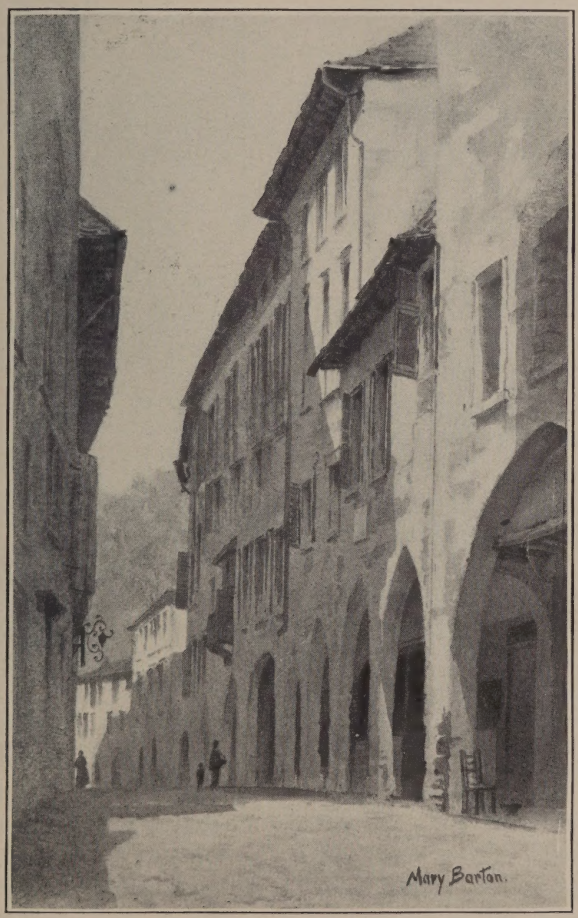
An acute and generally highly sympathetic critic of the two Brownings wrote years ago: "In his quality of mercy Browning is without stint. His humanity is never at fault, while on the contrary the author of 'Aurora Leigh' appears somewhat to lack this noble charity. Her womanly nature (?) leads her to hate the sinner, and to scold him overmuch. Mrs. Browning's impatient scorn of all narrowness is apt in itself to be narrow."

Is not the "womanly nature," contrariwise, held to be especially forgiving? And sinners are surely the better of plain speaking. As for the poet's "scorn of all narrowness," that surely did much good in her world. A real blot on her work, however, does exist. It is her anti-Catholic bias.

In the last years of his life, when Browning had become a "lion" in London society, he sought quiet, more and more sedulously, for his summers. Asola and Mrs. Bronson's villa there were free from the interruptions that would have beset him in the cosmopolitan resorts of fashion, and when the poet visited his friend the loggia was his special resort. The drawing shows the spinet on which Browning used to play. It is of the essence of a loggia to be open to the air on one side. The title of one of Browning's volumes is taken from this pleasant retreat. Was it not "Queen Cornaro" who enriched the Italian language with the word *asolando:* i. e., to waste time pleasantly, to idle happily? Thus we may see Asola was a holiday haunt long before our poet lived. His visits with his sister to their American friend in the Engadine, were also tranquil, for her villa stood apart "from the maddening crowd;" and there also his desire for privacy was known and respected.

Browning's first biographer, Mrs. Sutherland Orr, recalls the poet's delight in two remote mountain places. In these

high alpine summer resorts—St. Pierre la Chartreuse, and Gressoney St. Jean—Browning feared no intrusions of those dreaded "persons of importance" (and *importunate* nobodies) who "crowded life nor let him feel alone," in London. It is true that there was a crowd at Gressoney each August, but that crowd was exclusively Italian, and it regarded the poet and his sister simply as *foreigners*, "aliens in race, language and religion"—to use Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst's description of the Irish in the British Empire. So little was Browning's personality realized in Gressoney that a short time after the poet's death a traveler inquired at what had been their hotel, if Robert Browning and his sister had not stayed there, and truly it was as if no such visitors had ever passed that way. A hope that his autograph might be found in the visitor's book was quickly dispelled. A snow wraith could not have vanished more completely from the Val du Lys than the remembrance of Browning from the local hostelries. Yet he stayed at Gressoney in 1883, and in 1885, and so loved the grand scenery, the peaceful valley with its vividly green pastures running up to the glacier's edge, and the exhilarating breezes that blow off the perpetual snows, that each year he stayed on until the short life of the flowers, and the warmth, were past. On both occasions he was caught by winter's first advances.



CASA GUIDI, FLORENCE.
The Home of the Brownings.

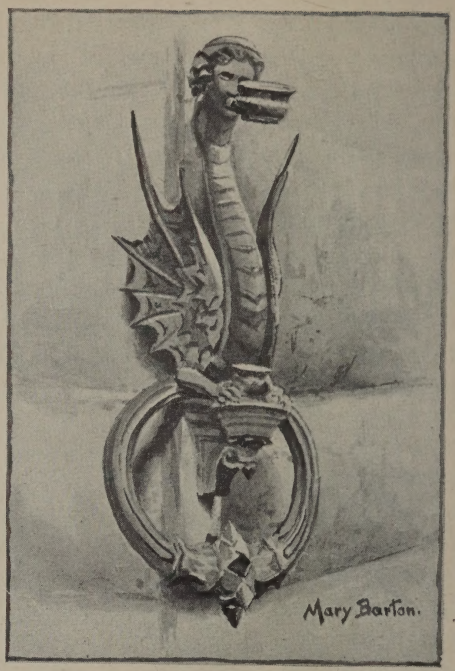
When the weather breaks in the high Alps in September at 5000 or 6000 feet above sea level there descends at once upon the valleys a fiercer winter than ever visits the sunny south. The road from the Val d'Aosta, through the Val du Lys, dates only from the second or third of the visits of Queen Margherita to Gressoney. When the poet and Miss Browning left the place in the early October of 1885 Mrs. Orr records that

they walked down,—a "hard trudge of seven hours to San Martino d'Aosta, without one atom of refreshment or a minute's rest,"—a great feat for two elderly people. They could not travel by any covered vehicle in those roadless days; and long rides on mule-back tired Miss Browning more than the "seven hours' trudge." To mount the long steep valley she had perforce to ride, and it was her fatigue alone that prevented Browning from projecting a return to his beloved Monte Rosa.

Both St. Pierre la Chartreuse and Gressoney St. Jean are far removed from the resources of civilization. Those who remain late in the autumn in such high places risk being snowbound for an indefinite time; but Browning's biographer says that the "drawbacks which might easily have become dangers weighed with him" not at all!

In writing of his invalid wife, Mrs. Orr described Browning as "Pathetically unused to illness," a curious objective to use in this connection. He was, in fact, magnificently robust and healthy and *happily* ignorant of all that appertains to sickness as far as he himself was concerned.

It seems strange that Browning who was so light-hearted in society should absolutely shun it for part of each year, but he worked hard in his summer eyries. Although he appeared to enjoy dinner parties and the whirl of the London season's gayeties, it is on record that a certain shyness would hold him at a reception, hesitating even after his name was announced. He impressed those who were so happy as to meet him as a typical "diner-out," enjoying the talk and the entertainment generally, and contributing his cheerful part to the conversation.



AN OLD TORCH-HOLDER.

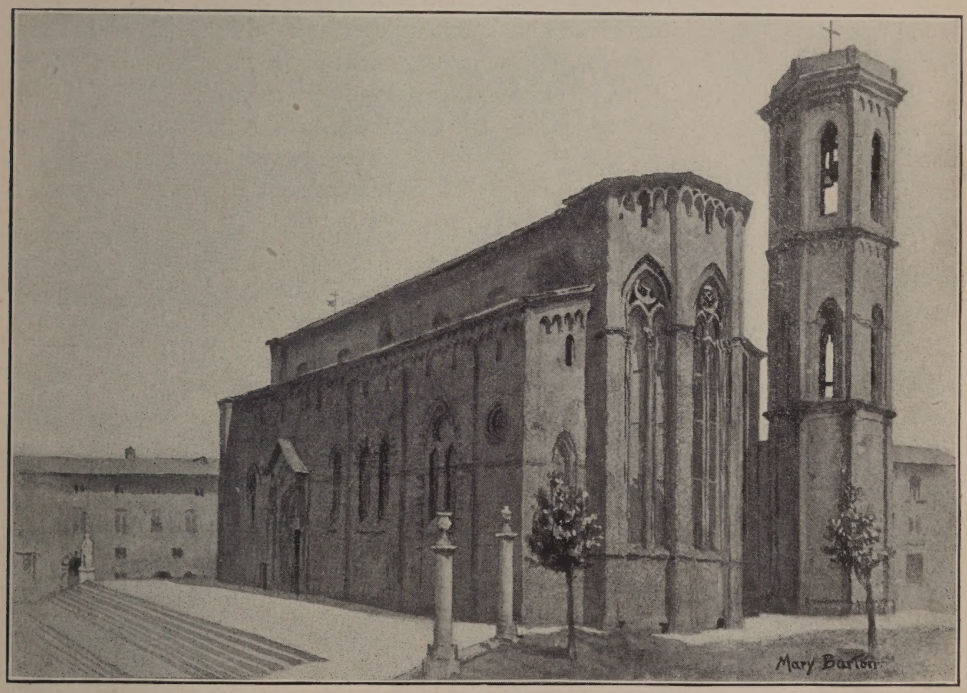
But it was as a pleasant man-of-the-world, not at all as a poet or even as a literary man, or a sayer of good things that he impressed people. Many have remarked on hearing who had been their fellow guest: "I took him for a very successful and a very agreeable stock-broker." Nevertheless his highly-strung nature had "the defects of its qualities" and he suffered and confessed that he suffered from a nervousness from which ordinary men are wholly free. An account of the poet's methods of work has appeared on good authority, and this nervousness was said to show itself in a facility for being upset—and rendered incapable of concentration upon a task—by small interruptions, casual meetings, or even the dread that his routine might be interfered with.

It would seem that a greeting or a morning call of no particular interest in

itself would have the force to break up a train of thought and send the poet's ideas flying in all directions. Perhaps this was in part because he was of a responsive nature, and it was his wish and his habit to meet acquaintances more than half way. It was certainly due in part to the strange timidity, shyness, nervousness—call it what you will—underlying

It may be well to quote "Prospice" here in illustration, although it is so well known:

"Fear Death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch-Fear in a visible form,



THE CATHEDRAL AT AREZZO.

his nature. A "strange timidity," indeed, in the character of a truly brave man,—of

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, tho' right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

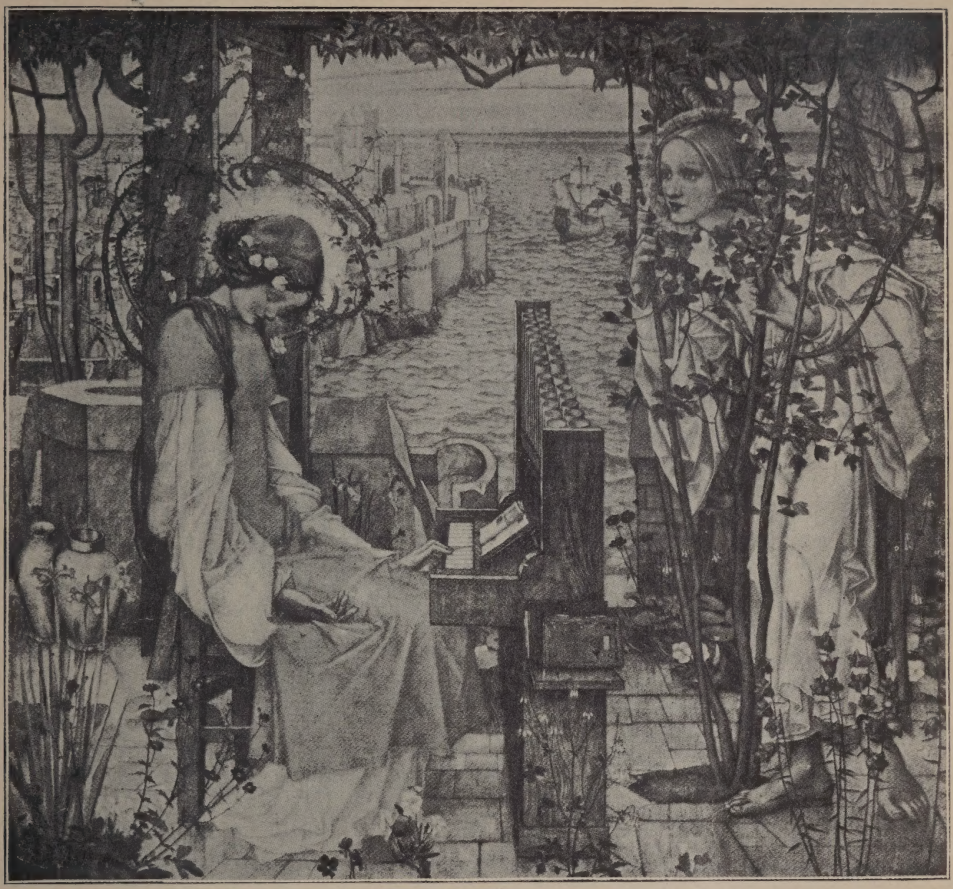
In "Prospice" Browning uttered his innermost thought, and that thought is surely one of the greatest courage.

Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that Death bandaged my eyes, and forbore
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O, thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

There is a clever observation in Mrs. Andrew Grosse's "Red Letter Days" regarding Browning, of whom she has much to say: "Even against the canons of good taste the style remains something inherent to every original mind. It is like the wart on Cromwell's face,—it is there, but you must be a poor creature indeed if you can see nothing *but the wart.* Miss Cobbe's only recorded criticism on Robert Browning's poems is that 'to read them is like riding in a hansom cab, with a lame horse, over a rough road.' But," adds Mrs. Grosse, "there is a glorious landscape beyond the hedge. As time goes on Browning's poetry proves more and more stimulating to his critics and admirers. Out of every three who read him, two at least are seized with the desire of explaining him to the world, but unless the reader has an assimilating power within him all these patent digestors do no good."

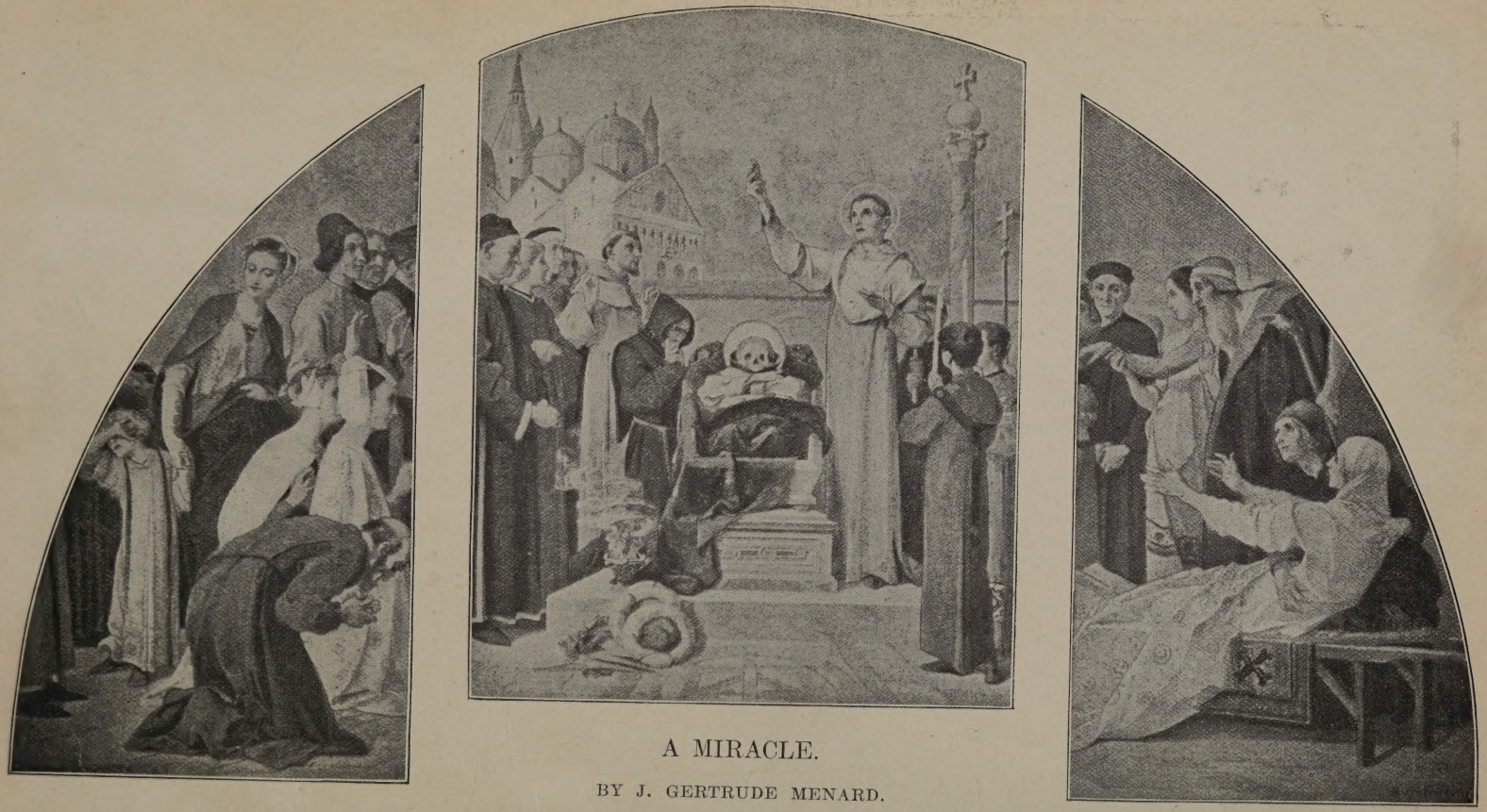
Otherwise, as Crocker said of Warburton's commentaries on Pope: "Egad, the interpreter is the harder of the two!"



SAINT CECILIA.

"Down through a path where centuries are sleeping,
She comes to consecrate this age so cold;
We stop, amidst the clamor and the hurry,
To crown her as the angels did of old.

And like the music from her viol floating,
Her spirit soothes and elevates the soul,
With triple power of saint, musician, woman,
She holds us in a gentle, sweet control."



A MIRACLE.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

O blessed tongue so loud to sing
The holy precepts of thy God,
O wondrous tongue that mocked Death's sting
And throbbed triumphant, 'neath the sod.

Speak to me now who longto hear
Thy sweet, undying truths once more;
For Faith grows cold and wholesome Fear
Faints by the wayside, as of yore.

THE DIARY OF AN EXILED NUN.

TRANSLATED BY DANIEL F. DESMOND.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Monday, May 9.

I continue to note the dark prospects of our dear Sisters.

Sister Margaret Mary desires to institute a course in this very neighborhood. She, like Sister Mary Elizabeth, will return to the secular life.

And the two dear little novices who beg with tears to pronounce their vows; poor things! They will go back to their families, deprived of our great consolation of being irrevocably the spouses of Our Lord. Sister of the Nativity, who belongs to a large family, will certainly be well received. Her home-coming will mean some economizing on the part of her parents, but this bright, energetic child will put her hand to anything to help them.

Little Sister Mary Agnes will also go to her parents' home, and there will be as in the past the object of most affectionate love. She will be surrounded by comfort and luxury. For a long time she was the only child; now she is the elder sister of a brother twelve years younger than herself. What future does God reserve for these two novices?

I, too, shall return to my family. In the eyes of the world, in the eyes of those who have only a superficial acquaintance with this spiritual life, in the eyes of those who have not tasted of the close intimacy with Christ, I shall be perfectly happy. Indeed, I still have my parents, and love them with all my heart and soul. Yes, I love them tenderly, passionately, just as I have always loved them. To this love I owe my only struggle and my only fears at the novitiate. While to others poverty, early rising, the rule and long hours of prayer, were a source of suffering, to me they brought nothing but joy, but the anguish I have endured in not seeing my parents God alone knows. Even now the days when I can see them at the parlor are days of such joy that I think of them during the whole fortnight. When they leave me, they leave me in tears. I have two brothers, the younger a priest, the older a married man. The older one who is my twin, has already given me four little nephews and nieces. Then I have a sister who is a childless widow. I give to these brothers and my sister the same tender affection which I feel for my parents. How often have I heard it said at the Priory: "Oh! your parents, brothers, and sister, are everything to you." This is true; but for God I have left them all. Now I am bitterly sad because God returns to me all that I have laid at His feet, because He takes from me the cloister and the religious life. . . For all that, I must not complain, because I have the consolation of knowing that my parents are happy to receive me. Why should I not have courage?

It will be necessary to find some work. My father, a former magistrate who tendered his resignation when the decrees of 1881 were passed, has been a long time without finding an occupation, and economy has not forestalled the dwindling away of his scanty resources. By dint of hard and poorly requited labor he supports my mother and sister. Very modest living, therefore, is what to expect at

our home. I do not wish, nor ought I, to be dependent upon my parents. They shall receive me most kindly. No words shall come to the lips or thought to their hearts, having the least semblance of reproach or regret caused by my presence. Nevertheless I will not be the occasion of more work for my father or of inconvenience to my family; I will look for something to do.

Everything, even the impossible, will be attempted to keep our lay Sisters in religious life. It is said, however, that Sister Mary wishes to return home. This report troubles us because it is of her that we have our misgivings.

Chapter V.

First Communion—Trip to Belgium—Canonical Visit of Reverend Father Superior—Removal—Reign of Sadness—Another Visit to Belgium—Purchase of a House—Agony.

Tuesday, May 10.

Last Sunday evening the children entered upon retreat in preparation for First Communion. Counting those who are to celebrate the anniversary of their First Communion of last year there are twenty-three. In the hall where the exercises are held one feels an indescribable impulse to prayer—everything is so simple and pure. At one end of the room we have erected an exquisite little altar covered with white muslin and ornamented with flowers and foliage. The fervor and devotion of the children is spent in great measure in efficacious prayers for their Mothers of the Priory. It delights us to see them pass along in their white veils, the eyes cast down, and a smile of rapture on the lips. A happy day, the happiest day of their lives! The happiest? No, not for all, perhaps. For among their number Our Lord may have chosen one virginal soul to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth;" and for the religious the day of self-oblation is the happiest; I mean the day of profession.

Thursday, May 12.

First Communion Day! This is the gladsome day of the year at Notre Dame du Prieuré. There is a respite from tears and anguish, because to-day we must forget ourselves and rejoice with our children. Pure, all white, their faces radiant with the joy of some bright internal contemplation, their lips revealing by their smiles a feeling of great happiness, our children fill our hearts with an almost heavenly joy.

Friday, May 13, Confirmation.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus. Come, Light of souls, come, send Thy beams into the hearts of our children; produce in them souls of deep faith, souls aglow with love for God and France, upright souls, brave souls of duty; make these little Francaises worthy to restore the honor of ancient days and the prestige of bearing the grand title, *Eldest Daughter of the Church.*

Veni, Sancte Spiritus. Come, Father of the poor, Divine Consoler, our repose amid labor, our solace in the storm of affliction! Come, oh! come, for without Your divine succor we shall be unable to bear the burden You place on our weak shoulders!

This evening, when the ceremony of Confirmation had been completed, the Bishop came to us in the entertainment hall, now a veritable arbor with its profusion of flowers and ivy. After the children had done with the songs of the solemn reception and were gone from the hall His Grace spoke a few words to us.

"It is the express desire of the Holy See," said he, "that the religious remain in France. What would become of the sick and the poor if those who are now their sole friends betake themselves to foreign parts? I know," he added, with a touch of pity, "that your religious life is at issue, the life of prayer in the cloister, and if I had to choose I, too, would hesitate. Hence I cannot advise you." His Grace does not approve of a religious going alone to live either with friends or in a small apartment. "Why that would surely be for many the end of religious life, and that must not be."

It is all right for the Jesuits and the others who are part of a solidly established organization, but even for these such a life is oftentimes regrettable.

What then are we to do? We will increase our fervor, be more generous in our mortification; we will make in common at the evening recreation a novena to the Holy Ghost.

Monday, May 16.

The Assistant Superior and Mother Saint Stephen left this morning for Belgium. They are to visit Mr. F. R.— to ascertain whether or not, no matter what the cost or what the distance from church, he wishes to lease or sell his villa.

Wednesday, May 18.

The day was going on in its peaceful monotony when suddenly, at about twenty minutes after five, the house was filled with quick, uninterrupted peals of the community bell—thirty, fifty, eighty times, and still more often did it sound. General consternation—opening of doors and the appearance of dumfounded persons. What is going on? What was all the trouble about? Was there a fire? An officer? A government agent? No, it was Reverend Father Superior who had come unexpectedly and wished to see the entire community.

With troubled minds we immediately assembled in the chapter hall. You will see that there was no need of all this fuss. Knowing that we had not as yet secured a refuge abroad and believing that our house would be closed before the first of August, (what pessimism!) Father Superior decided to make his canonical visit to the Priory. He will hear us individually for the purpose of learning and, as the case may be, of approving the plan of life adopted by each religious. Thus he will be able to account for all at the moment of expulsion. This plan of Reverend Father Superior is indeed just and despite the uneasiness caused by this untimely clanging and this solemn council we are most grateful for his devotedness.

Friday, May 20.

Last evening our travelers returned from Belgium. At M— they met an excellent priest, who promised that if a neighboring priest could be secured to say Mass weekly he would obtain permission from his bishop to keep the Blessed Sacrament with us. As to the proprietor—he holds out for three hundred and twenty dollars. Our Mothers offered two hundred and twenty dollars, and then two hundred and forty; they did not dare go any higher. They found that the property was very suitable, but of course the rent is too much for us in our present position. In any case Mr. F. R.— has given his word not to make any deal with other prospective tenants without consulting us beforehand.

Sunday, May 22. Feast of Pentecost.

Wonderful feast—not only a symbol but also a reality! Would that we could

have shared with our dear Mary and the Apostles in the cenacle the graces of Pentecost! Would that we could have received the Holy Ghost with the plenitude of His gifts! We stand in great need of strength and light.

The Fathers who live near the villa of Mr. F. R.— have written to our Mother a letter full of kindness and zeal. They will come to our convent to say Mass twice each week, on Sunday and on any other day we desire. We shall also be able to obtain from His Grace the permission to have the Blessed Sacrament. So, in the end, after the long siege of worry and sorrow, if we can lease this property it is here that all will go, all our Mothers and Sisters who will have to leave the country. Then we hope to keep a few French pupils. Thus we would have another little Priory, an isolated patch of French territory where we could continue doing good, where we could keep intact this life of recollection and devotion. I say "we," because I hope to be of the happy group that goes there—if not in the beginning at least later on.

Friday, May 27.

Yesterday at the academy should have been a holiday in honor of the directress of studies, a full holiday with feasting, games of hide-and-seek, comedies, etc. Some days ago the children asked of us permission to arrange the programme: they wished to give us a surprise. What shrewdness on their part! Yesterday when all were assembled in the large hall, they presented us with a rose-colored heart on which were inscribed the words "For our Mothers." Mother Superior opened the heart; it contained the names of the children and a small collar made of gold pieces. The dear young souls threw themselves into the arms of their teachers. Was this not a noble pledge of love? The children in their generosity were set upon sacrificing their full holiday and no persuasion on our part could induce them to give in.

Thursday, June 2. Feast of Corpus Christi.

After High Mass the impressive ceremony of the reception of the Children of Mary took place in the small inner chapel. How clearly did the emotion of their pure souls reveal the consciousness that very soon their academy life was to be broken asunder, that the Priory house was soon to be vacant, and then sold to some stranger or another. No longer would they be able to come, as was the joy of the graduates, to visit their teachers, their younger companions and the scenes of their brightest days.

Thursday, June 7.

Some one says that an available estate has been found, and that the matter is under serious consideration. The grounds for the report seem to be strong; Mother has been observed carefully scrutinizing two maps, and at three different occasions during the time of silence she has been seen talking with the Assistant Superior. Matters, therefore, seem to be taking a serious aspect.

Friday, June 10. Feast of the Sacred Heart.

Our celebration of the feast of the Sacred Heart was as brilliant as we could make it. The cloisters decked with ivy and moss told of the spirit that pervaded the house. The procession with its rich banners, the children shrouded with their long white veils, and the oriflamme carried by each, presented a pleasing spectacle. Slowly the long line of chanters passed through the shady byways of the garden, until the statue of the Sacred Heart was reached. What a picture we

must have made! To-day the statue itself with its background of foliage and roses was more conspicuous than usual. Before it we all knelt, teachers and children alike, and having ceased our chant, recited together the act of consecration of France to the Sacred Heart. Surely we must have attracted to France and to ourselves the attention of the angels, we must have excited Our Lord to pity.

Sacred Heart of Our Saviour, save France.

Saturday, June 11.

Here we have some news. In C—, a place in Belgium, there is a large house offered for sale at twenty-eight hundred dollars. There is a productive garden on the premises, the church is right at hand, and conditions are favorable for taking in French and other children as pupils.

This evening Mother besought us all to begin a novena to the Sacred Heart, asking for guidance in the matter. Mrs. E— suggests that she go alone to the house at C— and another at D— in order to spare Mother the fatigue as well as the expense of travel.

Three or four days ago the Committee of Senators in charge of the project against the Congregations achieved their purpose by a vote of eleven against four.

Monday, June 13.

We have begun to move! It is necessary to place with friends, until foreign shipment is possible, our household furniture, our linen, our books, etc. Fanciers of antiques will come to us, as we possess, no doubt, pieces of furniture and other highly-prized objects that will sell well, and—we must turn these old souvenirs into cash.

Our most precious possessions, the sacred vessels, the holy relics, and the rich ornaments, have been packed and shipped off to-day.

Wednesday, June 15.

During the last three days the cloister by the chapel has been obstructed by a barricade of large boxes. Here and there workmen are passing back and forth through the passage; they are packing the candlesticks, candelabra, hanging-lamps, and the beautiful ornaments with which we decorated our chapel on great festivals.

Farther on one can see the cases containing our linen; everywhere there are cases. All day long there is heard the pounding of the hammer. Its regular cadence echoes through the whole house; it goes to the large hall, to the chapel, along the corridor and it comes to our very cells, repeating its weary song: "All is over. Adieu—Adieu!"

In the yard are a number of express wagons waiting for the cases and heavy bales; up and down the re-echoing cloisters pass the expressmen pushing along their trucks, making a noise on the pavement that gives one the feeling of being in a railway depot.

Thursday, June 16.

On leaving the refectory to-day to take recreation we passed through the cloisters. Here we remained for several minutes, with our eyes fixed on the large boxes and the pieces of furniture awaiting shipment. Yes, our eyes were fixed on these things, but only their blurred outlines could we see, so full were our eyes with tears. Then by some instinct we all moved on slowly towards the garden. Sadness! sadness! On this must we live during the days that remain, sadness with no respite of consolation, but ever growing and growing like some living thing that would in the end consume us.

Those who will have lived those last days at the priory will possess an indelible souvenir, one of the bitter kind. And what would this all be without the comfort of faith and the thought of Heaven. The unfortunate ones, the really unfortunate ones are the persecutors, and as I look at Calvary, must I not say that they are the *only* unfortunate ones?

Monday, June 20.

Mrs. E— writes that the two estates are suitable for us, although as yet she has made no personal inspection. She adds that business must be done at once as the price on real estate in Belgium is going up.

Here at the academy to-day they are preparing the physical science instruments and the natural history collection for shipment, and at the community house the library books and the large choir breviaries are being packed. In the church the organ is being taken apart. They are taking apart that same organ which pealed forth the *Suscipe* on the day of our profession, the organ which stirred up many a pious feeling of devotion in our soul, the organ which was to breathe forth the *Nunc Dimittis* for the golden jubilee of some of us and the *De Profundis* for all. What a wealth of beautiful sounds it had; it knew how to mourn and lament at the Requiem Mass and could send forth at Easter and Christmas powerful songs of triumph—and on the First Communion day, too.

Thursday, June 23.

The Senators have now our case in hand and they are making a quick job of it. You see they wish to despatch the business before the holidays begin. Our friends see no hope for us, and even our dear old Mothers, who up to the present have been models of confidence, are now taking alarm. This morning after the clippings from the newspapers had been read they began to weep. It would excite pity in the hardest heart to see them in their grief and to hear them complain: "Tell me, this cannot be; Frenchmen have not the cruelty to act so! No! It will not come to that." Seeing the large tears trickling down those old wrinkled faces, so calm at other times, we, too, had to mingle our tears with theirs. Besides, we knew,—we knew that it would all be; we knew that these fellows, no longer Frenchmen, but now base, ignoble renegades would go that far.

Our Mothers wept, but we were broken-hearted. Before us we saw the inevitable dispersion. To Mother Superior we said: "Give us hunger and exile but let us remain together in religious life; let our prayers for sinful France be in common. Don't say dispersion."

Lord, my Lord, *fiat—fiat!*

Saturday, June 25.

The cloister at the academy has become a veritable curiosity shop these days; Louis XV. and Louis XVI. commodes, wardrobes of carved oak standing in line with old chests with brass trimmings, tables, bureaus, whatnots, secretaries, corner-pieces, prieu-Dieu,—all of these of the antique order,—easy chairs, ordinary chairs, paintings, clocks, cartels, metal ware, etc., etc. There comes an army of buyers, and off they go with their bargains—our pieces of furniture and the rest. What natural sadness does this departure of material things excite! These were dear friends of ours, these old souvenirs—and where are they now! They are gone from us, but the hallowed walls of Notre Dame du Prieuré are still about us; we have our cloisters, our plot of grass, and our pleasant garden. We have them? Ah, yes; but for how long? Where are we going?

Where shall we die? Will there ever be for us again a Notre Dame du Prieuré?

To-day a convention was held in the chapter hall to decide whether or not we would procure by purchase or rent a place in Belgium. In the event of an approving vote three religious should leave to-morrow, visit the three estates of which we have heard good reports, and in the name of the community select that which they judge to be best.

After the recitation of the *Veni Creator* and the *Ave Maris Stella*, we cast an unanimous ballot in favor of the project.

Tuesday, June 28.

The Assistant Superior, Sister St. Stephana, and Sister of the Assumption, are on their way to Belgium.

During the day a gardener from the neighborhood came in to buy our orange trees, our laurels, and the large green plants with which we were wont to decorate our altars and our reception hall on state occasions.

They say we sold our furniture at a low price; but the word "low price" does not do justice to this transaction, in which we received ten dollars for goods worth four times that figure.

Thursday, June 30.

Will the packing ever cease? To-day they took down the stalls of carved oak from the choir, and yesterday they removed the Stations of the Cross, the small altars and the statues. How can one suppress the sting of sadness that comes when this never-ending pounding of the hammer re-echoes through the house, reminding us—as if we could forget for the moment,—that all these things are going from us? In our old cloister we always kept a life-sized figure of the crucified Saviour. This we saw taken down, laid on the cold pavement, and shipped off like all the rest. Yes, He was taken, too; but not before we who stood by fell on our knees to moisten with our tears the wounds of His feet, those of His hands and especially that precious wound of His Sacred Heart.

(To be continued.)

THE BORROWED REGIMENT.

A Military Romance of Old St. Augustine.

BY MAJOR DUDLEY COSTELLO.

A bomb exploded in the plaza. A great cloud of dust arose. Then came the tinkling of shattered glass and cries of pain and alarm, mingled with yells of contempt.

"General Oglethorpe seems to be improving in his artillery practice," remarked Don Ignazio, as he looked out the palace window towards where, three-quarters of a mile away, across an inlet of the sea, the smoke of the English batteries hung grayly in the air.

"Time for him, after nigh six months' firing," growled the Governor. "If he does not do better than he is doing he will only bankrupt his Government in powder and shot."

Yet, as the result of the long and determined bombardment, many were the gaps visible in the walls of Fort San

Marco, and English cannon balls were embedded where they are still to be seen.

"But the loss of life, father, the wounded, the mutilated!" sighed Donna Isola. "Never saw I anything so sad and heartbreaking as when a shell set fire to the quarters of the refugee slaves. Santa Maria, aid us, that soon this dreadful war may cease!"

"The slaves must take their chances with the brave men who are defending them," retorted her father, as he lighted a fresh cigarette. "It is on their account the whole trouble has arisen. If I turn these runaway Africans over to Oglethorpe, as he, on behalf of his Government demands, to be sent back to their former masters and the plantation and the scourge, the white dove of peace will at once come and flutter over us. But that may not be; the flag of Spain shall continue to give them protection; Fort San Marco shall be their citadel of refuge as long as its walls hold together."

"Confound that old buccaneer Hawkins," he continued, "that first brought cargoes of 'blackbirds' from Africa and polluted this coast with his unhallowed trade, dividing up its accursed profits with Queen Bess. The godless traffic will cost many a brave good man his life"—a prophecy to have in later years colossal realization.

"Not yours, I pray, *padre mio*," said Isola tenderly.

"Mine? Why, your own, *carissima*, is in as great danger as mine while you insist on remaining in this shot-battered fortress."

"That is so, Isola, my love," eagerly coincided her betrothed, Don Ignazio. "Why will you unnecessarily remain here and thus imperil your precious life, when perfect safety lies away yonder, far from all danger of raid or molesting by the enemy? Yield, Isola *mia*, to the pleadings of your father and myself and quit this place of danger and death—Saint Iago, another shell!" As he spoke, the concussion of another loud explosion made the casements rattle.

"There, Isola! the English are strongly aiding our Ignazio in his pleading," laughed the Governor.

The young lady smiled and shook her head. Don Ignazio was a gentleman of good family and a high official of the Spanish Government in Cuba, where his favorite residence was a pleasant inland hacienda, far from the tumult of the war that smoldered, spat and thundered on the coast. Fighting was not his forte. After an absence of many months he had come to visit his intended bride and her father in formidable Fort San Marco, the citadel of St. Augustine—which was only besieged, not beleaguered—and this was practically his baptism of fire.

"*Carissima mia*," he pleaded ardently, "why delay further the happy hour of our union, when every moment's absence from you fills me with uneasiness, and dread? Gladly would I wed you even in the face of the cannon. Let me bear you away from here as my bride—to-day—to-morrow—away, Isola *mia*, to a place of love and safety."

Donna Isola laughed in a way that brought the retreated blood rushing back to her admirer's face—a sourish, wrinkle-seamed face; for Don Ignazio, despite all his endearing expressions, was grim and elderly and not calculated to attract the affections of an average young lady, much less those of an impulsive and spirited Castilian senora.

"You are romantic, Don Ignazio," she said, "verily you are a warlike wooer; you would have as our wedding peal the thunder of contending cannon. Then you

would have me turn my back upon my father, desert him in face of the enemy, perchance never more to see his dear face, even in death."

"Isola, Isola, my pet, Don Ignazio is right—would you were away from this haunt of danger," reproved her father; but as she seated herself upon his knee, with her arms around his neck, he fondly stroked her raven hair and admired the spirit shining in her eyes. Since her mother's death she was his all.

"How long, Excellency, think you this siege will last?" inquired Don Ignazio after an embarrassing pause.

"That greatly depends upon whose reinforcement gets here first — ours or General Oglethorpe's," replied the Governor.

"And the prospects of yours?"

"Fairly good, I am glad to say. Excellent reinforcements, too. In private, Don Ignazio, I may inform you that our gracious sovereign, His Most Catholic Majesty, has entered into arrangements with his royal brother, King Louis of France, under which the latter has agreed to lend him for service in this very colony a regiment of the famous Irish Brigade. Those troops are now at sea, and they may be expected here any day, any hour."

"Irish — wild Irish — coming here?" muttered Ignazio. "Why, I have heard, Governor, that they give more trouble than any other regiments in the French army."

"'So my enemies say,' said King Louis, when the same complaint was made to him. No, Ignazio; the Irish will give us no trouble, but they will to Oglethorpe, and plenty of it."

But, as regarded himself, personally, the worthy Governor of Florida was destined to find his prediction singularly incorrect.

As if the mention of the promised troops was the result of telepathy, a Spanish officer entered the room and saluted.

"Excellency, some strange vessels are in sight. They fly the Spanish and French flags, yet they carry what are apparently English troops, from their red coats."

"Our reinforcements!" exultingly cried the Governor, rising. "They are not English troops; the Irish Brigade in the service of France still wears the scarlet uniforms of King James."

And as the sound of the reassuring and triumphant salute boomed out he buckled on his sword, donned his three-cornered hat, plumed and gold-laced, and sallied forth to give glad though decorous greeting to the new arrivals.

Soon afterwards, amid the cheers of whites and blacks, up through the streets of the oldest city in the United States marched the long scarlet column of Irish soldiers, late in the military service of France, now in that of Spain, their serried bayonets twinkling in the sunlight and the proud banners fluttering that had waved in triumph on many an European battlefield, while in front the brisk fifers and the little drummers made the air resound with the old Jacobite tune of "The White Cockade," the Brigade's marching tune, that had been heard from Limerick to Cremona:

"King Charles he is King James's son,
And from a royal line is run;
So up with shout and out with blade,
And we'll raise once more the White Cockade."

And as Donna Isola, thrilled with the joy of relief and anticipated victory, leaned from her balcony waving her kerchief and uttering melodious *vivas* to the welcome "*soldados de Hibernia*," she encountered the swift, rapt glance of Lieutenant O'Donovan, which she impul-

sively returned with as telling a one of her own—and this rapid interchange of glances had the after-effect of making more personal worry for His Excellency the Governor of Florida than had been made by all the siege guns of the English army.

A quaint and interesting old place, even under its rain of shot in that year 1740, was St. Augustine, so named by Don Pedro Menendez, who planted a colony here, landing on St. Augustine's day, 1565. Thirty-seven years previously the explorer, Juan Ponce de Leon, had landed a few miles from here; it was in Holy Week, and one of the friars who accompanied the explorer named the district Pasque Florida, the Spanish name for Easter, the feast of flowers, for on that day Easter Mass was said under a booth of palms and flowering vines. For nigh two centuries the voices of religion and war had alternated along that palmy coast—the hallowed sound of the convent bell, the clangor of the trumpet, the gruff barking of cannon and truculent patter of musketry. Hither had come the friar in robe and girdle, the cavalier in ruff and rapier, the buccaneer in morion and corselet. Here, in 1579, was erected the first Franciscan convent in North America—whose remains now form the barrack wall of the United States garrison. Here in the days of the virgin queen—who denounced him for his cruel traffic, while consenting to accept a substantial share in its profits—came Admiral Sir John Hawkins, "father of the African slave trade," and dumped ashore the first consignments of wretched Negro slaves, for sale and branding, and here he established a food supply station, whose garrison of a few hundred buccaneers was remorselessly wiped out by the Spanish sea patrol.

Long before Virginia was colonized, or the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, or Calvert proclaimed religious toleration in Maryland, this old capital of Florida had sent forth the messengers of religion and industrial arts from the everglades to the Alleghanies and west to the Mississippi; and here, in 1600, was issued the first book in the Indian language—one on the Christian doctrine—to be published in North America.

But again and again had the wrath of fire and sword descended upon this city on the sunny coast, under the glowing sky, amid the luxuriant growth of the Southland. Drake and Frobisher sacked and burned it. John Davis, the English pirate, also gave it to the flames and tortured many of the inhabitants in efforts to make them reveal the whereabouts of supposed treasure. In 1702, and a quarter of a century later, English land and sea forces descended upon it and practically wiped it off the map. Yet again and again, tenaciously ineradicable as the tropical vegetation that surrounded it, it had persisted in growing. But now it had a powerful citadel and defender in Fort San Marco, the greatest product on the American continent of the famous fortification school of Marshal Vauban. Under these protecting walls all slaves were declared free, mainly at the instance of the religious Orders, the moment they took refuge within the town gates.

A brave soldier was that amiable Surrey man, General James Edward Oglethorpe, founder of the neighboring English colony of Georgia, but the demand he had presented at the muzzles of his cannon to St. Augustine was considered a harsh one:

"Give up all the African slaves escaped from the English colonies or take the alternative of war."

To which the dignified Governor had practically replied:

"We are sorry we cannot oblige you, senor; a slave ceases to be a slave once he passes within these walls."

So the guns on both sides opened fire, and now for half a year they had been hammering away in a singular and significant duel of race, religion and principle —on one side England, Protestantism, slavery; on the other Spain, Catholicity, freedom!

But the end was near. With promptness and vivacity the borrowed Irish regiment, elated at the reality of having met the ancient enemy, manned the ramparts and organized sortie and surprise. From the four great bastions of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Charles and St. Augustine a hail of missiles, accurately directed, fell on the English batteries on St. Anastatia Island and on the English ships, silencing the former, sinking some of the latter, with the result that General Oglethorpe, with the remnants of his force, despondently made his way back to Georgia, leaving behind him some fine cannon which may still be seen in San Marco.

"The Governor's daughter is the finest girl I ever laid eyes on," enthusiastically remarked a brother officer to Lieutenant O'Donovan, as after being present at the singing of the *Te Deum* in the cathedral they moved through the throng of settlers, Indians, Negroes and soldiers towards their quarters in the fort.

To which the lieutenant murmured fervent though semi-inaudible acquiescence.

"And her starry eyes, beneath her mantilla, beamed a bewitching smile in this direction," continued the captain. "Ah, you change color, my young hero of the sortie, which convinces me that it was on yourself her flashing magic glance rested as she drove by to the Presidio with her father and the fish-eyed fossil whom he has selected as her helpmate. More's the pity, say I! Beware, my boy. Keep outside the circle of her enchantment; this is no sprightly Irish colleen or piquant French mademoiselle, but a fiery and haughty Spanish senora, the daughter of a proud grandee."

The lieutenant laughed faintly and forcedly and turned the conversation into other channels.

At the palace the Governor hospitably and frequently entertained the officers of the borrowed regiment. Among those who came oftenest and stayed longest was Lieutenant O'Donovan, a circumstance which, by and by, begot in the Governor suspicion and uneasiness, and annoyance and chagrin in Don Ignazio. Mortified rather than surprised was the latter when Donna, Isola earnestly, pleadingly, almost tearfully, besought him to release her from her promise of marriage. His grim face grew grimmer and more sour as he met her with a prompt and emphatic refusal.

"A thousand times, no!" he replied. "Alas, *carissima*, I feared that it would come to this. Better ere you should prove cold or false to me that the English had stormed those walls and put us all to the sword."

"Don Ignazio, you are a good and honorable gentleman," she said. "Would you poison your life by taking in wedlock the cold hand of an unloving woman?"

"Fondly would I take the risk, Isola, founded as it is only on your fancy. Your love for me shall fly back like a dove and nestle in your heart again."

"Such love had never a place there."

"But you agreed to our betrothal, and

the tie is sealed with your illustrious father's honor."

"That tie was a thoughtless and impossible one, and I now shatter it like a rope of sand. Be reasonable, be merciful to both of us, my dear Don Ignazio. I esteem you too dearly to make your life miserable by marrying you."

"Miserable? It will be the sweetest of all miseries, *carissima*, to have you as my bride. But let this silly nonsense pass. My bride you shall surely be; I have your father's golden Castilian word for it, and I shall insist upon the fulfilment of the contract."

Her dark eyes flashed with sudden anger and defiance, then shone with mischief.

"Contract? Think you I am a human chattel, a slave, such as have fled to us from the English? For shame, noble Don Ignazio! Come, my dear friend, as I cannot be your wife, let me—let me be a daughter to you!"

The chagrined suitor snarled an oath and ground his yellow teeth vindictively, then bowed himself out. "Adios, my too susceptible Isola. To restore you to a proper frame of mind I shall speedily remove the cause of our estrangement."

Next morning Lieutenant O'Donovan appeared on parade with a gash on his cheek, and Don Ignazio carried his right arm in a sling. There were rumors of a duel in the palm grove at the rear of the Presidio.

Great was the annoyance of the Governor on learning of the rift between his daughter and her recently acknowledged fiancé, and greater his surprise and anger on learning the cause of it.

"*Caramba!*" he growled, "in borrowing this Irish regiment from the King of France it seems His Most Catholic Majesty has borrowed for me, his most faithful servant, some very serious and unexpected trouble."

When the main cause of the trouble appeared before him and boldly presented application for his daughter's hand, the amazement and wrath of His Excellency were almost too great to be expressed in words. With sarcastic hauteur he ordered the daring lieutenant from his presence, directing his lackeys to thenceforth forbid him the door.

"So, my good daughter," he thundered to Donna Isola, "you would disgrace our ancient and stainless name, dishonor blood that kings might envy. You have encouraged the foolish and insolent attentions of this military adventurer, this vagrant Irish soldier of fortune?"

But the girl, spirited and determined, quailed not before the angry eyes of her choleric sire. Instead she pleaded as coolly and ingeniously as a Portia.

"His people are as good and noble as our people, *padre mio*, and highly are they honored in Spain and France and Austria. Look at the O'Donnells, the O'Reillys, the O'Farrells, the De Lacys, how near they stand to the throne of our gracious king. They are dukes and counts, generals and ambassadors."

"But this scum of a lieutenant is not of that kind. His muddy blood is unfit to mingle with that of Old Castile."

"His blood is very ancient and honorable, *padre mio*. His ancestors were making laws in royal Tara when ours were herding mules along the Tagus."

His Excellency stamped in disgust and fury. "With what fables the impudent islander has been stuffing your silly head! But I'll put a speedy ending to this farce and folly. Prepare, Isola—one week from to-morrow you marry Don Ignazio and sail with him for Havana."

Swiftly the news of this interesting love affair flew over St. Augustine and became the prevailing topic in camp and household, the world's proverbial love of a lover asserting itself with special strength and lucidity in that romantic new-world Spanish community beside the dreamy southern sea. What gave it special zest was a memorable scene that occurred one bright Sunday morning in the cathedral—a scene that was destined to give food for debate to the theologians of two continents. As the priest entered the sanctuary to say Mass he found Lieutenant O'Donovan and the Governor's daughter standing at the altar rail. Said the lieutenant:

"Reverend Father, I take this woman for my wife."

And the young lady as firmly announced:

"And I, Father, take this man for my husband."

Somebody had advised the young couple that a declaration so made constituted a valid marriage, and so it was turned to account by this enamoured young man and resolute girl.

But now to the cathedral fiercely came the Governor, accompanied by a military force. Donna Isola was hastily placed in a carriage and driven to her father's home, while the officers and men of his regiment, as well as his numerous civilian sympathizers, felt surprised and humiliated to see Lieutenant O'Donovan, —stripped of his insignia of rank and manacled like a felon marched through the street in the centre of a squad of soldiers, to imprisonment in Fort San Marco.

Then ensued a great outburst of excitement and practical sympathy. O'Donovan was the hero of the hour. A subscription was started to defend his case before both the ecclesiastical and military authorities. The members of the Irish regiment eagerly poured in their coin, the Spanish soldiers and townspeople generously swelled the amount. Money-laden messengers were despatched to Spain, where the ablest advocates of canon law were employed to prove that O'Donovan was married according to ecclesiastical law, and an attempt was made to enlist the sympathy of royalty on behalf of the gallant soldier. Anxiously every galleon arriving in the port of St. Augustine was hailed for news of the case. So did love make the world go round.

But while beyond the ocean the advocates were still wrangling, a grand thrill of joy passed through the Florida capital and a cheer rang from Fort San Marco to the palm trees. The stern Governor had relented, the domestic and popular strain being more than he could bear. He flung open the prison door and gave his daughter to her devoted wooer.

"Take her, my son, and my blessing," he said. "Your determination I might perhaps have been able to conquer, but hers—never!"

Joyous and general was the nuptial celebration. Bands played, bonfires flared, wine flowed. In the dances, enlivened by the scarlet and blue uniforms of the Brigade, Irish jigs and reels alternated with cachuchas, fandangos and boleros. It was a festive event of racial and international importance, for it inaugurated the numerous Spano-Irish race that gave the sunny South a long-prevailing type of population, impulsive, generous and chivalrous.

Practically a new race treads the streets of venerable St. Augustine. But the memory of that lively love-and-war episode lingers like a delicate fragrance

around the ancient walls. In the quadrangle of San Marco stand some of the guns abandoned by General Oglethorpe on his raising the siege, and in the archives of the cathedral are preserved the voluminous findings of the ecclesiastical court —whose work, as things happened, proved to be quite unnecessary—in the celebrated case of Lieutenant O'Donovan and the Governor's daughter.

MISS PHŒBE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

"Cannot get there for Christmas. Will explain. Children dreadfully disappointed. May come later.

Mary."

Miss Phœbe Cameron stared blankly at the telegram, a sickening sense of disappointment sweeping over her.

Then, as her eyes turned involuntarily to the big Christmas tree, with its colored candles and strings of popcorn at the farther end of the room—she sat down suddenly, letting the box of tinsel and gaily-colored balls slip from her nerveless fingers; conscious only of a strange sinking at her heart—as though the bottom had suddenly fallen out of everything.

She remembered, even then, of experiencing the same sensation—she did not care to remember how many years ago—when the news reached her that Robert Manning, the man whom she intended to marry, had suddenly disappeared, leaving no hint of his destination or future movements. While they were not actually engaged, she had every reason to believe that he intended asking her hand in marriage.

The news of his disappearance came to her a few days after her cousin's marriage. The house was still filled with friends and relatives who had come from a distance to attend the wedding; and she remembered, with a thrill of pain, how she had been obliged to smile and talk and entertain these friends while her heart was heavy with grief and mortification.

She caught her breath sharply. The old sting of wounded pride and wounded affection had never quite left her; and now the wound seemed to bleed anew in this fresh disappointment.

Since her father's death, two years before, she had lived alone in the rambling old house. She had not allowed herself to become bitter or cynical; but led a busy, useful life—living for others; but the sun had never quite regained its old-time brightness.

"Miss Phœbe, de toys an' fixins fo' de tree hab come. Shall I tell de man to fetch 'em in heah?"

Miss Phœbe came back to her present surroundings, with a start.

"Oh, the toys! Yes, Dinah, tell him to bring them in."

There was a new heaviness in her voice and her eyes had lost much of their brightness. But she was not one to be overwhelmed by trifles.

After the man had gone she sat down to think the matter over. The sight of

the tree made her feel faint; and the thought of all the good things in the pantry waiting to be eaten, made her positively sick.

She simply could not sit down to dinner alone; and it was too late to invite any of her friends. She had gone to so much trouble and—what on earth should she do with all those toys! She had bought them for her cousin's children; but since they were not coming, she must think of some other children.

Christmas was a time to make children happy, and—

Miss Phœbe got up suddenly and began unwrapping the toys. "It would be weak and silly to cry," she said to herself with a wintery smile.

Just then Dinah put her head in at the door.

"'Scuse me, Miss Phœbe, but dar's a po' lil'le gal at de do' sellin' sumpt'in; an' I thought es 'twas Chrismus Eve, yo' might want to help her."

"All right, Dinah, I'll see what she has," Miss Phœbe returned, interested at once.

The "lil'le gal," frail, delicate, and shabbily clad, was standing in the hall.

"Well, my little girl, what are you selling?"

"Needles and pins and buttons," the child said eagerly, "Will you buy some, please? My little sister never had a real dolly—and I want to get her one for Christmas; but nobody will buy my things."

"Yes, I need needles and pins—and you may give me a card of buttons too," Miss Phœbe said, smiling into the eager eyes.

"How old is your little sister?"

"She is four. I have two brothers—one six and one eight. I am ten. I keep house for my father—my—my mother is dead."

"Oh, you poor little thing!" Miss Phœbe cried impulsively.

Then a sudden thought struck her and her eyes shone.

"I should like to have you and your little sister and your two brothers, take dinner with me to-morrow," she said, with strange eagerness. "Do you think your father will let you come?"

"Oh! oh, yes, ma'am. I'm sure he will!" the child exclaimed eagerly, her thin delicate face lighting up.

"Very well, then; I shall expect you at five o'clock. Dinner will be served at five-thirty. Give this card—" she scribbled a few lines on her visiting card—"to your father and tell him I shall see that you get home all right. What is your name, my dear?"

"Lucy Morris. My little sister's name is Nelly, and my brothers are Teddy and Robert."

"What pretty names! Now, Lucy, remember at five sharp. Good-bye."

Dinah grumbled at first when she found that all the "good things" she had been preparing were to be set before "jes' po' white trash."

But when she saw them eating and saw how they enjoyed those same "good things," her soft heart relented, and she chuckled in high good humor.

"Dey sho'ly do 'preciate my dressin'," she said in an aside to Miss Phœbe, as she gave Ted his fourth helping.

Never before in all their little starved lives had the Morrises partaken of such a dinner. It did Miss Phœbe's heart good to see them eat. Even Lucy, who tried to be dignified and grown-up, forgot her role and allowed Dinah to fill her plate a second and a third time.

After dinner Miss Phœbe led the way to the front parlor, then asked them to excuse her for a few minutes. The chil-

dren were left alone in the big splendid room.

Teddy slid up and down the horse-hair sofa, and Robert curled up, like a little stuffed pig, in a big leather chair. Lucy tip-toed about the big room examining the pictures and bric-a-brac. Little Nelly had begun to nod—when the big door at the end of the room slid back, revealing a wonderful Christmas tree.

Four distinct "Ohs!" fell upon Miss Phœbe's ear as she slipped quietly into the room.

Just then a loud clang of the door-bell startled them all, and a few minutes later Dinah rushed in excitedly:

"Fo' de Lawd, Miss Phœbe, I done seen a ghost!" she whispered hoarsely. "Mis' Mary and de chilluns hab come, an'—an' —a live ghost!"

Miss Phœbe went quickly into the hall; and there, sure enough, was her cousin Mary with little Florence and Alice, and behind them stood—Robert Manning!

"Oh, Cousin Phœbe, we're so glad to get here!" the children cried, nearly strangling her with their embraces.

"Dear Phœbe, I'm sorry we startled you," Mary Wilson was saying when Miss Phœbe came back to earth.

"I met Robert accidently—he had just returned from his wanderings, and missed my connections yesterday—but Robert will tell you himself. Come, children, I see Cousin Phœbe has some little guests; we will entertain them for her."

"Phœbe! Phœbe! Forgive me," Robert Manning cried, possessing himself of her hand—though she tried to draw it away. "Listen, dear," he entreated, "it was all such a dreadful mistake. I was a blundering fool—but all these years I have thought of you as Hugh McNulty's wife, and—"

"My Cousin Belle married Hugh McNulty," Miss Phœbe broke in involuntarily.

"Yes, Mrs. Wilson told me yesterday —that was how she missed her train. I was a fool—but let me tell you how it happened. I finished up that business in San Francisco sooner than I expected and took the first train for New York to surprise you. The first paper I picked up contained an account of the wedding of Miss Phœbe Isabel Cameron and Hugh McNulty—'"

"But my name is Phœbe Elizabeth—"

"I did not know, dear; and the reception was held at your home—so of course I thought it was you. I was always jealous of McNulty—he was always hanging around."

"He liked to talk to me about Belle," Miss Phœbe murmured softly.

"I was a blundering idiot! Forgive me Phœbe, and make this the happiest Christmas of my life."

Little Nelly squealed with delight when the big flaxen-haired doll was placed in her arms. She hugged and kissed it, trembling with excitement and joy. Robert Manning took the presents from the tree, and Miss Phœbe—a wonderful new light in her eyes—placed them in the hands of the delighted children.

There were presents for all. Florence and Alice caught little Nelly's excitement and shouted and clapped their hands. Even staid Lucy forgot her cares and laughed and chattered like a magpie, while Teddy and Robert were beyond all restraint.

It was a happy Christmas after all.

Through Robert Manning's efforts Jack Morris, the father of the four motherless children, obtained a lucrative position and brave little Lucy had a warm friend ever afterward in Miss Phœbe, who soon became Mrs. Robert Manning.

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY BIDDING FAREWELL TO HER CHILDREN.

CHARLES FOLEY.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The *Annales Politiques et Litteraires,* the finest weekly magazine of French current literature, to which only members of the French Academy or candidates for that honor contribute, in a recent number gives high praise to a French-Irish author, Mr. Charles Foley. He is the author of the splendid novel, Jean-des-Brumes, now running in the *Annales,* and his friends hope to see him admitted to the French Academy in recognition of the remarkable works he has published.

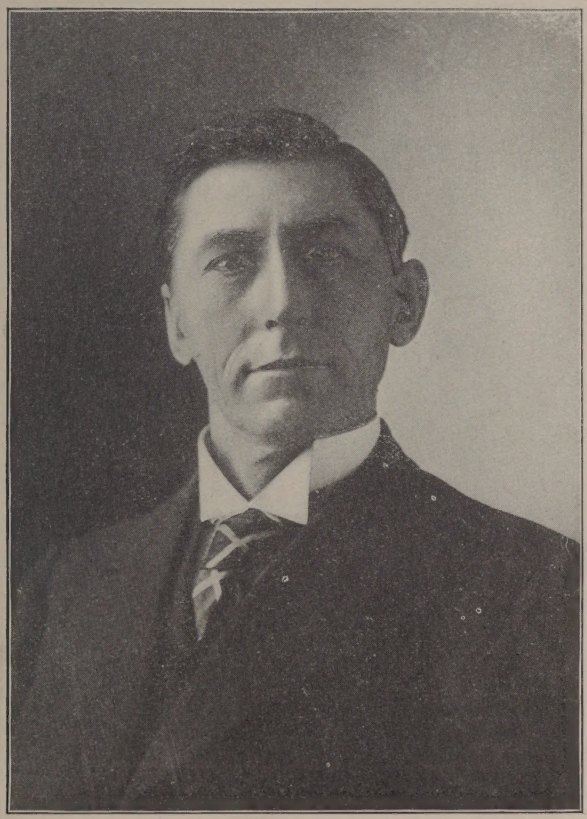
Tall, of commanding presence, with pointed beard, still black in contrast to his prematurely white hair, clear color, glance at once keen and tender, his voice almost feminine, Charles Foley gives an impression at the same time of great strength and sweetness. He is gentle and yet he is strong, physically, morally and mentally. He is of Irish descent and one of his ancestors followed James II into exile in France. When only seven or eight years old this writer composed several pieces, and played the principal part himself in the little theatre that his parents had built for him in the country, at Andresy. When sixteen years old he published his first verses in the *Artiste,* edited by Arsene Houssaye. Shortly after he wrote and published several farces in verse. They became the vogue, and the first volume brought to the author nearly five hundred francs.

One of his first historic romances was "Coeur de Roi." It won from the critics unstinted praise as being full of life, of movement, very dramatic, and written in exquisite language, full of happy hits and carefully thought-out details. The sense of dramatic movement and the gift of style distinguished the work of this dramatist and author who never fails to discover also the moral beauty of a sentiment. He excels in interpreting the secrets of the heart, and does so with the strength and delicacy of touch that make a lasting impression. It is not to be wondered at that his work has attained such a high reputation, and that his friends look forward to seeing him a member of the French Academy.

His home at Andresy is an old family residence, delightfully quiet and retired. Every summer for thirty years he has gone to this house, the surroundings of which he finds so conducive to the pursuit of his literary labors, and where he is environed by reminders of the events of his life—memories both sad and joyous.

The Hon. John Burke, Governor of North Dakota, is an Irish-American. His father came to this country when a very young man, and settled on a farm near Sigourney, Iowa. Here the future governor was born forty-seven years ago. He was educated in the common schools of Iowa, and at the age of twenty entered the law department of the Iowa University. For two years he practised law in Des Moines, and then removed to Minnesota, where he lived for two years more. His next move was to St. John, Roulette County, North Dakota, from whence he moved to the county seat at Rolla. He built up a large law practice in that region, was sent to the Legislature three times, served two terms in the Senate, and one in the House. His home at present is at Devil's Lake, his official residence being in Bismarck, where he is required by law to reside as governor. His law practice has brought him a generous share of worldly goods, and his successful career is another proof of the qualities of citizenship possessed by the Irish-American.

Governor Burke is a large man, both physically and mentally, and his ability as a lawyer and political leader has frequently been demonstrated. He is popular with all classes, a total abstainer, and a practical Catholic. He was one of forty candidates who were recently initiated in the Fargo Council, K. of C. At the banquet which completed the initiation ceremonies the governor delighted his listeners by his address dealing with the affairs of the Order. It was a notable occasion for all present, and the utterances of the speakers were closely followed. In addition to the governor's address the Council had the pleasure of listening to Bishop Shanley. Other parts of the State were represented by Thos. F. Griffin, Sioux City; B. I. Keating, Fargo; Fred S. Duggan, Grand Forks; J. E. McKoane, Minot; Wm. Enwright, Helena; Rev. Father Corey, Fargo; Dr. LaRose, Mandan; T. P. O'Connell, Minot; Attorney P. D. Norton, Hettinger, and M. F. Murphy, Grand Forks.



HON. JOHN BURKE.

During his recent visit to Boston, Mr. William H. Langdon, District Attorney of San Francisco, was given a rousing reception.

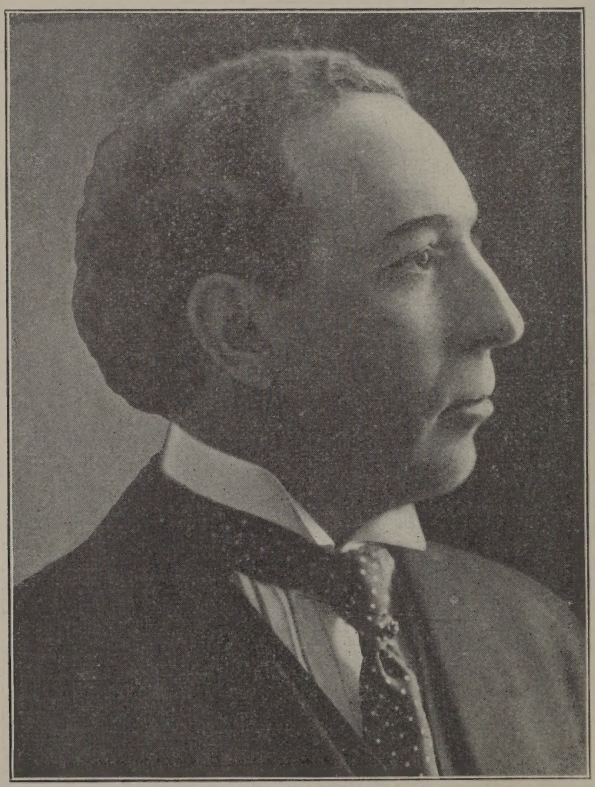
In Catholic Union Hall more than five hundred

members of the Knights of Columbus met to welcome him to the city. The District Attorney described the war on graft in San Francisco, and was cheered to the echo when he rose to speak. He told briefly how the greatest exposure in the history of the country was brought about, and gave unstinted praise to Rudolph Spreckels, who financed the investigation, and to the active workers in the very difficult task of unearthing the graft and collecting the evidence. After the meeting there was a reception followed by a dinner at the Brunswick.

The committee in charge of the reception consisted of Daniel F. Buckley, state deputy; Joseph C. Pelletier, national advocate; Rev. James N. Supple, state chaplain; William J. O'Brien, state secretary; Henry E. Hagan, state treasurer; Robert J Thomas, state auditor; Timothy F. Lynes, state warden; Daniel P. Toomey, Edward F. McSweeney, William F. Riley, Dennis F. Sheehan, Jeremiah E. Burke, Capt. D. J. Gorman, Geoffrey B. Lehy, John J. Kennedy, Hugh J. Mulloy, Daniel L. Prendergast, John B. Dore, Hon. Michael J. Sughrue and District Deputies Louis Watson, Edward M. Gallagher, William M. Connell, Louis P. Pfau, Joseph J. Murley, Walter A. White, James T. Whelan, Edward J. O'Neil and John T. Simpson.

At the annual dinner of the California Club of Harvard, which was held in the trophy room of the Harvard Union, District Attorney Langdon was the guest of honor.

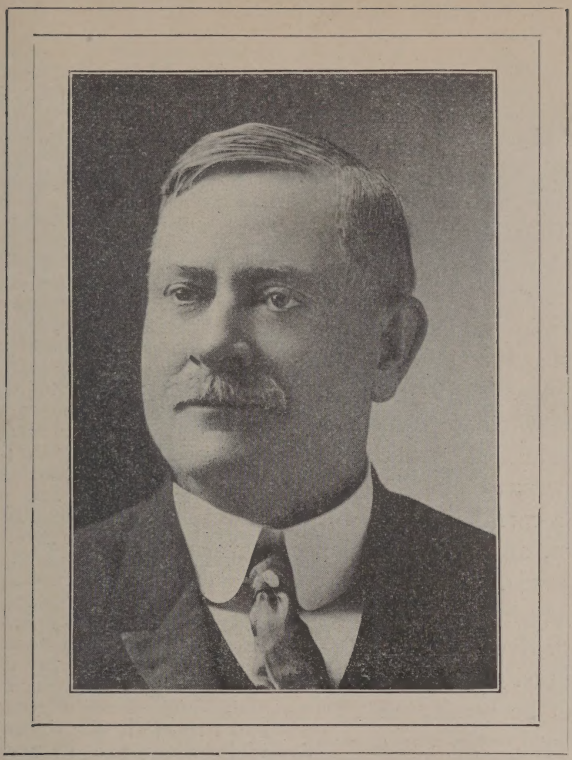
The dinner was largely attended, and was considered the most successful in the history of the club. Mr. Langdon made a witty speech in which were allusions to political conditions in San Francisco.



WILLIAM H. LANGDON.
District Attorney of San Francisco.

Speaking at the Boston City Club, Mr. Langdon said of civic administration:

"Government must be redeemed from graft and from the corruptors. It is not an easy task, as the history of every city shows. But we must be ready to adjust our governmental conceptions and agencies to the changing conditions. It is perhaps true that what democracy most needs is more democracy. In the redemption of government from graft one great need of democracy is talented and efficient leadership, men of courage, devotion and the initiative that insures generalship in the struggle against the organized machine."



DANIEL COLWELL.
National Secretary.

THE STORY OF COLUMBIAN KNIGHTHOOD.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

At the time the charter was granted to the Knights of Columbus the Society numbered eleven members. The name, Knights of Columbus, was suggested by Mr. James T. Mullen, who was later elected the first Supreme Grand Knight of the Order. The first official meeting was held at the office of Mr. Daniel Colwell, National Secretary of the Order since its inception, who has had the liveliest interest in the success of the organization from the beginning. He drafted the first articles of incorporation and submitted them to the State Assembly at Connecticut.

To him more than to any other man belongs the credit of the beautiful ritual of the Order and the series of degrees which lend such attraction to the organization. He brought to his office devotion to the cause, an intellectual, well-developed mind, fine executive ability, and an unlimited capacity for work.

The choice of James T. Mullen for first Supreme Grand Knight was fortunate for the organization. The success of the Order was very dear to him, and he gave to the work his closest personal attention, thinking no sacrifice too great if by it he could advance the interests of the Knights in even the slightest degree. He died in the summer of 1891, but in

his time he accomplished results that endear his memory to his Brother Knights wherever a council of the Order is established. Mr. Mullen was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1848, was educated in the public schools, and when only a boy enlisted in the Ninth Connecticut Volunteers, serving bravely in the Civil War until an honorable discharge was granted him on account of his broken health. Returning to New Haven he entered on an apprenticeship in painting ornamental signs, and afterwards was employed as a commercial traveler. Later he became a member of the New Haven police force, and served as lieutenant for many years. A business opportunity developing he formed a company with G. W. M. Reed of New Haven, and in 1884 assumed entire control of the business which he conducted up to the time of his death. He was a member of the Board of Fire Commissioners of New Haven and its president for a number of years; a member of the board of aldermen of his native city, and, as has been stated already, a founder of the Order of the Knights of Columbus and its first Supreme Knight.

The first Council was called San Salvador, and its first officers afterwards composed the Supreme Council, their titles being as follows:

Supreme Knight, James T. Mullen.

Deputy Supreme Knight, John T. Kerrigan.

Supreme Financial Secretary, James T. McMahon.

Supreme Corresponding Secretary, Rev Michael J. McGivney.

Supreme Treasurer, Michael Curran.

Supreme Lecturer, Daniel Colwell.

The Order was organized February 2, 1882, and was regularly incorporated by the State Assembly of Connecticut on March 29, 1882, the original charter reading thus:

Resolved by this Assembly:—

Section 1. That Michael J. McGivney, Patrick Lawlor, Matthew C. O'Connor, Cornelius T. Driscoll, James T. Mullen, John T. Kerrigan, Daniel Colwell, William M. Geary, Michael Curran, and all such persons as may from time to time be associated with them, together with their successors, be, and they are hereby constituted, a body corporate and politic, by the name of the Knights of Columbus, of New Haven, for the purpose of rendering mutual aid and assistance to the members of said society and their families; and by that name shall have perpetual succession, and be capable in law to purchase and receive and hold and convey all kinds of property, both real and personal, requisite or convenient for the purpose of said society; may have a common seal, which they may change and renew at pleasure; may sue and be sued, defend and be defended, plead and be impleaded, answer and be answered unto, by their corporate name, in all courts and places whatsoever; may elect such officers and agents as they shall deem necessary, and may make and execute necessary by-laws, rules and regulations for the proper management of said society and its property; provided said by-laws, rules and regulations shall not be inconsistent with the General Laws of this State.

Sec. 2. This resolution may be altered, amended, or repealed at the pleasure of the General Assembly.

The basement of St. Mary's Church was the scene of the early meetings of the pioneer council until after May 1, 1882, when a hall was secured in Hoadley Building, New Haven. What high courage sustained the little band of Knights can be imagined. Those pioneer meetings must have been occasions of much thoughtful discussion and earnest effort. That initial council might be compared to the great discoverer's caravel, with a vast unexplored territory before it, weighted down by a freight of cares and responsibilities, yet with hope and devotion and faith in God to bring its mission to fruition.

The first meeting of the Supreme Council was held at New Haven, May

PRESENTATION BY KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS OF $50,000 TO THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, TO FOUND A CHAIR OF AMERICAN HISTORY, APRIL 13, 1904.

12, 1883, and the second at Meriden, May 5, 1884. The very nature of its constitution ensured the solidifying of the Order, for the wise purpose that the original council had in view was to increase their membership by bringing in only the best possible candidates, quality rather than quantity being their aim.

The result was that the confidence of the public was gained and new councils sprang into existence, each one adding to the influence and power of the Order.

THOMAS HARRISON CUMMINGS.
National Organizer.

Wallingford, Cromwell, Portland, Branford, Hartford, New Britain, Norwich, Williamantic, Southington, Bridgeport, New London and Thomaston contributed their quota, and shortly there were twenty regularly organized councils in Connecticut.

The time had now come for stepping beyond the confines of their own State, and in April, 1885, Supreme Knight Mullen and his associate officers instituted Narragansett Council in Westerly, R. I. It had been their intention to organize a council in Stonington, but only a few days before the date set for the institution of the council the only public hall in the town was destroyed by fire. Therefore the Knights were obliged to go to Westerly, which is separated from Stonington by the Stonington River, the dividing line between Connecticut and Rhode Island, and thus by accident, as it were, the first council outside of Connecticut was organized.

The first council in Massachusetts, Bunker Hill, was organized in April, 1892. At that time Connecticut had fifty-five, Rhode Island four, and New York one. New Hampshire, Maine, New Jersey, Illinois, Pennsylvania and Delaware instituted councils, but in the next three years the greatest growth was in Massachusetts. This may be accounted for by the appointment of a National Organizer, Mr. Thomas Harrison Cummings, of Boston, whose efforts were ably sustained by the National Supreme Knight, James E. Hayes, and by the efficient officers who presided over the various districts in Massachusetts.

Mr. Cummings joined the Order in April, 1892, as charter member and first lecturer of Bunker Hill Council, No. 62. Nearly a year passed without any perceptible increase in the growth of the Order. In fact, the membership began to dwindle until it reached the 4,000 mark, and was practically confined to the State of Connecticut. Along with all this came financial troubles, and, for a while, its very existence was threatened. Twenty-seven unpaid death claims stared the Order in the face, when the returns from an assessment levied were less than five thousand dollars. But the foresight and energy of Supreme Knight John J. Phelan saved the day and the Order. Brother Cummings was hastily summoned, the situation was laid before him, and he was urged to take up the work of organizing new councils.

In the beginning, the work was largely a labor of love, as the Order was not able to pay much for the services rendered. Members travelled at their own expense, and new councils were often instituted at little or no cost to the National Council. On January 8, 1893, Lawrence Council, No. 67, Lawrence, Mass., was instituted. January 29th, Boston Council, No. 68, was formed. In February, Chicopee, No. 69, of Chicopee, Mass., was instituted. On March 5th, Valladolid, No. 70, of Lynn, Mass., was instituted; also Cambridge, No. 71, April 2d, at Cambridge, Mass.; Veragua Council, No. 72 Salem, Mass., May 28th, Woburn, No. 73, of Woburn, Mass. On June 11th, South Boston, No. 78, and Natick Council, No. 79, of Natick, Mass. On September 3d, Valencia Council, No. 80, of Milford, Mass., Marlboro Council, No. 81, of Marlboro, Mass., also Mt. Benedict, Council, of Somerville, Mass., No. 82; Chelsea Council, No. 83, of Chelsea, Mass., and on December 31st, Excelsior Council, No. 84, of East Boston, Mass. These, with several others, were the sum total of the first year's experiment at organizing.

The next year, 1894, saw the Order

introduced by the organizer into every New England state, as far as Bangor, Me., on the East; Concord, N. H., on the North; Pittsfield, Mass., on the West; and Newport, R. I., and Fall River, Mass., on the South. Several thousand new members also were added to the Order. In 1895, Brother Cummings took the Order to New York, and instituted six councils in New York and Brooklyn. Later, he carried it to Yonkers, Albany, and Troy, N. Y., then across the State to Rochester and Buffalo. From here it spread, through him and his efforts, to Detroit, Michigan, and a council was established in Chicago, Ill. Coming back to New York, he carried it to Jersey City, Hoboken, Newark, East Orange, Morristown, New Brunswick, Trenton and Camden, N. J.

Philadelphia Council was established on November 29, 1896. From here, Organizer Cummings established new councils in Baltimore, Washington, D. C., and Wilmington, Del. Later on Scranton, Wilkesbarre and Pittsburg were added to the chain already established across the great State of Pennsylvania. In all about two hundred new councils and over thirty thousand new names were added to the list of membership.

The financial showing was equally good, for the deficit was wiped out and changed to a surplus of over two hundred thousand dollars to the good.

Mr. Cummings was born in Boston, Mass., in 1856, was educated in the public schools of that city, and afterwards completed a full classical course at a well-known Catholic college in Maryland. He later went to Paris to study metaphysics and the higher natural sciences. Returning to Boston in 1879 he entered the Public Library of the city as curator of the catalogue and assistant to the Librarian. After six years of satisfactory service, acquiring a thorough knowledge of his profession, he was invited by the late John Boyle O'Reilly to take the business management of the Pilot Publishing Co., the trustees of the Library voting to keep his position open for a year.

With the death of Mr. O'Reilly he severed his connection with the paper and took up lecturing as a profession. He went abroad to collect material for his famous lectures upon Art Travels, which have since become so widely known throughout the country.

In 1892 he was decorated by the King of Portugal with the Christo Decoration and was made a Knight Chevalier of the military Order of Christ. Mr. Cummings is a frequent contributor to the magazines and press of the country, and compiled the Memorial Volume of the Webster Historical Society, of which society he is the corresponding secretary. He is also a Fellow of the American Geographical Society, a member of the Catholic Union of Boston, and also of the Catholic Club of New York City.

From its inception the blessing of the Church rested on the organization, and in 1895 the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. Francis Satolli, bestowed upon it his benediction.

Some of the reasons for the phenomenal success achieved by the Order are succinctly presented in this excerpt from the address made by Supreme Grand Knight John J. Phelan in Bridgeport, Conn.

"The Knights of Columbus, as it came from the hands of its sponsors in 1882, crude and imperfect though it was in essentials, possessed, however, the germ of popularity and power. It had the ingredients of an attractive mysticism, and the seed of a fraternal and social inspiration that was destined to fructify and expand until the territorial limits of its abiding place could no longer be circumscribed by New

England, but only by the oceans that encircle our country, and wherever therein God is worshipped at Catholic shrines. What has it done and what it its future? are inquiries submitted for answer. It has banded together for mutual advantage in New England such a body of Catholics as no other similar society has done. It has proven itself an auxiliary to the Church in persuading and directing men to a better observance of their domestic and religious duties. It has taught Catholics the value of associated effort in the furtherance of their personal and social advancement. It has demonstrated to non-Catholics and to ourselves that we desire to be in the van of progress and civilization. It has disbursed one half million of dollars in smoothing and shaping the rugged pathways of life to accommodate the tender footfalls of thousands of orphaned children. All this has it done and more. It has taught us a greater forbearance for each other's failings, and made us sympathize and sorrow in each other's sorrow, and be sharers in each other's joys. It has supplanted the bread-winner's anguish on his death-bed of poverty with an assurance that the wants of his children will be heeded, and their future in rectitude and good citizenship preserved.

"What shall I say of its future? I will venture to assert that its progress will entirely keep pace with the best desires of the Catholic people. In the development of its scope and purpose the moral and social features are given commendable prominence, for, be it understood, that the Knights of Columbus is not merely an insurance society—it is that and much more. While its ambition is to supply insurance to members at as low cost as any Catholic society, and to that end has adopted and will continue to formulate and adopt such codes of rules as will best effectuate that purpose and insure permanency, yet this feature, which in fact is the main feature of many sister societies, is but one of the material purposes of our existence. This Order is primarily an organization of American Catholics existing for their moral and social advancement; is a society, which while strictly adhering to the principles of benevolence and fraternal insurance, also persistently aims to develop by association, example and precept the latent power of Catholics, and desires to encourage and promote in every reasonable manner every energy consistent with good citizenship. It enjoins that every Catholic shall be fully equipped, and the equal of the best in leading the way, if possible, in all that pertains to the best, in business, pleasure, morality, and patriotism. Catholic interests in America are now, as ever, identical with all others in support of liberty and free institutions. This society desires the diffusion of the highest and broadest intelligence among its members and those of the faith, that they may the better respond to the responsibilities of their station, family and country."

That their personal interests are not excluding their attention to the duties of citizenship has been repeatedly demonstrated by the part the Knights have taken in affairs of import to state and nation.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Garrigan, D.D., Bishop of Sioux City, Iowa, at the presentation of the Chair of American History to the Catholic University, spoke of the gift as being one of the proofs of the strength and unity of the Catholic body. That the abundant fruition of the seed sown at New Haven had given deep gratification to his apostolic spirit, was evidenced in the words he addressed to the assembly:

"I recall with genuine pleasure to-day the gracious consideration given to the messenger of the University by the representatives of the Knights of Columbus assembled in New Haven in March, 1899, and I am glad to bear witness to the spontaneous unanimity with which they accepted the proposal to endow a Chair of American History here. Although the measure was but feebly presented and vaguely outlined, yet it immediately commended itself to their enlightened minds, and the eminent fitness of the Knights of Columbus taking care of the history of this continent, which was so providentially opened up by the great discoverer whose name they bear, appealed instantly to their high sense of patriotism, truth and justice. To-day this vast assembly of the Knights and their friends, from the length and breadth of this vast country from the North and the South, from the East and the West, and even from beyond our own territorial lines, gives public approval to the action of the New Haven Convention of 1899, and this great demonstration is as unanimous and as eloquent for the measure as were their representatives in solemn conclave assembled five years ago."

In eloquent eulogy the reverend speaker expressed his belief that while the Order might do many good and great things for the Church and for country in the years to come it would be difficult to surpass in national usefulness and religious beneficence what they had already accomplished.

"This act will live in effect, as long as this University will live. It will be active while generations come and pass away, and will serve both Church and State, truth and justice

when the foundations of this young institution will begin to crumble with age. It will extend back to the landing of Columbus (1492) and will comprehend the beginnings, the growth and the development of this vast continent during the past five hundred years. It will project itself into the future, teaching new generations the honorable parts, the heroic sacrifices, the valuable contributions of brain and brawn, which our people have generously and continuously made toward the upbuilding of the American nation. We hope it will contradict the famous proposition of De Maistre: that all history is a conspiracy against truth. It will certainly set the Church right before the learned world; prove her to be the mother of Christian civilization, and compel historical writers in future to do justice to her motives and her efforts for education, for charity, for the cultivation of civic virtue and pure morals. As it receives its inspiration from so it partakes in the activity of the greatest of all the virtues, and like it, is thrice blessed, blessed in them that give, blessed in them that receive, and blessed in the future students of historical research."

The force of example, the attitude of the Order in regard to the Church, the submission of the members to her decrees, and the benevolent spirit actuating the work of the organization, were also dwelt upon, and the Rector of the University thus characterized the service rendered by the Order to the cause of education in America:

"You come here to-day to enlarge the sphere of this Pontifical Institution and to open here a foundation of learning whence students from all parts of this land, and for ages to come, may draw knowledge of this country's history from an uncontaminated source. This noble and useful work, I am sure, must be a motive of joy to the soul of him who first gave this country to the domain of history and whose name you have inscribed in honor on the banners of your organization."

To be continued.

LOVE IS WITH ME TO THE END.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

Let come what may, I know full well
  That Love is with me all the day
  To help me walk the long, long way
And win my heart with her bright spell
Of witchery. Across the lands,
  I wander on, content and free;
  Enough that her face smiles on me—
Enough that my heart understands.

The little breezes often twist
  Around their fingers her bright hair;
  And all the stars lean down to share
The passion of our tender tryst.
And, arm in arm, in endless quest,
  We wander down life's endless street;
  Red roses spring up at our feet,
The world gives us its brightest, best.

O, in my heart forever ring
  The precious songs of nightingales,
  Since Love and I, across the dales,
Go singing, dancing, welcoming
The lonely hours, that gentle play,
  Like little, sun-kissed princes young,
  The silent willow trees among—
In the bright country of King Day.

I am content to gladly spend
  With Life and Love these little whiles
  Life's walked with me, ah! many miles,
And Love is with me to the end.
I care not what great storms arise
  Or what great darkness fills the land.
  So long as Love gives me her hand
I am content and sympathize.

A CATHOLIC FAMILY'S CHRISTMAS IN A PROTESTANT COMMUNITY.

BY M. M. STRATNER.

"Mother, there will be Christmas trees at all the churches in town—mayn't we go to any of them?"

The wondering eyes of the child looked up into those of his mother. The little one could not understand why he should be debarred from such festivities; why he should stand alone, outside the happy groups of children. Why was there no Catholic church with a Christmas tree; and why were there no merry groups of Catholic children for him to be merry with? The doors of these other churches stood so invitingly open; the children attending them were so enthusiastic over the preparations for the Christmas festivities; and they had beckoned, and even pleaded with him, to share in their happiness; but, because he was a Catholic, mother forbade it—Why?

Poor little fellow; his young life was so full of puzzling "Whys?" His poor mother, too, often asked of Fate many a "Why," and looking into the questioning eyes of her child there came to her such pain, such heartache as only *she* knew of. Year after year she had suffered this martyrdom, though hoping ever that, perhaps, in the following year or two, the thorns would be removed. She and her husband came of the good old staunch and true Catholic stock; not even in the matter of attending a Christmas tree festivity would they swerve from the rigid path of duty, and allow their little ones to go into churches which protest against the one true faith. They knew full well that the attending of even the most innocent, and one might say general, ceremonies in these churches was but an entering "wedge" wherewith the solid foundation of their children's faith might be weakened. Examples of this were about them in plenty. A congregation could be made up, right in the neighborhood, of one-time Catholics who, because of their isolation from Catholic church and school, or because they were not strong enough to stand firm against the social ostracism and petty slights to which isolated Catholics in a purely Protestant community are subjected, had allowed these "wedges" to enter and undermine in them the structure of the true religion which their forefathers had bequeathed to them. Here and there might be still a mother who tried to call herself Catholic, but who saw her children members of various denominations which protest that her faith is a false one.

Even this mother of the staunch and true stock had her moments of rebellion —not because of her own loneliness; she had resources within herself to overcome that; but because of the lonely little hearts of her children. Social ostracism can be borne in a noble cause when the mind is matured, but it is agony to children who can not grasp the vital reasons for such sacrifices. Do not blame this mother—you who have the ever-flowing blessings of church and school at your very doors, the sweet companionship of sisters and brothers of your own sacred faith; and the ever helpful admonitions of your priests for yourselves and for your children the teaching and training of the devoted Sisters. Put yourself in her place,—would you have stood the test?

Taking her little one upon her knee she explained to him as best she might

the answer to his "Why." Year after year she had done this, but children's minds are prone to forget; besides, in this family there was always a "littlest one" to whom the story was new.

The young mind satisfied, she sent the child off to his play, and allowed her own mind to wander into the past, when she had felt no need of asking questions; when she had known Christmas trees; midnight Mass in the church, beautifully decorated and lighted, its main attraction the realistic "crib" with its representation of the Blessed Infant, the Virgin Mother, St. Joseph, and the shepherds; and the joyful singing of the ever-inspiring *Adeste Fideles*. And she had been one in all this! Her hands had helped in the festive decorations; her voice had leaped to heaven in the hymnal praise.

A deep sigh broke from her, but she rallied quickly, and swiftly came the determination that there should be home festivities which should surpass, if possible, the meagre ones of previous years. Her little ones, she herself, every member of her family, in fact, should enjoy a truly "Merry Christmas"; the dear Lord should have adoration and praise from hearts fully attuned to the great and glorious mystery of the day.

This spirit and enthusiasm she easily infused into the other members of the family, and forthwith the preparations began.

Christmas tree? Of course there must be a Christmas tree,—that much she had accomplished even in previous Christmas times, but this particular tree should be given more care, more thought.

Husband and "big brother" volunteered to get the tree, and it was voted that the little ones should go along to the woods, to have their say as to the fitness of this or that green cedar; it must be a really fine one to have the honor of suddenly blooming and fruiting so much good cheer. There were cedar trees in plenty, but, nevertheless, a full half day wsa spent in selecting and bringing home the exactly right one.

From trunks and boxes mother brought tinsels, tapers, gilded nuts and fruits, the paperet Christmas bells, and other treasures. The children wondered "where mother got them all?" They were too full of enthusiasm to notice that these treasures were rather the worse for wear. Mother and "big sister" had skilfully brushed and straightened and altered and added to them so it would need critical eyes to discover that they had been used last year.

The decorating was begun in earnest, the children eagerly helping and hindering in the twining and twisting and draping, until "Who wants to go to anybody else's Christmas tree, anyway"? was the query of each young helper.

There was "something doing" in the kitchen also; delicious odors came from that direction. "Big sister" was busy there, though every now and then she ran in, holding her be-floured hands well out of harm's way, to ask mother's advice on some culinary mystery, or to admire some grand achievement in the art of decorating to which the "littlest one" proudly called attention. The tree was made as beautiful as possible with the material at hand. At the last mother fastened to it small bags on each of which was written the name of one member of the family.

"This is strictly the Christ-Child's tree," mother explained. "I want each of you to bring Him a present this year. Put your pennies, or gifts, into these bags, and He will find them. He wants things for some of His very poor children, 'what-

ever ye do to the least of these you do to Me' is what He teaches." Then, to make this more realistic, she placed at the foot of the tree a "crib" which she had secretly improvised, and beside it some statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and two blessed candles.

The children understood, and their faces showed that they were already planning what each would give to the Christ-Child.

Shortly after supper, all gathered to tell Christmas stories and play Christmas games. Then came the time to light up the tree—and beautiful, indeed, it was! Containing no presents for any one of them all, it brought no selfish or purely material thought; it was truly a Christ-Child's tree, blooming solely in His honor. There were various more or less clumsily put up packages lying near the crib, but on each was the label, in uncertain and labored letters: "For the Infant Jesus, from—" the name of the donor following. The little bags bulged to prove that the giving of pennies was not forgotten.

Prayers were said and some appropriate songs were sung, and at last bed-time came. Good-night kisses were given, and then each one sought some particular spot in which to hang up his or her stocking, in hope of a visit from Santa Claus.

The morning brought forth the joys expected. The very air was Christmassy, and hearts were attuned to the day.

A delightful breakfast, a few chores to be done, and then all assembled in the Christmas-tree room. The tree was again lighted, and the family knelt in reverence while father read the house Mass from a well-worn book. Next came the singing of Christmas hymns, especially the *Adeste Fideles*.

And now all were ready for the Christmas dinner.

Turkey, roast chicken, and plum pudding, were in abundance of course, but the *piece de resistance* was the oyster-pie, flanked by orange marmalade—for this was a Florida-coast dinner—sweet potatoes and gravy, deviled crabs and salad, fig-pie and banana cake. Yes, the dinner was good and Christmassy.

In the afternoon came the singing of Vesper and Benediction hymns, finishing, of course, with the *Adeste Fideles*.

One isolated family at least had almost forgotten its isolation during that one day.

THE FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION.

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

My Christmas book is closed and clasped
And put by for a year.
A spray of holly fills my hand,
Its green leaves growing sere.

A spill of Blood, its sweet red seems,
Viewed in love's holy light;
The gift of One who entered kind
My New Year's vision bright.

COURTMACSHERRY.

BY VIRGINIA MCSHERRY.

The billows softly break upon the strand,
And on the ivied ruins sunlight streams,
Where Timoleague's grey cloistered arches stand
With memories of days as dim as dreams,
When busy hum of toil and sound of prayer
Told how the friars' days and nights went round
In building, carving, and in making fair
What Saxon hands have scattered on the ground.

Once Spanish galleys bartered wines and oil,
From sunny lands where vine and olive grow,
For blue-eyed flax by miracles of toil
Turned into web of linen white as snow,
And fleecy wool, a royal purple dyed.
Once gallant brigantines cast anchor there
And waited for the rising of the tide,
Or steered aside from Algernine corsair.

The stone-paved ancient court, the old well's sweep,
The sloping headlands rounding far away,
The terrace green, the walls where ivies creep,
The waters blue of Courtmacsherry Bay,
The paths beneath the lime trees' arches dim
That lead through wooded park down to the sea,
The white sails on the blue horizon's rim,—
These are the things that memory brings to me.

PRIEST-WORKERS IN FRANCE.

Since the discontinuance of the salaries paid to the French clergy, under the law of separation, a number of French priests have courageously sought employment to provide for their actual needs. This employment of the priest apart from the sacerdotal life is to most of us a departure that we view with astonishment. It does not seem possible that the pastor of souls, who has administered the sacraments and stands as an intermediary between earth and heaven, should descend from the heights where he pursues his mission, but investigation reveals the fact that long before the issue caused by the law of separation arose there were priests who engaged in the practice of a profession.

ABBE COUTUREAU ATTENDING TO HIS BEEHIVES.

Among the most widely known of these clerical workers may be named Canon Brisacier, the doyen of ecclesiastical workers who made his debut in architecture. A student at the seminary of Tours, he was initiated in architectural researches by Abbé — later Canon — Bourasse, and set himself against the vandalism of the so-called restorers of churches. He discovered the most economical means of repairing old churches, and succeeded in establishing his system despite opposition.

Abbé Choyer, of Angers, a sculptor of great talent, has executed among other notable works the beautiful marble altar of Salette; P. Beni, another sculptor, founded at Poitiers a flourishing school; Abbé Migne with his printing press rendered signal service to the clergy; Doctor Lecoq, Curé of Cusinier, had a wide reputation for medical skill; Abbé Vivat, director of the School of Agriculture of Beauvais, was an eminent electrician; and there are many others—as the Abbé Van Hollebeck, Curé of Saint Paul les Beauvais, an excellent painter; and the Curé of Polienas, a master of the art of making time-keepers.

The example of these courageous

ABBE GARBOURY WORKING AT HIS FORGE.

pioneers, many of whom were actively engaged in the work of the ministry, proves that such work is not incompatible with the dignity of the priesthood. It may be said with truth that from all times there have been priest-workers. The list is too long to mention even approximately the number who have followed various professions, and of monks engaged in agriculture, or as artists and artisans. Bishop Dega, in the sixteenth century, made more than three hundred crosses; the monk Bacon was a chemist; Fra Angelico, a painter world-famous; the Jesuit Pozzi wrought the cupola of St. Ignatius at Rome, and perfected the science of perspective.

At the time of the Revolution in France some of the most eminent members of the clergy supported themselves by the labor of their hands; Mgr. Grimaldi, Bishop of Noyon, gained his livelihood as a miniaturist; the Abbé de Maussac, Vicar of Rouen, furnished some apartments with the remains of his fortune and rented them; Abbé d' Epinay made fans; M. Leleu, Curé of Grugny, had a valuable method of manufacturing matelas, a beautiful fabric that sold at fifty livres a piece; a Chartreuse was employed as a horse-shoer; a priest directed a laundry; one monk was a miller; and others were employed as drivers of cabs, carriages, etc. An association of priests knit gloves of such desirable quality that Lord Buckingham ordered six hundred pairs for his regiment.

These facts suffice to show that in taking to manual labor the modern French priests are following an historic precedent. The movement as we have seen had its inception in earlier times, but the present revival has excited no small comment, and the interest of the press has been drawn to it. "L' Illustration" recently published some interesting facts with photographs showing the industrial occupations taken up by the zealous pastors of souls.

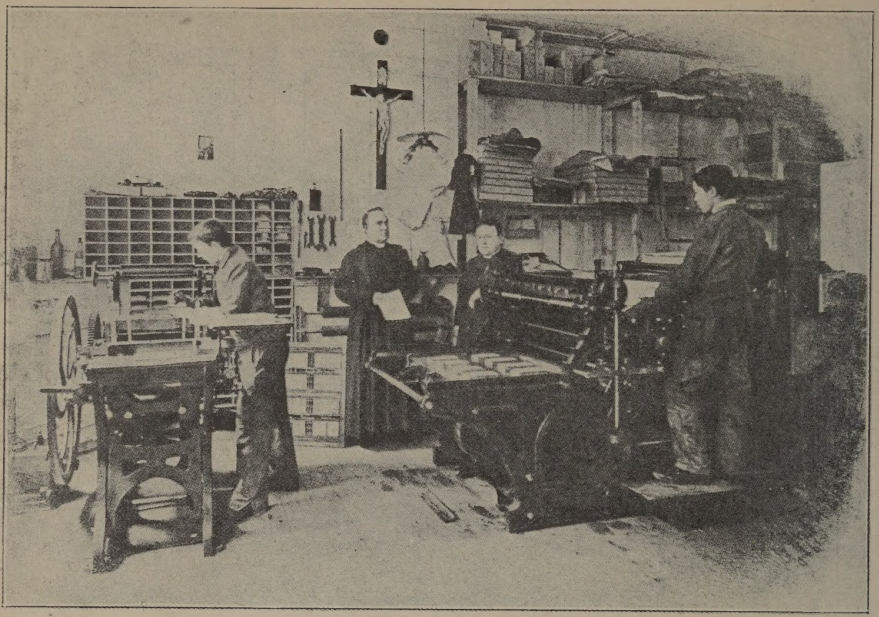
A book, "Les Metiers Possible Du Pretre de Demain," by Abbé Louis Ballu, discusses the difficulties of meeting the

ABBE CLAVEL AT HIS WORK TABLE.

problem of support and traces the industrial development among the clergy. The preface to this book is by Abbé D. Leroux, Curé of Airvault, who gives to the work without reserve the endorsement of his authority and his talent.

M. Ballu makes plain that the purpose for which the priests engage in labor is not to make a fortune, but to earn the small amount necessary for their daily needs. Passing in review the fields of labor that he considers open to priests he mentions, first, agriculture—taking up special culture of grains, flowers for the manufacture of essences, the growing of asparagus, of strawberries, of grapes for the table, garden pottage, and herbs for medicinal purposes. In connection with these agricultural industries there are the distillation of plants for the manufacture of perfumes, the raising of silk worms,

ABBE GIRARD AT HIS CARPENTER'S BENCH.



THE PRESS-ROOM OF "TRAIT D' UNION."

ABBE COUTURAUD DECORATING A VASE.

ABBE METAIS WHO ISSUES A PAPER ON BEE CULTURE.

and bee culture for the production of honey, wax and candles.

The carpenter, the sculptor, the watchmaker, come in order, and the priest with a taste for mechanical work has many resources. Since the vogue of the bicycle and automobile a little workshop for urgent repairs of passing carriages and bicycles offers a means of support; the forge is a useful appointment for the priest-mechanic who can make numerous useful articles. Abbé Gaboury is an example of whom we shall speak at greater length. What could be more natural than for a priest to make tabernacle keys?

Jewelry, engraving on metal, and mosaic work, are other industries that require no complicated outfit. The same may be said of relief work, illuminating, coloring, and design. Other arts—such as the making of pharmaceutical specialties, of biscuits, sweet cakes, embroidery for chasubles and church ornaments are recommended as practicable by this authority. Then there are the intellectual works.

Certain occupations are more desirable than others for priests, because they employ the qualities of order and the minute care that characterize the French clergy, and they may be followed without affront to the ecclesiastical dignity. In addition

ABBE BOZON REPAIRING A WATCH

ABBE CARTEAU ENGRAVING.

to the occupations named by M. Ballu there are others suggested, that might be followed to advantage. For instance it would seem that the care of the body might be carried on by the country curé, with the care of the soul, or he might be an architect or a civil engineer. But these are professions that demand a special education and a long course of study in established schools.

The Abbés Leroux, Chassignol, and Ballu, have most practically aided in uniting all these isolated efforts, and have created an alliance of priest-workers. M. Leroux is president, and has as his devoted assistants in the work M. Chassignol, Curé of Candes, with M. Louis Ballu as secretary. In founding this association the purpose of the organizers was to make it of both spiritual and temporal use, by elevating labor to the dignity of an ecclesiastical mission while rendering it methodical and remunerative.

To be a member of this alliance the applicant must be a French priest, and must have worked with his hands for five hours per day as the maximum, or five hours per week as the minimum. In any case the members must not neglect their priestly duties or the study required by the ministry.

Manual labor is considered an apostolic element, while at the same time it is an economic necessity. M. Ballu has improvised a typewriter, M. Leroux has given himself to the culture of plants, and one of our pictures shows him

ABBE BOUDOU SEALING A JAR OF PRESERVES PREPARED BY HIMSELF.

actively engaged in caring for his garden.

The "Alliance" has prospered wonderfully, and it is announced on the authority of a French prelate of high standing that an exposition is planned which can not fail to excite a wide interest in the work. The exposition will be held on the Monday after Pentecost, 1908, in a town to be named later.

Naturally the alliance has its organ, the "Trait d'Union," a monthly review of sixty-four pages. It is published at Blacé, under the direction of Abbé Antoine Martin. "La Trait Union" naturally employs priest-workers. The linotype machines are operated by religious, and priests do all the rest. Abbé Martin, writing of the review, gives this picture of his press room and the workers:

ABBE VAN HOLLEBECK PAINTING

"A corner of the press room. You see to the left, the small machine on which the director, when he was Curé of a little

ABBE LECOMTE WORKING IN HIS VEGETABLE GARDEN.

parish, printed a volume. Nearby is found the large machine where are printed the announcement pages of the 'Trait Union.' The operator is a seminarian. The priest holding the paper is M. Lagardere, proprietor of the printing works and director of the "Revues la Femme Contemporaine et la Jeune Fille Contemporaine." Near him is the Abbé Masso, linguist and distinguished theolo-

ABBE LEROUX SETTING OUT PLANTS.

gian, who collaborates with him in the works of the sacerdotal press.

"We have subscribers in all the departments, and a number out of France —English, Americans, and Germans interested in the alliance of our priest-workers, and in our efforts for the French clergy. Confreres in China and Australia follow our efforts with the most active sympathy, and, thanks be to God! we are very successful. This month we will get one thousand new subscribers."

The cheerfulness and confidence that distinguish this letter are evidenced in all the efforts made by the priest-workers. They display the ingenuity and also the courage of the French race, and it is truly touching to note that with the smallest of means they have accomplished so much.

Abbé Frederic Pelissier, Curé of Vacheres, said: "I repair watches, clocks, machines, agricultural implements, children's toys, etc. I bind books. The anti-clericals respect me and have recourse to me. I charge them less to prove to them that the priest is fair.

"I often go out by the day to make repairs. I eat at the habitant's house, and often the Sunday after I see at Mass those at whose houses I have worked."

A curé has invented a pulpit that holds the book open and turns the pages. He has improved the clarionet and has perfected a number of carpenter's tools.

Abbé Bozon was military almoner at Porquerolles. He busies himself with glasses and watches. "My workshop," said he, "is my salon, and if you speak of my apartment I ask you to say that I am lodged in the sacristy, since I am not able to pay rent in town."

The industries of Abbé Palier, Curé of Celon, residing at Villebussiéres are many. He raises rabbits, magnificent rabbits, known as "Belier Francais," "Gros Normand," and "Geant des Flandres." Then he raises in his garden snails of a large species. Outside of these occupations he has founded a work that he calls "le Sou des Miettes." Its scope is indicated by this practical appeal made by the Abbé to housekeepers:—"From the cellar to the attic, in passing through the chambers, salons, and attics of your house, note that they contain hundreds of objects unused, and simply encumbering space. Destroy nothing. Carry all to the Sou des Miettes. Old lumber, old papers, torn books, journals, chromos, cartons, vestments, old linen, old metals, bottles, iron, umbrellas, canes; Sou des Miettes utilizes all."

The Curé of Bailly-Romainvilliers draws an appreciable revenue from the products of his fruit trees and bee hives. He raises also Angora rabbits, the hair of which, cut periodically by hand, without any injury to the animal, sells at twenty-seven francs a kilogram. In 1900 this priest cared for and buried a smallpox patient, on an isolated farm. He contracted the terrible malady and to hide the marks on his chin and also in recognition of the circumstances that produced them, so honorable to the curé, the Bishop of Meaux has given him permission to wear a beard.

The Curé of St. Paul les Beauvais, Abbé Van Hollebeck, is a painter of much talent, whose work has taken prizes in the Salon. He was preparing to leave his presbytery when the municipality of St. Paul, otherwise entirely socialistic, said to him: "Leave not, Monsieur le Curé. We not only will not take your old presbytery, but we will give you a new one with a beautiful studio. In exchange you will decorate our mayor's house." So it was arranged. Abbe Van Hollebeck in

1906 exhibited in the salon a remarkable tryptitch, "A Day at the Presbytery—Labor, Prayer, Charity." The panel representing Labor depicts a priest with spade in hand turning over the earth, and is symbolical of the association of priest-workers.

The Curé of Labourgade, Abbé Boudon, puts up farm products,—meats, vegetables, fruits. He points out that this work is distinguished from industrial preserving by the fact that the products are grown on the farm, put up on the farm, and handled by the staff of farm-workers. The result is a most wholesome and desirable line of wares for the table.

Blacksmithing would seem to be a difficult art for a priest to follow, but M. Gaboury, Curé of Mauvages, has made it prosper. He has built a large shop and employs four apprentices. His beautiful iron gates and other works from his forge are in demand throughout all the country.

Abbé Metais, Curé of Sainte-Soline, the spiritual head of a poor parish, resorted to agriculture to assure his daily bread and also to create a fund for the relief of his poor. This active pastor has founded an apiary, and, actuated by the idea that bee-hives would aid much in securing a living for his confreres he established the industry in other sections; it spread rapidly into the region of the Meuse, the Ardennes, Poitou, Normandy, the Pyrenees, the Aube, Aveyron, Brittany, etc.

M. Lecomte, Curé of Montgivray, when stationed at Sainte-Plantaire, near Berry, —a country where the vine is not used except as a trellis or decorating the trees in the garden—was convinced that grape culture could be carried on successfully. In spite of objections and resistance he held to his idea, studied the different varieties, and on the 27th of August, 1904, presented to his friends and neighbors perfectly ripe grapes from his vines. "The wine that I made in September," said he, "acquired an unusual degree of perfection. The test was made, and I receive orders for the vines."

"After three years I left the parish of Sainte-Plantaire, leaving to my successor my experimental field. I found at Montgivray, my new post, excellent earth, and I produced some novelties. In the following year I produced a new species of potato, and later a vegetable known in America as salsify. Strawberries are engaging my attention at this moment."

"It is a novelty for our parishioners," said he, "to see their Curé support himself by work in the open fields. Encouragement and marks of sympathy have not failed me despite the critics, and occasional harsh words. Criticisms, doubtful compliments, insults, I accept all without saying anything, convinced that I am in the right, and encouraged by my Bishop, who approves our means of providing for our personal needs and above all the good example given to our parishioners of gaining a living through constant practical work."

The reputation of being a master watchmaker has been won by Abbé Clavel, Curé of Polienas. His work is much appreciated throughout the country where respect is shown to him not only for his professional skill, but still more for his conscientious industry.

Gifted with remarkable dexterity of hand M. Girard of Clessé has turned to carpentry. He handles the saw and chisel with facility, and has made doors and windows that are much admired by his parishioners. The spiritual head of Magnils-Reigners, the Abbé Carteau, is an engraver on wood and on stone. He has engraved some beautiful designs on

precious woods, copies of ancient sculptures, and his talent finds remunerative employment in the chateaux of the environing country. He makes beautiful furniture at a very reasonable price.

The Missionary Apostolic, M. Couturaud, a student of Harpignies, is a member of the society of French artists. He had an unique studio on the seashore at Royan-Pontaillac. Since 1904 he has engaged in the decoration of ceramics, and in painting frescoes. Some of his masterpieces were exhibited in the salon in 1906.

A very simple and very ingenious invention is that of Abbé Fabre, who has devised an unsealable envelope, which he is already manufacturing in large quantities. Another curé is engaged in designing postal cards; still another makes wax candles and altars. He has discovered a new method and makes all his altars according to his own models.

Enough has been said to show that the French priests are meeting the problem of support with courage, and are prepared to accept a life of labor in addition to the arduous duties of their sacerdotal office. The movement is extending under such brave and wise leaders as the Abbés Ballu, Antoine Martin and Leroux. With the Alliance of Priest-Workers and with such an organ as the Trait d'Union to keep their activities before the public the French clergy have found perhaps the solution of one of the most difficult problems brought about by the religious disturbance in France. In all cases the priests cited here, and those who from day to day follow their example, are giving undisputed proof of generous initiative, and setting an example worthy of all encouragement, though one cannot help feeling that if French Catholics were informed by the right spirit it would not be necessary for their priests to engage in manual labor.

UPON THE HEIGHTS.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

Low-dropped, behind the snow-clad mountain crest
  The sun sends forth a feeble, tawny ray,
  That swiftly fades into the sullen gray
Of sky and mountain-side. In hungry quest,
A gaunt bird leaves her young within the nest,
  To pounce her unsuspecting prey.
  The stunted pines and sage-bush bend and sway;
The nestlings shiver for their mother's breast.

Unwearied and unchanged through centuries
  The mighty peaks have stood; snow-capped remote—
The grandest theme in Nature's symphonies!
  Each rock, each tree, each shrub a vibrant note.
High on the cliff a gaunt bird croons of love—
  And lo, a wav'ring star peeps out above!

SUORA FELICITA.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

"Yes, we are going to spend Christmas in Rome! I love the dear old city, it is so old-world and picturesque, and it will be altogether fascinating at the festival time, don't you think so?"

"No, I cannot say I agree with you. The Eternal City is somewhat too obvious for my taste on these occasions, though Christmas is better than Easter. My illusions of the romance of history still remain strong enough to prevent my witnessing with complacency the spectacle of the Rome of the Romans turned into a cosmopolitan beer-garden; whose frantic rush for a first row at a function, of a sheep-driven lecture in the Forum would be pathetic if it wasn't so utterly vulgar!" and the man laughed; a short, characteristic laugh, with the note of scorn in it, which so often made strangers dislike him.

The speakers were Mrs. Ronald, a fashionable and much-travelled Baltimore widow, on her twentieth voyage across the ocean, and Basil Latham, the popular English novelist,—the scene of their conversation being the promenade deck of the ocean-liner "Adrionic." All the world had heard of Basil Latham, as is the fashion nowadays in this very personal age, to know every public man, politician, millionaire, painter, actor or writer, together with every detail of their private life, income, methods of work, etc. On this voyage of the Adrionic from New York to Naples, failing a prima donna or society actor, the novelist was the hero of the hour, and a most ungraciously unwilling hero at that. Hid in remote corners, or buried deep in books or newspapers, he was barely and frigidly civil when tackled by daring admirers, with those dreaded weapons of modern celebrity—the kodak, the autograph book and the personal postal card.

It amused onlookers to watch the futile efforts of the friendly to draw Latham into conversation, and how absolutely disconcerting and unapproachable this quiet, plain-featured man could render himself when his privacy was invaded. Occasionally, as he strode along on his deck-constitutional, his keen ears involuntarily caught a scrap of whispered conversation which made him wince,—"Don't you know who that is? Basil Latham, the writer! They say he had a disappointed love-story some years ago and has written cynical novels ever since. Oh no, not immoral, as things go nowadays, but such *very* extraordinary ideas!"

These inventions irritated him like a pin-prick, the realization that his private affairs should be of interest to anyone; and when he had a book on hand he revenged himself by writing a more than usually stinging indictment of the loathsome modern vice of publicity which held nothing sacred. Here on board ship, however, he had an even better haven of refuge from his tormenters—the more real and less sophisticated world of the steerage passengers—who, with the keen intuition of the poor into character, saw through the outward coldness into the man's real nature, and liked him accordingly. But, to do them justice, Basil Latham when with them was another personality to that seen by the passengers of the upper deck, and had he exerted himself to be as agreeable to his

fellow-passengers as to these humble acquaintances, their estimate of him would have been very different. His hatred, however, of the shams and the commonplace was a very real one, and as he said, "the obvious" invariably annoyed him.

All the curious little world of an ocean steamer with its cliques, prejudices and gossip, commented freely on the acquaintanceship which had sprung up between Mrs. Ronald and her cousin and the novelist.

"Basil Latham is making copy of that Mrs. Ronald with her ridiculous love of titles, under cover of admiring the pretty cousin!" quoth one of the wise matrons, whose sprightly and thoroughly up-to-date daughters had appeared to be invisible to the Englishman's obdurate eyes. "I shall certainly buy his next book, just for the pleasure of seeing her in print, though I cannot understand how Americans abroad *will* make themselves so absurd!" she went on severely.

"Nevertheless Mr. Latham *is* a celebrity, even if he is as cross as a bear," grumbled her youngest daughter, "and Dorothy Berners must be flattered that he notices her when he won't speak to anyone else."

"Nonsense," replied the mother, "those plain, middle-aged men always admire what they call a Madonna face. He is only drawing the girl out to put her in a book as an American ingénue."

There was the usual infinitesimal grain of truth in their remarks that gossip often possesses, for Latham, having once heard Mrs. Ronald descant on the subject of her foreign titled friends, actually fell into conversation with her, at first, if not precisely, with a view to "copy," at least to divert himself with her naive speeches and opinions. Further than this the gossips wronged him; for at the outset the beautiful girl with her had never crossed his thoughts. He was not wont to waste his time talking to modern young ladies, more especially young girls, who bored him intensely with their enthusiasm. Unconscious Mrs. Ronalds, pleased by the novelist's picking them out so pointedly from the other passengers, chattered away freely; and as the ocean voyage proceeded it became habitual for their ship chairs to be together for a great part of the time.

As he grew insensibly to observe Dorothy Berners' beautiful face more and more, Latham found himself admiring it to an extent which surprised him, blind as he imagined himself to all such attractions, and strange to say, the girl's personality interested him more than her beauty. Quiet, compared to the lively all-knowing young woman of the period, she possessed a fund of quick humor and intelligent appreciation unusual in one so young. From the first Latham saw she was altogether different from her cousin; but as their intercourse became more constant, and she joined more frequently in the conversation, he found that the girl was not only clever and original but well up on topics of interest that were sealed books to most young people—a fact which astonished the novelist until he heard that Dorothy Berners had been from childhood the constant companion of a clever, intellectual father who had educated her according to his own ideas.

One evening, as the liner neared Italian shores, they were sitting as usual on deck, a strangely silent group; the girl drinking in with beauty-loving eyes the dreamy outlines of the Mediterranean coast, and Latham in an unseeing brown study from which he roused himself abruptly to listen, as Mrs. Ronald, the irrepressible,

moved by the actual nearness of Italy, began to hold forth on her coming winter in Rome, for her conversation never failed to delight him. They had grown intimate by now with the freemasonry of travel, and Mrs. Ronald warmed to her subject.

"Of course we shall go constantly into the 'Black' society in Rome," she announced impressively; "and I am so glad to meet all my old friends again. There is the Princess Randa, for instance, whose husband has never opened his palace gates since the Italians came into Rome, and the dear Marchesa Lorini, who is *such* a philanthropist! You can't imagine what delightful people they are; not rich, as a rule, but so cultivated and refined! One loves to be able to help them a little in their pet charities. Then I know so many of the diplomatic set; *quite* the best in Rome; don't you think so? The Portuguese Ambassador gives such magnificent receptions, at which cardinals are often present; really a wonderful sight! Now I suppose you, on the contrary, Mr. Latham, go exclusively with the 'Quirinal' people, or perhaps even with those dear, delightful Bohemians in Via Margutta, who do all kinds of clever things, so we shall not be likely to meet you in the 'Black' salons?"

"Oh, occasionally, perhaps," said Latham gravely, with an enigmatic smile,—"even I, heretic and Bohemian that I am, have been admitted within the mystic precincts. If I *should* appear, will you be afraid to speak to me when I am branded with the mark of the outsider? But, as you say, the Romans are not so exclusive as one might imagine, as they are kind enough to invite an undistinguished individual like myself, even when a 'Prince of the Church' is present! Strange, though, is it not, that they should take such pleasure in entertaining the pilgrim and stranger (always provided that he is rich) and enjoy nothing better than gathering all nations together promiscuously, putting down their eccentricities and occasional vulgarities to the score of their nationality."

Moving, to scatter the ash from his cigar, he looked up, to catch Dorothy Berners' eyes fixed reproachfully on him, her cheeks hot with annoyance. She felt equally angry with Latham and her cousin, and though she resented his thinly-veiled sarcasm, she felt that Mrs. Ronald fully deserved it. How could she be so snobbish as to tell him all this nonsense with an air of patronage, when he probably knew all these people far better than she did; for had he not told them once his father had been British ambassador to Rome when he was a boy.

Now Basil Latham was not in the habit of retracting the quiet impertinences which he perpetrated with impunity in his low pleasant voice. He was too much accustomed for every one to respect and accept them. But this girl with her frank serious eyes restrained him in some way; so he hastened to make amends.

"Oh, you know what I mean; of course the Romans, in spite of their own peculiarities, from which no nation is exempt, are really very charming on the whole; and I have several good friends on either side; but things have changed naturally, after thirty-five years. It is a new generation now, where the 'Blacks' and 'Whites' mingle; and before long the Vatican and the Quirinal will be forced to a defensive dual alliance against the Socialists." . . . . .

"You were too hard on poor Cousin Hattie," remonstrated Dorothy a few minutes later, when her cousin had gone for a wrap, while they were left together

for a few minutes in the evening freshness. "And it doesn't make it a bit the better that she never knows it. Indeed, you satirize everybody! I think you do it half unconsciously, as a kind of habit!"

"Call it a 'pose,'" he suggested, "as my other critics do; to make myself interesting and uncommon."

"There now; I was right; you can't even resist ridiculing *yourself!* but I don't understand why clever people enjoy other people's weaknesses so much. I don't call it 'playing the game,' as father says."

"Neither do I," responded Latham; "but in this case you must acknowledge temptation was strong; and after all, one must defend oneself from the charge of being an outer barbarian."

"I don't know with whom I was most angry," declared the girl, "you or my cousin."

"Consequently, finding me at hand first, you fell upon me," he said.

"All the same," she continued, "you *are* given to the moral crushing of Cousin Hattie in a way that would annihilate any one else, only she—"

"Rebounds so instantaneously," he put in; and at the idea of himself as an iron weight and Mrs. Ronald as an india rubber ball, they laughed so heartily that a passing couple turned to look sympathetically but with considerable astonishment at the unaccustomed spectacle of Basil Latham in a frivolous mood. He froze instantly, and Dorothy had to turn aside to hide a smile as she murmured, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

"Do you know, Mr. Latham, I never realized the forceful application of Tennyson's 'stony British stare' till I met you. It really *is* gorgonizing."

"Also effective," he replied; "a fact which no one understood better than Tennyson; otherwise one might go about the world gathering acquaintances like leaves in Vallombrosa, if one spoke to everybody one meets travelling."

"But seriously," the girl continued, "apropos of Cousin Hattie. Please don't put her in one of your books as an American type. I know she talks foolishly, but she is one of the best-hearted women alive."

"Good heavens! I thought I was to be spared that everlasting jargon of 'my books,' with you, at least," he said irritably. "Am I to be considered always as nothing but a book-making machine, with no personality apart from my trade; only tolerated or feared because I have a petty power to bite or sting? I hoped you discriminated a little, and accepted me as the very ordinary individual I am, apart from the mill-stone of the accident of writing. As for your cousin—"

"Now you are going to snub *me* by saying you never even considered Cousin Hattie as interesting enough to be caricatured," interposed Dorothy mischievously. "But I am not like the other passengers on the Adrionic who are so afraid of you. Your sarcasm doesn't terrify me any more than it does the poor people in the steerage. We see through it, and surely you can't accuse *them* of knowing anything about those things which it is forbidden to mention?"

"What do *you* know about the steerage?" he turned on her abruptly.

"Ah, don't think you have all the slumming to yourself, Mr. Latham. I never knew you went there till yesterday, when a dear old friend of mine, who is going back with her husband to the old country and visiting Rome on the way, spoke of the English gentleman who had been so friendly with them—'A bit short in

manner, Miss,' she said, 'but so good hearted.'"

"And you identified *me* with that description?" he queried.

"It coincided so exactly with what mine might have been," she remarked with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Thank you," he said simply; but inwardly Latham's heart sank.

The hopes he had begun to cherish that this beautiful girl, who had so captivated him with her unspoiled freshness and charm, was beginning to take an interest in him, suddenly withered. Man of the world as he was, not under-estimating his own value and position, Latham was singularly free from that species of conceit which blinds its possessor to everything he does not wish to see. He was not apt to delude himself about anything, and he realized that no woman who had the least feeling for a man would speak of him so frankly in this way. With all her brightness and good "camaraderie" there was never the slightest trace of coquetry, but even a curious unresponsiveness and aloofness, on the rare occasions on which he ventured tentatively from the open meadowland of good fellowship into the primrose path of dalliance.

She frankly and openly enjoyed his company; but who would not in a like case? Few men could be more interesting than Basil Latham when he chose. Older and more experienced women than Dorothy Berners, men, even, had fallen under the spell of his personality, and the quiet wit and originality which made him the most pleasant of companions when he dropped his mask of indifference. People altogether forgot his plainness of feature when the keen eyes lit up as he talked in that pleasant voice of his which had something magnetic in its tones. Indeed, as a witty friend once remarked, "Unlike the traditional milkmaid, Basil Latham's *voice* and *not* his face, is his fortune." He had exerted himself, moreover, to interest Dorothy Berners, and unconsciously, with her, he was a different being. Even in their short acquaintance, she seemed to have the power of drawing out his best side, making him buoyant, hopeful, almost boyish; yet after he had given her of his best, she remained the same—sweet-natured and sympathetic always—but a far more sanguine lover than Latham could never have construed the kindly glance of her clear, earnest eyes into anything more than frank liking.

He tried to persuade himself it needed time. This twelve days' journey was all too short; moreover, she probably considered him a very elderly person; for a girl, young and unworldly as Dorothy, wanted at least the outward semblance of a hero of romance to win her fancy. She had been accustomed to clever men all her life, and his cleverness could not dazzle her imagination. Altogether, try as he would, this clear-sighted individual could not deceive himself with the fallacy that friendship is the first step to love. This was no ordinary girl, either, but one with a great deal of character, inherited from the father whose constant companion she had been. That there was a deeper, graver side to her nature than the merry girlish one she showed, he had no doubt. He knew she was a Catholic, and though she had never spoken to him of religion, he imagined she was deeply religious; and possibly his want of religion might prove a drawback.

In any case, hard as it was, he decided he must have patience, and speak no word to her until he returned from Sicily, after Christmas. Latham understood

Dorothy's character well enough to know she would not be likely to fall in with Mrs. Ronald's very evident matrimonial schemes for her, and perhaps if the reality of her cousin's princes of romance wearied her, the young girl might turn to him with relief, congenial as they were in so many ways, but always provided that there was no handsome and ardent American wooer in the background! He recalled, and detested cordially at this moment, certain wholesome well-groomed typical American men he had met, with their clear-cut, alert faces and air of distinction, together with that energy and overflowing vitality which made them so irresistible.

The night before the steamer landed the usual "Seaman's Concert" took place, and Dorothy Berners was one of the singers. Latham knew she sang, and that she intended studying music in Italy; but he was scarcely prepared for the excellence of this faultlessly-trained soprano which was of no ordinary quality. As he listened to the pure liquid notes, soaring inexpressibly true and sweet, there came to his keen intelligence, sharpened by love, a realization of something missing in the wonderful voice—not a want of soul or feeling—her nature was too spiritual for that, but a subtle want of perception of passion of the song she was singing. Like her speech of the evening before it filled Latham with depression. A shower of congratulations greeted the white-gowned singer when it was over: "Your singing is so sympathetic, so full of feeling," etc., etc., or "Dear me! it takes a young lady like you to put heart into a voice and make people feel young again!" this from a stout old gentleman, until Basil Latham wondered if his critical faculty had possibly exaggerated the want of maturity in a young girl's voice.

Dorothy expected no congratulations from the novelist; but once, when she happened to see him in the crowd, his face wore an expression which surprised her in its intensity. When she returned, however, to find him sitting near Mrs. Ronald, Latham was quite himself again and his speech was characteristic.

"I had no idea we were entertaining a future prima donna unawares, Miss Berners. I must tell my old friend Mme. Melba she had better look to her laurels, for your voice is much like hers in quality."

Just then an amateur baritone, who apparently imagined himself to be a second Santley, began to render one of that singer's most famous songs, in his most approved method; and under cover of the crashing notes Latham went on—"But forgive me if in my rôle of critic I rush in with a criticism where angels fear to tread."

"Do your worst," she replied, with mock resignation. "I should imagine your friends and relations are not apt to be conceited, Mr. Latham."

"Oh, thank goodness! I am not obliged to be commonplace with you, nor am I afraid of offending you. Your voice is one of the most perfect I have ever heard—but as yet it has its limitations. It lacks passion and depth; two things which are either *born* with a voice as a kind of accident, quite apart from personality, as in so many Italian voices, or can never be acquired without experiencing some great master-passion—say a great love, a great sorrow, or a great ambition. At present you are too little touched with the common things of earth; and, after all, the great passions are common and primeval."

"But these are things over which we have no control," said the girl gravely,

following his train of thought; "and if they should come, the finding of the soul of my voice would be dearly bought; for to my mind a great love or ambition would be apt to bring a great sorrow in its train. After all, is it not much the same with all of us? Even you yourself, for instance," she continued, "in reading your books—long before I knew you—I often thought, that clever as they are, you could do even better, if some high purpose animated your work, to raise it far above the level of extraordinarily clever society writing. You understand human nature so well, with all its depths and shallows, you can draw it just as it is—so faulty sometimes, yet so lovable; so fallen, yet so keen in intellect and will-power. Above all you can depict the restless modern hunger after the spiritual, when you lift the curtain from the commonplace and go to the very heart of things, so near to the Unknown that you almost roll away the stone from the threshold. Perhaps it is irreverent to say so," she ended simply, "but surely there is something of the divinely creative in this faculty of understanding. Such a gift is given with a purpose, and if you had faith you could move mountains."

She had spoken out impetuously the thoughts that were in her mind, her sweet face lit up with interest; but suddenly she stopped, half alarmed at her own temerity. No sign had come from the silent figure beside her. He was still apparently contemplating the noisy baritone with languid interest. Either he was inwardly amused at her obviously youthful enthusiasm or resentful of her crude criticism of matters she did not understand, but too well-bred to express either feeling. When he turned to her finally, however, his face was a revelation. So far he had been able to control his speech, but over his face he had less power; and all the true womanhood in Dorothy Berners' shrank from what she saw written there. Latham equally recognized the mingled pain and understanding on her face and its result—the involuntary attitude of mental shrinking. Keen student of human nature that he was his instinct did not fail even in this moment of supreme feeling; and when most deeply moved to tell her what was in him, he desisted, realizing it was worse than useless. The betraying revelation faded; leaving his face almost expressionless, as he said quietly and whimsically as usual, "I am glad you think I am within sight of the mountain-tops, even with limitations. It is plainly a case of 'Physician, heal thyself,' isn't it? We all understand how things should be ordered in some ideal Utopia of thought and feeling; but we fail utterly when the self-application comes in."

Latham saw that until this moment, when she read his face, Dorothy Berners had never imagined his real feeling for her; also that the enlightenment brought her no pleasure, but only pain; nevertheless, *this much* he *would* say, to prepare her for the fact that he meant to put his fate to the touch later on. So of purpose he continued lightly: "What if I had told, just now, that a true love, idealized and spiritualized, of course, is the spur needed to develop my latent germ of power? Could you agree with me that this might be the incentive destined to lead me upwards?"

"No," she said steadily, "*my* thought was of something infinitely higher," her clear eyes returning his questioning frankly and seriously. "A love such as you mean might help you, if you found it, and give you heart, but never soul and conviction."

He saw that she had understood and answered his tentatively-spoken question while purposely ignoring any personal application; so his next words were commonplace, not to say formal.

"Well, to-morrow we must descend from the discussion of things ethical to that epitome of the *joie de vivre*, Naples. I hope I may be allowed to come to see you in Rome on my return from Sicily, after Christmas?"

"Of course," said the girl heartily, "we shall look forward to hearing your impressions there."

He noticed with disfavor the impersonal "we," and at another time might have been tempted to retaliate by saying a good guide-book would appear capable of supplying fully his presence, but his mood was not one for jesting.

The next day on the arrival of the Adrionic they parted to go their various ways, without a word of anything but the most commonplace being exchanged between them; for Basil Latham, warned by experience, had himself well in hand, and his speech was of the lightest, critical and most sarcastically amusing. One only indulgence he allowed himself at the last moment, when seeing Mrs. Ronald and Dorothy off at the station, and the train was already moving:

"Until after Christmas then? When I warn you I shall try to lift the curtain from the commonplace."

The words were spoken lightly, almost jokingly, but under them poor Dorothy recognized the ring of decision, and as she looked after the spare, upright figure standing there, hat in hand, on the platform, an involuntary softening on his usually impassive intellectual face, a pang of pain shot through her for the inevitable trouble and disappointment she felt was before him if he persisted.

By Christmas the Roman season was in full swing; and Dorothy had already participated in the somewhat mild gayeties of the "Black" society of which her cousin was so proud. Many of the younger members of the "Noble Guard," and the "Attachés" of various embassies—nice young fellows enough, but, with all their sincere admiration of her beauty and distinction, not unforgetful that the beautiful American girl would undoubtedly possess a good "dot" were only too glad to accept the open-handed hospitality of Mrs. Ronald's "Villino" on "Via Gregoriana." Indeed that good lady was wont to congratulate herself on their cosmopolitan society: "So much better for my young cousin to meet the people of the country where one is living than to revolve exclusively in an American coterie who remain so obstinately provincial, interested only in their traveling and Paris clothes."

Nevertheless, Dorothy's attitude to all this desirable society somewhat annoyed her cousin. Not that the girl was indifferent or blasé; she enjoyed it in a way and was invariably charming and agreeable to all Mrs. Ronald's friends, including the aforesaid "Guardie Nobili" and budding "diplomats;" but with such a thoroughly impartial charm and graciousness as to baffle the young men's hopes.

Cultivated as was her mind, and quick her sympathies and artistic tastes, she was far more interested in Rome itself, in all that goes to make the nameless charm of the "Urbs Roma."

As Mrs. Ronald said ruefully, "it was like seeing a child let out on a holiday," when Dorothy could escape occasionally from the perpetual "At Homes," one a repetition of the other, so dear to her cousin's heart, on an expedition to the "Campagna," or to hear the "Festa"

music in some of the grand old Roman basilicas the girl loved so much. "One would really think you were nothing but a sight-seer, Dorothy," Mrs. Ronald remonstrated.

"So I am, Cousin Hattie, and proud of the fact." After all, what other attitude is admissible in Rome? Life seems all too short to take it in; and who was that great man? Goethe, I believe, who said that after a lifetime spent in studying Rome, one might expect to understand it a little at the end. So there isn't much hope for me."

"Unless you marry a Roman prince and live in Rome altogether," suggested her cousin.

"I don't intend to marry anyone just now," said the girl gravely; but noting a shade of annoyance on Mrs. Ronald's face, she went on. "Don't fear, Cousin Hattie, I shall not shirk the reception to-night, or fail to make myself agreeable to your 'marchesini' and 'Noble Guards.' Indeed these latter interest me exceedingly, for they can tell me so much about the Pope and his daily life. But what astonishes me about these Romans is their curious want of knowledge and interest in things Roman. I wonder if we should ever become as blasé if we lived here always. I don't believe one of them has ever been in the Forum."

As Dorothy went out, humming the intermezzo from the "Cavalleria," Mrs. Ronald murmured to herself discontentedly, "Really, Dorothy is too provokingly unsusceptible. No one ever interests her. I only hope she has not taken a fancy to that cynical Englishman."

That night, the first of the grand winter receptions at the Austrian Ambassador's to the Vatican, drew a huge gathering of Roman society. As Mrs. Ronald had predicted it was indeed a wonderful sight—the magnificent lofty apartments of the grand old Renaissance palace, with its frescoed walls, the brilliant groups of ambassadors and princes covered with countless decorations, the numbers of handsome and distinguished looking women; and, holding a little court apart, several "Princes of the Church" in their cardinalatial crimson, who in duty bound to show honor to the representative of the Catholic power, honored this official gathering by their presence for the briefest of stays.

The old-world picturesqueness and stateliness of the scene strongly appealed to Dorothy Berners—its utter unlikeness to any other social function, especially as she leaned over the broad marble balustrade to watch a cardinal being escorted up the staircase, according to Roman usage, by lackeys in uniform, bearing lighted torches. In this case it was the Cardinal-Secretary of State, the busiest worker in Rome, and the least frequent attendant at any social event, only showing himself in the great world when his presence was officially expected, as on this occasion.

Dorothy looked with interest on the tall, almost youthful, slightness of the spare figure in the flowing scarlet draperies, mounting the stairs with quick decisive steps. The earnest face bore the impress of deep thought and evident asceticism. An habitual tranquillity of mind looked out from the deep-set kindly eyes, coupled with a look of quiet resolution which made its possessor a power to be reckoned with; altogether the physiognomy of one, who, as he had already shown, was not only ready but able to carry on to the end the good fight of right against might.

"Quite a Renaissance picture, is it not?" said a voice beside her, "but His

Eminence's appearance dates even a few centuries further back, to the days of asceticism," and astonished, the girl turned to confront Basil Latham, bowing ceremoniously before her.

"You, Mr. Latham!" she exclaimed.

"Am I then as an unbeliever, altogether out of the picture on this characteristic Roman scene?"

"You know I don't mean that; but I imagined you were far away in Palermo until after Christmas."

"Such certainly was my intention, but my book-notes were finished more quickly than I expected; besides which," he added frankly, looking at her meaningly, "I absolutely could not wait any longer. I happened to meet the Ambassador, who is an old friend of my father, this afternoon on arriving from Naples, and I accepted his invitation for to-night, hoping to meet you here. Now when you are tired of contemplating the splendors of the representatives of the Sacred College and the "corps diplomatique," do come and talk to me awhile in the picture gallery where we can be quiet. No, please don't try to think of excuses, Miss Berners. You won't make a bad business any better by putting it off," he said laughing; but though his tones were even as ever there was a shade of unwonted nervousness in his manner.

Dorothy recognized with dismay that the hour of reckoning had come. All along she had trusted that with absence he might forget what she hoped was only a passing fancy, or that his quick intuition would realize the truth without forcing her to tell him in so many words. She felt that a bad quarter of an hour lay before her, for like all sensitive natures, the girl dreaded giving pain, especially to one as much in earnest as Latham.

Just then the Cardinal came out, accompanied by his host and a group of diplomats, and as he passed recognized Latham by a friendly smile which lit up the grave face wonderfully. The latter stepped forward to kiss his ring, an action quickly intercepted by the Cardinal and changed into a hearty handshake and a cordial greeting in English as perfect as Latham's own, to which the novelist responded quite as warmly though respectfully. As Dorothy watched the group she could not fail but note how quietly distinguished the plain-faced Englishman looked, even among all this brilliant entourage, and how perfectly at ease was his manner.

After a short talk the Cardinal passed on, and Latham said:

"You wonder how the 'black sheep' comes to be of the elect for the nonce; but of course you know His Eminence is more than half English. As boys he and I met in many a country house and were often rivals in the cricket field. By George! how he could bowl in those days. Well he is the right sort whether he wears cardinal's scarlet or workman's frieze. The Cardinal was, and still is, a great friend of my younger brother—a rabid Anglican, with decided tendencies to step over the wall into your Roman vineyard."

Latham spoke almost abstractedly, as if hardly thinking what he was saying; and Dorothy followed him as he led the way into the corridor gallery with its picture-lined walls, where only a few detached groups were scattered down its vast extent. He found a quiet corner near the window where the gem of the collection—the priceless Vandyke picture —was enshrined in a sort of niche. Then characteristically he went straight to the point.

"There is no need of preliminaries between us," he said; "you are not like

other girls who would affect unconsciousness, and you know what I have wanted to ask you ever since that evening on the steamer."

While he spoke Dorothy gathered courage sufficient to interrupt him, for surely it was cruelly useless to let him continue; but her voice was not quite certain as she spoke.

"You are quite right, I am not foolish enough to ignore your meaning; but I tried to warn you long ago; and indeed, though you realized it yourself, you would not give in. Oh, I know you have a right to speak, but believe me it is worse than useless, for I can *never* give you what you want. Don't think I do not realize and appreciate that a man like you should give me his best, but it is quite impossible —quite."

"Then I am too late? There is someone else?"

She shook her head; and the look she gave him, of mingled pain and entreaty, somewhat chilled him. This was no young girl's reluctance but a woman's pain for inevitable disappointment, nevertheless he persevered doggedly, for as Dorothy truly said, he would not give in.

"You think I have been too hasty; but remember I am not a boy, to take sudden fancies, and the sentimental has passed with me long ago. I love you as I never imagined it was in me to love anyone, but I did not intend to speak so quickly had not these weeks in Sicily—moral ages they seemed—shown me I could wait no longer to hear if there was the faintest hope. I know I am not of the mould to dazzle a young girl's fancy; but no one could ever love you better, and I think I could make you happy. You are not in love with anyone else and you will never make a marriage of convenience; you are far too unworldly, so think of it, dear," he said persuasively. "We are so congenial in every way; we understand each other so well, we should be not only lovers but comrades, with that best kind of comradeship which lasts for a lifetime. You do not realize yet what a good woman's influence is over a man's life and destiny; but you once said I ought to rise higher. Then do not refuse to help me to climb the mountain tops where you see the view beyond, and make me happy as any man could hope to be on this side of the veil."

He pleaded his cause with a simple sincerity and frankness; his usually unemotional face alight with feeling, and Dorothy Berners felt that the man was offering her the best gift within human power to bestow. Her tender heart ached for his disappointment, but the pure young face was quietly resolute as his own when she turned to him; and only her tightly-clasped hands nervously moving showed how hard it was for her to speak. For an imperceptible second, which no one else would have noted, her eyes wandered towards the Vandyke Crucifixion. Latham's, never leaving her face followed their direction, and to his keen intelligence came a flash of sudden enlightenment.

"Mr. Latham, I owe it to you to tell you what only father knows and he made me promise to see a little of the world before making a final decision. There is someone else, but not in the sense you mean. Oh, how shall I explain it, it is so hard to tell you what you will find it difficult to understand when you do not look at things from our point of view. I am going to be a religious."

"I understand perfectly," he said, after a brief silence, with a rigidly-forced quietude in his voice which made it for once seem harsh, "at least your meaning, but certainly not its motive or purpose.

It is about this, is it not? You intend to sacrifice your prospects of happiness for an ideal—a beautiful one, no doubt, to youthful enthusiasm, but utterly mistaken and impracticable. *You*, of all people, to enclose yourself in a convent, and think you are going to better the world by letting it severely alone. That is a remnant of mediaevalism which your Church should have suppressed at the end of the Middle Ages. Rather come out on the byways and help humanity to be a little better; for one good life in the world is worth a dozen in the cloister, in my opinion. However, the poetry of the cowl or the veil, as the case may be, still survives apparently; and I suppose heretical opinions scarcely count. Of course I cannot believe in such things as vocations; and these ideas must be the result of influence, though I cannot imagine you allowing yourself to be influenced in any way."

"That is the first Protestant sentiment I have ever heard you express," the girl said, smiling faintly for the first time; for possessing as she did, the rare faculty of being able to look at things from two points of view, she realized what his feelings must be. "Any influence there was," she went on, "has been brought to bear in the other direction. Indeed it has been hard to know if one really was right to resist it all. I think my definition of a vocation would be something like marching orders to a soldier, who has no alternative but to obey, no matter how much people criticise his uniform or style of marching. But I certainly haven't enlisted without the due amount of objection; first poor father, then all my other relations; and as for Cousin Hattie's disappointment when she knows, I almost dread to contemplate it. Now you, too, are not making things easier."

The unconscious irony of this last dealt him the hardest blow of all, convincing him of her feeling for him as nothing else could. To her he was as friend, relation, but never lover; and also her frankly-simple and direct way of speaking of the inner things of life the man of the world felt himself helpless to argue.

"Besides this," she continued, "one of your arguments has fallen through. I *am* coming out into the byways, as you want; for I am going to be a Sister of Charity. Perhaps it is a form of selfishness, as you think, for I love the poor people and I shall be happiest among them. Look, Mr. Latham," she said gently, "the prominent idea of your school of thought is the search for happiness. To put it in that way even, could you grudge it to me?"

Like the true gentleman he was Basil Latham knew how to take defeat; for final defeat he recognized it to be. His brief day-dream was over; the happiness that came to other men as a matter of course was not for him. There was nothing to be done but face the fact as best he might, and, strange to say, despite the dull pain of hopeless disappointment, it was a curious satisfaction to him that no other man had come between him and his heart's desire. He got up and stood for a few seconds at the window, watching with unseeing eyes the Roman street-life going on in the lighted corso below; then when he turned, he was quite himself again; only that the life and energy of a few minutes ago had completely gone out of his voice, together with the buoyant youthfulness with which she always inspired him.

"You know I grudge you nothing that is for your happiness; even in adhering to my point that you are choosing the shadow and not the substance. I only

want to give it to you in another way. However, that is all over, and there is nothing more to be said. Only remember that if you ever find the fulfillment of your ideal a mistake, the poor substitute I can offer is waiting still, if you should feel the need of it. I shall never change, no matter how long it may be before you want me."

His very quiet made it harder; she could only say "Oh, I am so sorry, so sorry;" but the real pain on her face spoke more eloquently than words.

"I know," he replied simply, "but you must not let it trouble you."

"But I do. It seems too hard that I should come into your life just to give you trouble which cannot be undone, to make you feel more hard perhaps against all religion."

"Do not be afraid," he said, with something of his old dryness of tone, "I shall not take it out by writing a cynical book about Rome in the style of Zola's 'coup-de-théâtre.' To me such consolations would be miserably inadequate."

"I am *not* afraid," she said quietly; "your feet are too much on the mountain tops already for those petty reprisals."

"You can say that to me?" was his whimsical rejoinder, following her smile, "who have left me to toil along the flatness of the plains? Men must have wings lent them occasionally if they are to soar towards the inaccessible. Far from being on the mountains my feet are cut by the pebblestones of the sordid highway and my eyes choked with its dust. Can you wonder I never look up, but paint my pictures on the pavement like the street artists?"

He spoke with quiet bitterness; but realizing what the strain of all this must be to Dorothy he went on lightly: "Ah, I see Mrs. Ronald coming; she probably considers I am monopolizing you to an undue extent; but she would feel relieved if she knew it was for the last time. Don't say good-bye to me," he said hurriedly, almost brusquely, "I hate the word and never use it; but don't *quite* forget me—at least—in your prayers (as you Catholics say)."

Like all Englishmen he was shy of any display of feeling, but her reply astonished him.

"Even when I knew you only from your books," she said gravely, "I prayed that one who thought as you did might have the gift of faith. Am I likely to forget to do so now?"

"God bless you, now and always."

Simple as it was, the earnestness of his good-bye covered a world of feeling. Then after a moment's hesitation he bent, after the graceful foreign fashion, to kiss her hand, and no one in a Roman salon, at least, would have noticed this most ordinary of salutations; but there was a certain chivalric reverence in the action which made this leave-taking utterly unlike one of the present day.

(To be continued.)

POPE PIUS VII. AND NAPOLEON IN CONFERENCE AT FONTAINEBLEAU, 1813

THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

The Church and the First Empire.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

V.

The Concordat signed and ratified Catholic France settled down to the enjoyment of comparative peace and security. It was, however, only the security which follows the ravages of disease, the peace of convalescence, full of weariness, languor and exhaustion. The fifty bishops installed by the new decrees could not help a feeling of discouragement as they viewed the situation. The Church, it is true, was brought back to a position of honor and importance in the nation; but it was, at the same time, weighed down by the heavy burdens of Gallicanism and Cæsarism; the former severing the ties that bound it to the head and centre of Christianity, the Holy Father; the latter making it subservient

to the whims and fancies of a ruler, human at most and liable through the schemes of politics to be hostile and intolerant. The former was suited to the imperialistic ambitions of Bonaparte, who had already begun to dream of the glories of the old regime; the latter was couched in the fraudulent laws of the veillance, deprived of the right of assemblage, and bound by slavish ties to a State official who alone could administer, reward, punish, teach, or cause to teach, according to his own pleasure, all true liberty seemed to have vanished as completely as during the dark times of the Revolution. With churches, schools and

MEETING OF NAPOLEON AND POPE PIUS VII. AT FONTAINEBLEAU, NOV. 25, 1804.
The Consul returning from a hunting trip discovers the Holy Father just entering the town.

Organic Articles; the former was to lose its force before the lapse of half a century; the latter was to last as long as the Concordat itself.

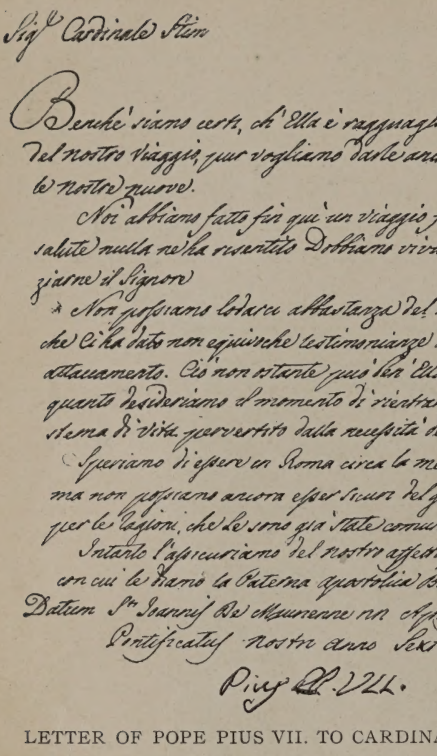
Thus it was that the outlook at the beginning of the century was little favorable to the just execution of the Concordat. With all correspondence with Rome interdicted save under civil surcolleges under the direction of politicians, the right of ecclesiastical censure denied, and the number of aspirants to the priesthood limited, the religious society of France had become little more than an annex to the State, inferior in importance and subordinate to it in all things. The religious congregations were dispersed, the missionaries were forbidden

to exercise their zeal, and for the thirty millions of Catholics in the country there were only eight thousand priests of whom fully two thousand bore the taint of the constitutional oath.

The bishops themselves were for the most part victims of the revolutionary tempest. Some of them had come forth from prison or from the foot of the scaffold whereon they had seen their fathers, brothers and friends brutally butchered by frenzied mobs. Others had come back from an exile wherein they had guarded religiously the dear image of the French Church and the hope of her speedy restoration. "But it was the Church they had seen flourishing under the shadow of a kingly sceptre, the Gallican Church with its gaudy livery and its royal servitude decorated with the names of privilege and liberty. Accustomed to receive favors from the hand of power, it was easy for them to transfer their adulatory homage from the thrones of Louis XIV. and Louis XVI. to the boots and spurs of him who, after all, had just opened to them the gates of their country and filled his native land with glory."

CARDINAL FESCH, THE UNCLE OF NAPOLEON.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that the will of the Conqueror should remain uppermost in all church affairs during the course of the Consulate, when only a few courageous and noble souls dared to stand forth in the defence of ecclesiastical rights and liberties. The Consulate was termed the *Lune-de-miel*, the honeymoon, in this new union of Church and State; but its joys, such as they were,



LETTER OF POPE PIUS VII. TO CARDINAL CONSALVI.

were to feel ere long the bitterness entailed by the unreasoning and imperious exactions of an overbearing consort.

The soldier who had risen to the command of armies had been honored with the title of First Consul; his head, yet uncrowned, was restless till it should feel upon it the emblem of royalty. It was his ambition to be called, and to be like Charlemagne, an emperor; he desired that the consecrating oils in the great ceremony should be conferred by no less a personage than the Holy Father himself, and he wished that the Pope should perform this ceremony at Paris. The venerable Pontiff, when apprised of this new demand of Bonaparte, was at a loss how to respond. He looked for counsel to his most prudent friends, and above all to the great Giver of light, and then weighing in the balance the great harm he knew must come from a formal refusal, and the immense benefits he felt must accrue to the Church from so slight a sacrifice, he determined, leaving the issue to Divine Providence, to gratify this wish of the General. He did not do so, however, before renewing his protest against the obnoxious Organic Articles, and obtaining from Bonaparte a promise of their speedy revokal.

In compliance with these resolves, the Holy Father set out from Rome on November 2, 1804, and after a journey of nearly a month's duration, through provinces once hostile, but now enthusiastic in their greetings, he reached Fontainebleau on Sunday, November 25th. Here he was met by Bonaparte who displayed at first an apparent desire to shower every honor upon his illustrious guest. Yet even this short stay near Paris was marked by the same evidences of fickleness and selfishness on the part of the First Consul, as were shown in his every relation with the Holy See. At one time it would seem as if nothing were too good for the aged Pontiff, and the Consul, to demonstrate this conviction, would display the most utter obsequiousness to his spiritual superior; an hour afterwards the Holy Father was made to feel most keenly the sense of humiliating dependence upon his tormentor. Yet the spirit of the martyr bore up bravely through storm and sunshine. He met the delegation sent to him from the French Senate with a calm undisturbed serenity that drew expressions of admiration from men hostile to the very name of religion; he forebore any words of reproach against

CORONATION OF NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE IN THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS, DEC. 2, 1804.

the unwarranted demands of Bonaparte. There were, however, some things upon which he insisted strongly, and without which he would refuse, even on the eve

under the protection of Bonaparte to continue in the exercise of ecclesiastical jurisdiction without yielding proper submission to the Holy See. To compel them

JEROME BONAPARTE, BROTHER OF NAPOLEON, WHO MARRIED ELIZABETH PATTERSON, AT BALTIMORE, IN 1803.

The Emperor petitioned the Pope to declare the marriage null and void, which the Holy Father refused to do A civil divorce followed. Jerome later married, despite the laws of the Church, the Protestant Princess of Wurtemburg.

of the great day, to be present at the coronation. There were among the French bishops men who had signed the Civil Constitution during the Revolution in defiance of ecclesiastical warnings to the contrary. Still unrepentant, they hoped

to this latter course was the determined policy of Pius VII, though the constitutional bishops found a ready ally in the First Consul himself. The latter at first endeavored to gloss over the objections of the Pope, hoping that in the excitement of the

day the coronation ceremony might take place before any action would be taken in regard to the obnoxious bishops. But Pius VII. was far too vigilant to become a victim to this deception. The aged Pontiff demanded the act of submission as a necessary condition before the great ceremony should proceed, and Bonaparte, tacitly acknowledging his defeat, yielded. The constitutional bishops at his command repaired to the presence of the Holy Father and complied fully with his wishes.

ELIZABETH PATTERSON.
The lawful wife of Jerome Bonaparte.

On the evening of December 1st, the Holy Father learned for the first time that the new Emperor had never contracted an ecclesiastically legal marriage with Josephine, his reputed wife. Despite the fact that all preparations for the great ceremony had been completed, the Pope sent word to Napoleon that he should refuse to take part in the coronation on the morrow unless the Emperor and Josephine should contract their marriage vows that very night in the presence of a duly authorized priest of the Church. Again the Emperor, fretful and impatient as he was, yielded to the demands of the Pope, and the marriage ceremony was performed at midnight in the chapel of the Tuileries in the presence of Cardinal Fesch, uncle to Napoleon. The following day, December 2d, the Conqueror of Europe, the great Dictator of France, realized the dream of his lifetime. The solemn ceremony of his consecration and coronation as Emperor of the French took place in the great cathedral of Notre Dame in the midst of all the splendor which the united resources of Church and State could afford. The ceremony began shortly after ten o'clock, when Napoleon, proceeding with Josephine to the foot of the altar, in the presence of the Holy Father made the solemn promise that he would maintain peace in the Church of God. The two candidates for royalty knelt upon cushions and received from His Holiness the oils of imperial consecration. Napoleon then ascended the altar, and taking the crown into his own hands placed it upon his head, after which he took up the smaller crown of the Empress and bearing it to Josephine crowned her. She received the diadem kneeling. The ceremony was concluded with the *Te Deum*.

Pius VII. returned to Rome after what was to him a humiliating and exacting journey. Indeed he could congratulate himself that he had at all escaped perpetual exile at Paris. Before he had

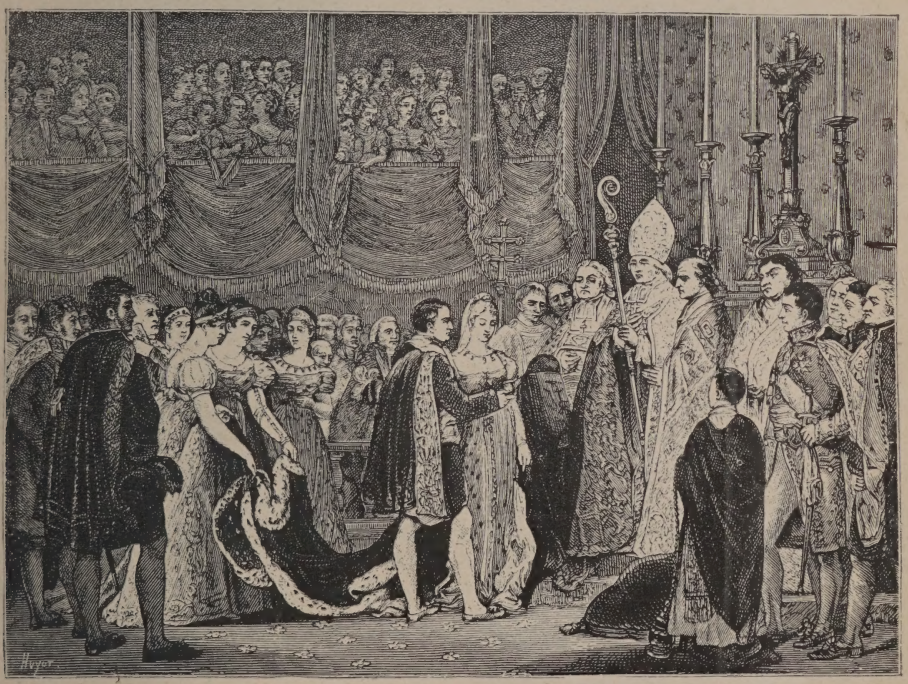
CARDINAL FESCH READING REPORT TO MARIA LOUISA.

left that city, the new Emperor, flushed with his recent glories, conceived the plan of retaining the Pope at Paris. The latter, however, had prepared himself for the demand and could answer courageously, that if they were to use force they would have at Paris only a poor monk called Barnabas Chiaramonti. Before he had left Rome he had arranged that in such an emergency a new Pope would be immediately elected.

Even at the entrance of the Eternal City, new complications met to annoy and confuse him, which, however, he settled with his usual diplomatic firmness and condescension. The affair of Prince Jerome was just then attracting attention. The latter, a lad of nineteen, and brother of the Emperor, had married while in America, December 24, 1803, a certain Miss Patterson, a descendant of one of Maryland's best families. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Carroll, and was valid in the eyes of the Church. Upon his returning to France with his young bride he was met by the anger of his imperial brother, who as soon as possible wrote to Pope Pius VII.: "I have several times spoken to Your Holiness about a brother, nineteen years old, whom I sent on a frigate to America, and who after a month's stay, married in Baltimore—although a minor—a Protestant daughter of an American merchant. He has just returned; he feels the extent of his fault. I have sent back Miss Patterson, his alleged wife, to America. According to our laws the marriage is null. A Spanish priest so far forgot his duty as to give the nuptial blessing." Napoleon then proceeds to request the Pope to declare the marriage invalid, giving as his principal reasons: That the lady was a Protestant;

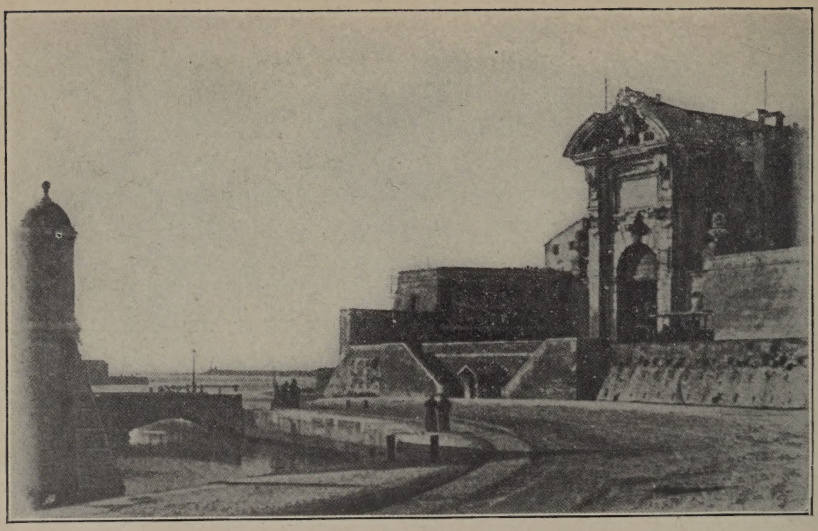
that Jerome was yet a minor according to French law; that the Gallican Church of France held it invalid, and that the marriage was clandestine and null according to the Council of Trent. To all these objections the Holy Father answered that the marriage was entirely valid, that it was not subject to the Council of Trent, the decrees of which had not been published in America, and that it was not in his power to annul the same unless stronger reasons were brought forward to warrant such action. To this determination the Pope adhered unflinchingly, despite the threats and revengeful actions of Napoleon. Even later, in 1807, when Jerome was married to a princess of Wurtemburg, the Holy Father, far from consenting, renewed his declaration as to the validity of the first marriage.

Napoleon, now at the summit of his political and military career, looked forward to still other conquests. He had crowned himself Emperor of the French at Paris; he received another crown at Milan, making him king of Italy. Then came Austerlitz and Jena and Eylau to humiliate Austria and Prussia and Russia. He became a king-maker by placing his brothers upon the thrones of Naples, Holland and Westphalia. The battle of Wagram, 1809, brought Austria to the feet of the Emperor, who demanded in marriage the hand of the Austrian Emperor's daughter, the Princess Maria Louisa. Josephine, her claims long vanished, was divorced from Napoleon upon the plea of State necessity. An emperor to be an emperor indeed, must be able to look upon the children who shall carry



MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON AND MARIA LOUISA.

After his divorce from Josephine, Napoleon married Maria Louisa, daughter of the Austrian Emperor, at the Tuileries, April 2, 1810. Cardinal Consalvi and twelve others absented themselves from this ceremony as a mark of their disapproval. For this act they were despoiled of their cardinalatial insignia, obliged to dress in black, and were thus called the Black Cardinals.



PORTA PIA, ANCONA.
A Stronghold of the Popes, taken by Napoleon in 1805.

his great name to posterity. The marriage of Josephine and Napoleon had been fruitless in this regard; reasons of State, therefore, demanded, according to Napoleon, that a dissolution should take place, and that a new empress be called to the throne. This reasoning of Napoleon was accepted by Europe; only the Holy Father withheld his approbation and assent. Josephine was divorced and the Emperor remarried to Maria Louisa. It was on this occasion that the terms were coined in the ecclesiastical world "the red and the black cardinals," at the great ceremony which was performed by Cardinal Fesch in the Tuileries, April 2, 1810. Of the twenty-nine cardinals then in Paris, thirteen, including Consalvi, refused to honor the occasion with their presence. This mark of disapprobation was punished by the Emperor who besides depriving them of their salaries forbade them to wear the colors or insignia of their cardinalatial rank. Hence their designation as the black cardinals. These two divorces betray sufficiently the shallow honor of Napoleon in dealing with the Church, a quality which other events of this period brought more into evidence.

The vainglorious assumptions of the Emperor knew no bounds. Petted and flattered where he was not feared, he often smiled as he heard himself compared with Alexander, Cæsar, or Charlemagne. He designed as a means of greater glory the complete solidification of his empire under his own supreme control. Only one obstacle lay in the way of his colossal ambition. He chafed at the thought that there was yet in Italy one little state which would hold out against his pretensions; and then, hurried on by the lust of power, and blinded by prosperity, this pretended successor af Charlemagne proceeded against the Pope. Again the aged Pontiff remonstrated. He reminded Napoleon of his former injustice in the matter of the Organic Articles; he reproached him for the injurious dispositions of the Civil Code which he had introduced into France, especially the law granting divorce, the tendency of which laws was to render the discipline of the Church almost null; and now in the face of this new danger, the projected subjugation of the States of the Church he reminded the Emperor of the judgments that the

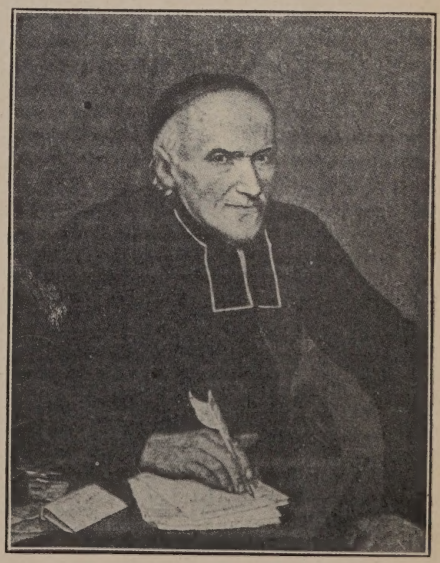
Almighty must send upon those who disregard His Divine ordinances. The words of the Pope, instead of moderating the intentions of Napoleon, served only to fill him with violent anger. He determined thenceforth to cast aside all promptings of conscience and to take immediate steps for the complete subjugation of Rome. Benevento and Ponte Corvo at once fell into his hands; his troops took possession of Ancona and all cities on the Adriatic coast; Rome itself was invaded; the Papal militia was incorporated with the French; the Pope was deprived of every official necessary for the direction of ecclesiastical affairs, and surrounded by a guard in his own palace of the Quirinal.

For these outrages the Holy Father addressed Napoleon: "By the bowels of the mercy of our God we exhort, we pray, we conjure you, Emperor and King Napoleon, to change your designs, to clothe yourself again with those sentiments which you manifested at the beginning of your reign. Remember that there is a God and King above you; remember, and always keep before your mind, that you will see very soon and in a terrible manner how those who command others shall by Him be judged with the utmost rigor." The holy Pontiff then published in the face of Europe a solemn protest against the unjust pretensions of Napoleon.

In a frenzy of rage the Emperor made answer to this complaint from the French camp at Schoenbrunn by declaring Rome an imperial and free city. On June 10, 1809, the pontifical standard was taken down from Castle San Angelo and the tricolor hoisted in its place. The same day Pius VII. and Cardinal Pacca, hearing of the event, exclaimed sorrowfully, in the words of the dying Saviour:

PRINCE METTERNICH, AUSTRIAN PREMIER.
One of the great diplomats of the time, especially active in the Congress of Vienna, 1815.

"Consummatum est." The Pope had long felt the necessity of excommunicat-



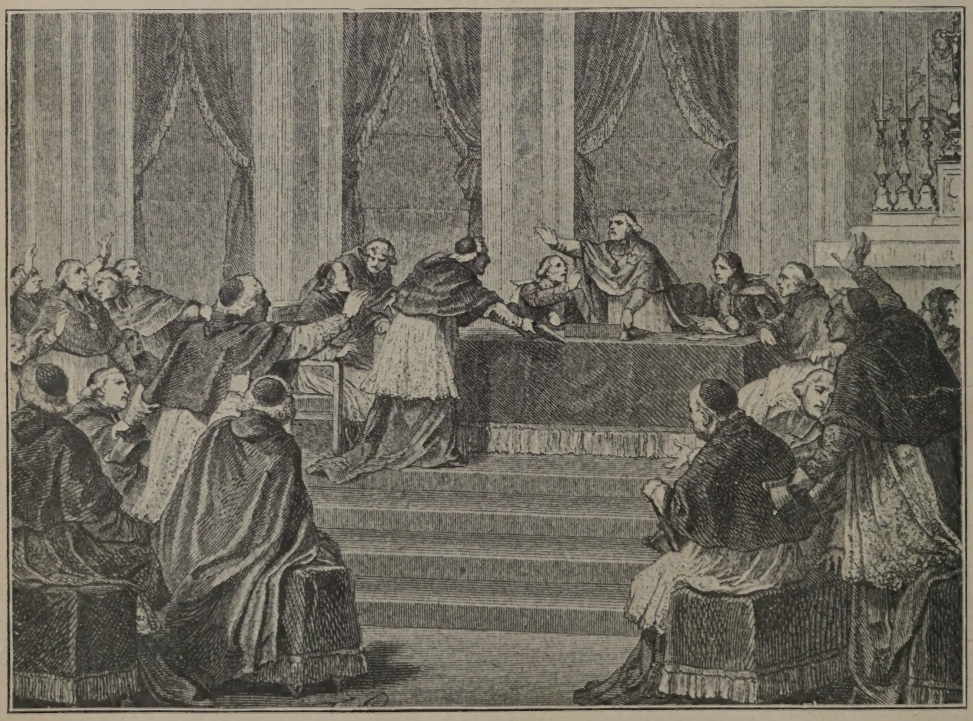
M. EMERY,
The most courageous ecclesiastic in France during the time of Napoleon.

CARDINAL PACCA.

Secretary of State to Pope Pius VII. during the exile of Consalvi. He suffered a long imprisonment in the fortress of Fenestrelle.

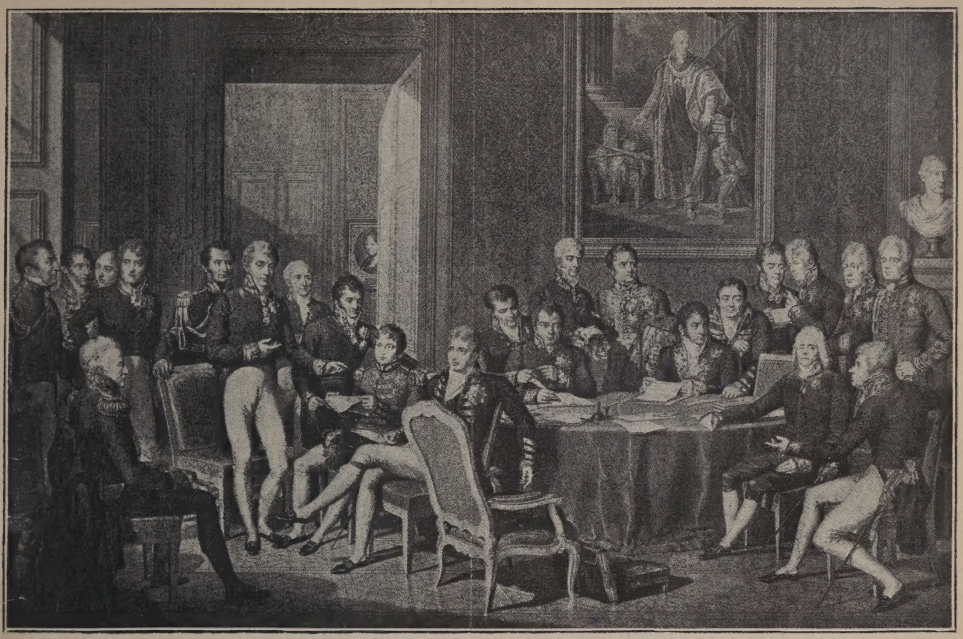
ing his enemies, but had forborne up to this time in the hope that the Emperor might display some spirit of repentance. As soon as he perceived that such hope was groundless, he only needed this crowning act of sacrilege to close the doors of his heart, and to proceed to make use of the spiritual arms of the Church. That same night the venerable Pontiff signed the Bull of Excommunication against Napoleon and all concerned in this spoliation. A courageous man was found who, before the morning, affixed this Bull to the doors of the principal churches of Rome. It was of course torn down as soon as discovered and carried to Napoleon, who was then in camp at Vienna.

Two years before, in July, 1807, the Emperor had asked scornfully: "What



COUNCIL OF PARIS, 1811.

An attempt of Napoleon to rule the Church of France in defiance of the Pope



CONGRESS OF VIENNA, 1815.

Convoked by the victorious powers to settle the affairs of Europe after the overthrow of Napoleon. In this Congress Cardinal Consalvi represented the Pope.

does the Pope mean by the threat of excommunicating me? Does he suppose that the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?" It was but a few years later when the arms did actually fall from the hands of his soldiers in the great retreat from Moscow when famine and cold tore them from their grasp.

The Emperor now determined to proceed against the person of the Pope. General Radet was commissioned to arrest the Holy Father and Cardinal Pacca and to conduct them immediately away from Rome. The story of that arrest and the indignities heaped upon the aged Pontiff during his journey could not be well told in a few pages. We will then make it suffice to narrate only the salient facts.

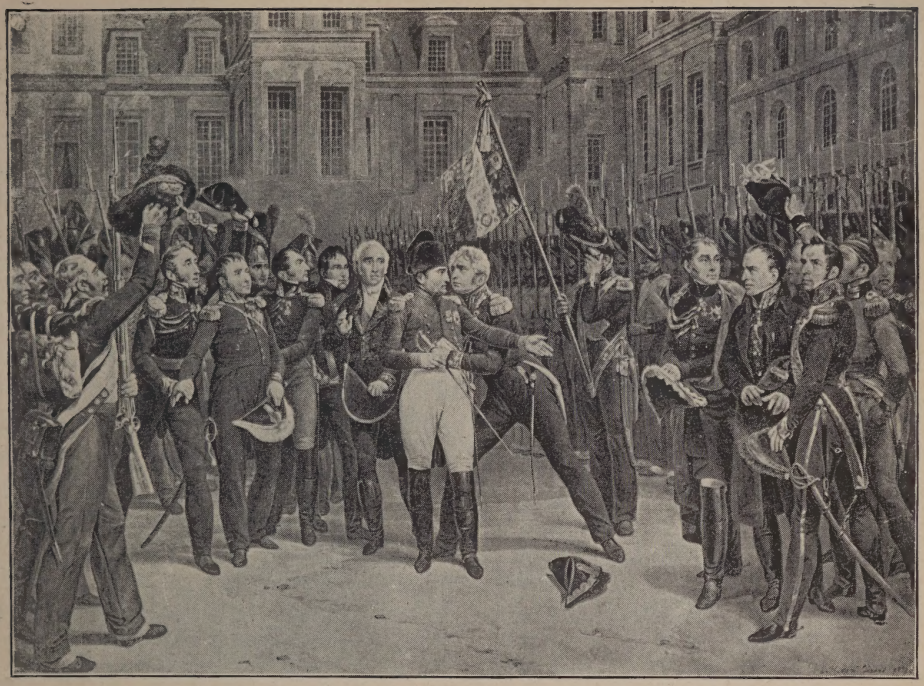
At six o'clock on the morning of July 6, 1809, the French troops burst into the palace of the Quirinal. Radet, after a very few words of explanation, siezed the Holy Father, and hurried him, with his faithful Cardinal Pacca, into a dingy carriage which was waiting in readiness. The Pope was absolutely without proper provision of clothing or money. There was no leave-taking, no words of consolation from his faithful subjects, but as a criminal is dragged away to punishment, so was Pius VII. carried out of Rome, across the Campagna to the north, until he reached the place of his captivity at Savona. Here he remained for three years, always under restraint and closely guarded.

In the meantime the imperial jailer made use of every expedient to break down the firm will of his august prisoner. It was shortly after the marriage of Napoleon and Maria Louisa that the Emperor, acting upon the advice of the Austrian Prince Metternich, sent the Ritter von Lebzeltern, envoy of Austria to the Holy See, to attempt a mediation. In this

meeting the Emperor proposed that the Pope should take up his residence at Avignon, while retaining his title to the temporal sovereignty; if he wished to reside in Rome, he must resign the temporal sovereignty, though permitted in such case to keep up the outward forms of Papal independence such as receiving and sending ambassadors and envoys. He declared at the same time through Lebzeltern, that he had no need of reconciliation with the Pope; that his bishops had the necessary powers for the granting of matrimonial dispensations, that the *Code Napoleon* authorized civil marriage, and that in the prime difficulty of all, the institution of bishops, he could set aside the action of the Pope and make use of a national council. The answer of Pius VII. was firm and uncompromising. He rejected the proposal of resigning his temporal power, he demanded free communication with his bishops and the faithful. He dismissed Lebzeltern without any concessions whatever, leaving the case exactly as it stood before that envoy's visit.

The anger of the Emperor upon learning the mind of the Pope did not prevent him from making another attempt at reconciliation. This time he sent two of the red cardinals, Spina and Caselli, formerly the Papal negotiators for the Concordat, who met with no greater success. Napoleon now determined to take the reins of ecclesiastical government into his own hands. He began this course by appointing Cardinal Maury, the Bishop of Montefiascone, to the post of Archbishop of Paris. The measure met with instant condemnation, especially from Pope Pius VII. who, writing to the Cardinal, reproached him for betraying the Church: "You are not ashamed," he said, "of taking part against Us in a contest which we only carry on to defend the dignity of the Church." To these remonstrances of the Holy Father the unhappy Cardinal paid no heed. For daring to thus utter his condemnation of the Emperor's conduct and Maury's treachery, Napoleon determined to punish the Pope. The apartments of the Holy Father were broken into by imperial orders, all writing materials were taken away, his books, even his breviary, were forbidden him, his servants were sent away to Fenestrelle, his household expenses were cut down (five *pauli*, about fifty cents a day for each person being allowed for the maintenance of his household), the carriages he had used were sent to Turin, and even the fisherman's ring was demanded and sent to Paris. Before this was done, however, the Pope broke the ring in two.

Napoleon now began to seek precedents in history for the deposing of the Pope. Not succeeding in this he began a systematic persecution of priests and laymen suspected of too ardent piety, hoping thus to render devotion to the exiled Pope odious. Chafing at the ill success of all these subversive measures Napoleon determined upon a final scheme. He recalled the independence of the Russian czar in matters of Greek Church discipline; he reflected that George III. was undisturbed by any show of independence on the part of the English hierarchy. Why, therefore, should not Napoleon, the conqueror of Europe, make to himself a new schism, a new hierarchy, institute his own bishops, and be free from the troublesome superintendence of the Pope? The idea was inviting, and the Emperor immediately took steps towards its accomplishment. A great council was called at Paris. Its permanent presiding officer was Cardinal Fesch,



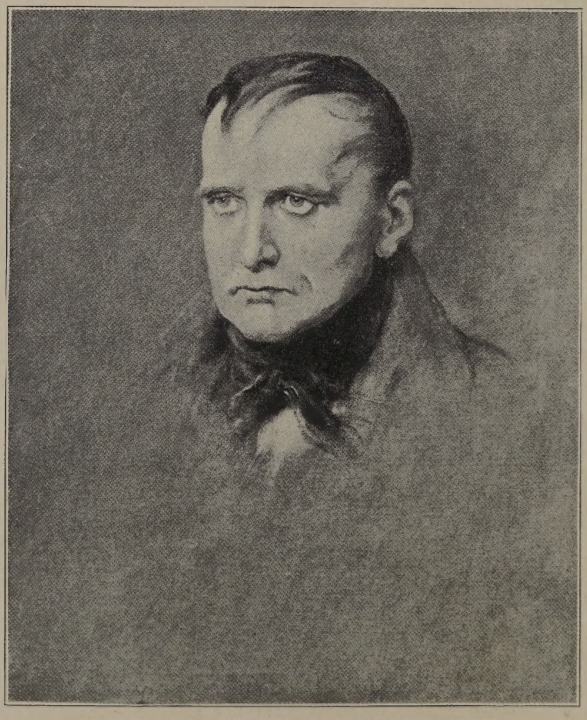
NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL, 1815.

NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE BELLEROPHON.

the uncle of the Emperor, and it numbered among its deliberators one hundred and four French and Italian bishops. Like other councils it discussed matters of universal importance, but its chief debates concerned the canonical institution of the French hierarchy. In this matter the council decided that no bishop might be considered legitimate who had not obtained his canonical institution from the great Father of the faithful. Yet that the council might not displease the Emperor it was decided that a deputation of bishops be sent to Savona to again beg the Holy Father to institute the candidates proposed. Again the Pope renewed his refusal, though, for the sake of peace, he agreed that if the sovereign Pontiff should delay such institution for six months, it might then be granted by the metropolitan or senior bishop. This was merely a delegation of power, not a cession, and was granted only for the emergency of the time being.

The Council of Paris was, taken collectively, null, inasmuch as it was convoked and carried on without the requisite conditions. Its decrees were, therefore, without any binding force. In fact, even the Emperor himself recognized this and was only too happy to find a pretext for its dissolution.

Napoleon now perceived that if he was to gain anything over the will of the Pope he must contrive to have his illustrious prisoner nearer to his own person. Under the pretext, therefore, that the English ships were hovering about Savona to liberate the Pope, the Emperor shortly after the termination of the Council of



NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

Paris, caused the Holy Father to be removed secretly to the palace of Fontainebleau. (June 16, 1812).

The conduct of the Emperor during the stay at Fontainebleau was in keeping with his past behavior. Under a specious display of ceremonial reverence towards Pius VII. he concealed a course of cruel treatment unworthy of a man, much less of a sovereign. It is true, the palace of Fontainebleau was not wanting in regal magnificence, that the table of the Pope was all that might be desired, and that the servants who surrounded him showed due respect for their spiritual ruler. At the same time the Emperor himself acted the part of a bully and braggart towards a weak and feeble old man. An insulting tone of voice ever accompanied the most insulting demands, until the Pontiff worn out and half delirious with agony was made to yield to the most unwarrantable demands. Thus it was that upon the bed of sickness the Holy Father was finally led to apply his signature to a Concordat which, in a state of health, he would have repudiated in the most decided terms. It must be remembered, however, that this yielding was not in an affair of faith and morals, nor did it concern the Universal Church; it was a cession for the time being of temporal rights, not even a final cession, but one made temporarily in the interests of peace, and as such did not affect the Papal position as the teacher and ruler of all the faithful. The Emperor, in his joy at this apparent victory, began at once to show unwonted kindness towards the Pope, and as a sign of his good will, permitted the old cardinals, the faithful black cardinals, to return from prison and exile to comfort him in his captivity. This concession proved unfortunate for Napoleon, for scarcely had they gained access to the Sovereign Pontiff than they began to represent to him the immense importance of the Concordat which he had signed. It was represented as a renunciation of all those inalienable rights which belonged to him, not personally, but as the Sovereign Ruler of the Roman States, a most humiliating concession after all he had hitherto borne in their defence. The Holy Father in deep sorrow protested that the document was not definitive, but merely a preliminary statement, which should be reconsidered before publication, so that the Concordat of that year was really without Pontifical authority. Thereupon, he made known to Napoleon his objections, retracted everything contained in the Concordat, rendering it thereby null. This decision of the Sovereign Pontiff only rendered the Emperor all the more furious, and incited him to renew the discomforts of his prisoner. His cardinal advisers were again sent into exile or to prison, while he commanded that the Concordat of 1813 should be everywhere executed without further delay.

But the hour had already sounded for the total ruin of the tyrant. He who had trodden Europe under foot, now discovered Europe armed to meet him. With Germany consumed by a superhuman resolve to be free; with his old generals weary of fighting and struggling for the glory of a single man; with even his own relative, Murat, a partial traitor; with murmurings and threats resounding on all sides, Napoleon was not slow to perceive that his fortunes were in a precarious state. The year went by and battles were fought; some gained, some lost. The great compaign against Russia, with its consequent humiliating retreat had given the signal. The great Conqueror, who had once claimed a kind of

sovereignty over a large part of Europe, now found France hardly able to uphold his imperial authority. In his desire to repair some of the wrongs he had perpetrated he liberated the Holy Father, in the beginning of the year 1814. But the repentance came too late. Already the enemy stood before the gates of Paris, and Napoleon learned that the day of his imperial domination was at an end. In his despair he fled to Fontainebleau, and there, in the very same chamber wherein he had confined his spiritual superior, he signed the articles of his abdication (April 6, 1814). His fate was soon sealed by those triumphant powers against which he had so long contended, and he retired a humbler man to his place of exile upon the island of Elba.

Meanwhile Pius VII., who was by this time far on his way to Rome, was waiting at Imola for the final ending of the great tragedy which was taking place in France, and hearing of the downfall of his old-time foe, he hurried on with all dispatch to Rome. He arrived there on May 24, 1814, and made a solemn entrance into the Eternal City, whence five years before, he had been dragged away with so much violence. The joy and enthusiasm of the people, augmented by the memories of recent usurpation and tyranny, were unbounded. It was not alone that Rome had regained her sovereign but the Church also had again her beloved head, and all the Catholic world took part in the triumph of Religion over the unbridled ambition of her enemies.

It is true the storm had not entirely subsided. Napoleon again broke forth from captivity, and the Holy See for a moment trembled lest new outrages might yet be perpetrated against the Church. But before the danger could have been brought to its accomplishment, the newly arisen Napoleon was again overthrown at Waterloo, June 18, 1815, after which he was exiled beyond all hope of return, to the lonely island of St. Helena, where he died on May 5, 1821, after six years of penance.

Peace now settled upon the troubled Church. Religion once more dried the tears of sorrow, and the Pope, restored to the love of his faithful people, began to give his attention to arts nobler than that of war; the raising up of Catholic peoples in the knowledge of that God, Who, after purging them in the land of bondage, had overwhelmed their enemies and brought them to newer and richer prospects in the land of promise.

To be continued.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Mongols. By Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Company. Boston. 1907. $3.00.

In this historical study of the Mongols Mr. Curtin has provided a remarkable array of facts not elsewhere accessible. He has done important work in connection with Indian, Celtic and other folk tales, but nothing that he did was more notable than his studies of the rise of the Mongol Empire and its decadence. In this particular field no other American or English scholar has ever approached him. President Roosevelt in the "Foreword" says that the death of Jeremiah Curtin robbed America of one of her two or three foremost scholars; he reviews the rising of the Mongol power, the scourge of the Mongol conquests, and the civil administration the Mongols established, and he concludes that a full knowledge of this people is imperatively necessary to all who would understand the development of Asia and Eastern Europe. No other writer of English, he asserts, was so well fitted to tell this history as Jeremiah Curtin.

In the present work, The Mongols, Mr. Curtin describes the campaigns and conquests of Temudjin (Jinghis-Khan), and his lieutenants and successors, in northeast Asia, China, Russia, Arabia and Persia, the narrative being brought down to the early part of the fifteenth century, when the Mongols, after reigning in China, were finally expelled from the country by the founders of the Ming dynasty.

The growing interest in China would alone make this history a welcome addition to popular accounts of Mongol and Russian history. The battles are described with the utmost vividness and the history traced from obscure and uncertain beginnings to the end of the Mongol power.

The work is dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, for a reason that the author himself gives. In September, 1901, Mr. Curtin was in Burlington, when Mr. Roosevelt, then Vice-President, addressed the Vermont Veterans. The historian asked permission to dedicate "The Mongols, A History," to him, because of his admiration for the future President's scholarship and of the way in which Mr. Curtin first came to know him. The acquaintance began in 1891, when Mr. Roosevelt was in Washington, as Chairman of the Civil Service Commission. The famous linguist had just returned to that city from a work of two years among Pacific Coast Indians. Two tribes in California had asked him to intercede for them with the President. "These Indians were among the truly wretched and suffering," declares Mr. Curtin. "One tribe of them had been almost exterminated through the massacre inflicted by white men. The other reduced to a feeble remnant through various man-killing processes. Still they were worthy of earnest attention. Their myths have a beauty and a value which should preserve them till literature perishes." On reaching Washington, Mr. Curtin interested the Hon. Frederick T. Greenhalge,—then representing a part of Massachusetts in Congress—who tried to induce a strong man or two from the Senate or House to appeal to the President; but though promises were made, no man came with support, and they went alone to the White House. The President consented to give the executive impulse to the matter, and the petitioners came away greatly satisfied. In the large room below the President's they saw a young man alert in his bearing and perfectly confident. "That man," said Mr. Curtin, "looks precisely as if he had examined this building, and finding it suitable, has made up his mind to inhabit it." His companion replied by prophesying, "That man down there who wants this house will get it. He will live here as President." The historian's work led him to various parts of the earth, but his interest in Mr. Roosevelt continued, and his pleasure was great when at last the highest office in the gift of the people of the United States was bestowed on Mr. Roosevelt. "There is no case in our history of such concordance between the judgment of a people and the acts of a man," Mr. Curtin concludes.

Studious readers acquainted with the previous works by Jeremiah Curtin will appreciate this latest evidence of his great genius and scholarship. The history is lightened by the recital of folk lore tales—as in his other works of a similar nature.

A very complete index and a map of the country over which the Mongols held sway simplify the work of reference.

A second book, "Russia under the Mongols," will be published next year. Mr. Curtin gave the greater portion of the last years of his life to this historical study, and had just completed the work when death cut short his career.

Life Sketches of Father Walworth, with Notes and Letters. By Ellen H. Walworth. J. B. Lyon Company. Albany, New York. $1.62.

This very interesting biography of Father Walworth, written by his niece, and including original documents never before published, will find many appreciative readers. It is not only the story of Father Walworth's own life, but brings in as well many incidents bearing on the lives of other converts to the Church.

Born at Plattsburgh, New York, in 1820, Clarence A. Walworth lived through eighty memorable years of the nineteenth century and was fully alive to its swift currents of thought. He dearly loved his country, but more than all he wanted to know and understand what service he could render to God and man, and in pursuit of this purpose he induced others to follow his lead. He was a strong lover of truth and of the common weal, and fully shared the spirit of patriotism that was in the air.

His biographer gives us a pleasing picture of the little boy nestling close to his mother in a high-backed, cushioned pew, in the Saratoga meeting-house, in Church Street, listening to her voice as she sang, or watching the deacons come gravely in on Sunday morning and place their best hats on the communion table. In 1829 the Walworth family removed to Albany, and Clarence entered the boys' academy where he spent several years in the study of English, Latin and French. He went in 1830 to a boarding school in the Berkshires. A letter from his father at this period shows what care and thought were bestowed on this boy of ten years. His father considered him at an age when "you must begin to think and act for yourself." Continuing, he says: "I now write to you as a young gentleman commencing your education, and who intends to make himself useful and respected through life." Certainly the advice given by this excellent father should have helped to realize this intention. It makes admirable reading for fathers of the present day.

The future priest's love of learning began early and never left him. He was prepared for college partly at the Albany Boys' Academy and partly at the Sloan School, after which he entered the Union College at Schenectady, at the age of fourteen years.

Clarence was only eighteen years old when he graduated from the theological college, and the choice of a career lay before him. In the following autumn he began the study of law, residing at Canandaigua and after at Albany. While in the former place he boarded with Mr. Werner and other students, in the Chapel Street house, directly opposite the front door of a residence that became later the rectory of St. Mary's Church, in which he dwelt over thirty years and where he died. On Sunday he attended church at St. Paul's, where he was confirmed and officiated as superintendent of the Sunday School. He received his license to practise law in 1841, and was admitted as a solicitor and counsellor in the Court of Chancery by his father, Chancellor Reuben Hyde Walworth. The first practice of his profession came to him through his father, and in the Chancellor's office he met many famous men. Here also he had an experience that made a lasting impression. One day he was button-holed by a magnate of the business world and reminded of a case then pending which he, as the Chancellor's son, would have opportunities to bring to his father's attention; the magnate hoped that the young lawyer would do what he could for him, and gradually edged towards Clarence's hand a two thousand dollar note. But with a torrent of indignant invective the young man compelled the magnate to beat a hasty retreat.

Law, however, was not to be Clarence Walworth's life work. "We were doing a good business and I liked my profession well enough," he wrote on the page of a book, in 1842, "about that time, however, my mind had been turned towards religion more steadfastly than ever before. I felt growing up within me a strong desire to devote myself entirely to the church."

No opposition was made by his family, and presently Clarence found himself in the east building of the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church, New York. Doubtless the training he received here had its share in rounding out his talent for public speaking as well as in broadening his culture. His mental and spiritual faculties hourly unfolded to the light, and his reading of the Fathers of the Church no doubt had a share in awakening him to the daylight of Catholic truth. A visionary attempt to found an Episcopalian monastery in the Adirondacks ended in young Walworth's determination "to cross over to Rome." He wrote to Bishop De Lancey asking that his name be taken from the list of candidates for orders. A letter from the Bishop, directing him to come to Geneva for ordination, reached him just as he had made up his mind to apply to the Redemptorist Fathers in New York, in order to be admitted to the Catholic Church, a decision that he carried out. Very interesting indeed are the letters in which the young man tells his relatives of his conversion, and also the story of the series of events in which he had a part.

Following the call of God he left America for the Redemptorist Novitiate in Belgium, accompanied by James McMasters and Isaac Hecker. At Trond, and later at Wittem, young Walworth bounded forward on his course and soon outstripped his friend Isaac Hecker. McMasters, it was decided by the authorities at Trond, had no vocation for the priesthood. Clarence Walworth made his vows October 15, 1846. A letter to his father breathes the spirit of content that possessed him, and his absolute indifference to the ambitions or honors of the world. Ordained priest in 1848, Father Walworth crossed the channel a month after his ordination, and journeyed to Clapham. He remained in England three years, and his reminiscences of this period give vivid pictures of the No Popery Riots, the Irish famine, and other events still remembered. It would be impossible to follow even in the most cursory manner the career of the devoted Redemptorist missionary in America, or his later work as a member of the Paulist Order, and during his thirty-four years at St. Mary's, Albany. His experiences as a pastor are in themselves a tale of American life that will hold the attention not only of the clergy but of lay people.

To the end he was pastor of his flock, and continued to preach, in turn with his assistants, every third Sunday, nearly to his eightieth year.

"Travels and Indian Trails" is a chapter that gives pleasant glimpses of his vacation occupations. In addition to the biography the work has value as a record of historical events and of the growth of the Church in America. It is to be hoped that the loving and patient work of the compiler of this volume will be fully recognized by the Catholic public, and that they will aid in giving it a wide circulation through

the Catholic homes of the country for which Father Walworth worked so long and so arduously.

The Catholic Encyclopædia. Volume II. D. Appleton & Company. New York. 1907.

"An honor to America and a distinct credit to Catholic literature" was the opinion of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, of the first volume of the Catholic Encyclopædia. The editors and publishers had been prepared for a cordial reception of the work by the eagerness with which six thousand persons had subscribed for the Encyclopædia in advance, but they did not expect the enthusiastic welcome and favorable criticism which it has received abroad as well as in the United States. The leading newspapers and magazines frankly and freely expressed their admiration for the manner in which the various subjects were treated, and all agreed that the articles were not only scholarly, accurate and well written, but fair on all mooted points, showing the desire to get at the exact truth and give it to the public. When Volume I. was published the editors had four-fifths of Volume II. in their hands, and they hope to complete the entire fifteen volumes in five or six years.

This second volume fully bears out its predecessor in the quality of both contents and mechanical make-up. It deals with a vast amount of matter in the more than eight hundred pages comprising the volume. There are 170 pages devoted to articles under the first letter of the alphabet, treating such subjects as Augustine of Canterbury; Augustine of Hippo; Australia; Austria-Hungary; Assyria; Astrology; Astronomy; Atavism; Atheism; Attainder; Association; Atonement; Athens.

In the articles dealing with research and discovery in Assyria and Babylonia especially is the up-to-dateness of the work markedly shown. The relation of these discoveries to the Bible are pointed out clearly and in an unprejudiced way. The eminent scholars of all lands, who contribute to the work, state the facts in all their bearings, including not only much of history not heretofore written, but showing at the same time their relation to the history of Israel, the Old Testament record, etc.

There is a sureness of grasp of the many important topics treated which inspires confidence in the reader, compelled to recognize the fairness with which the subjects are handled, and the scholarship which lies behind them.

As an instance of thoroughness the article "Baptism" may be cited. Sixteen pages are devoted to this sacrament, discussing it from the "authoritative statement of doctrine" to "metaphorical baptism." The reference for extended bibliographies is of itself of great benefit to students. Another article that will answer many questions is that on "Beads," describing the different kinds of beads and tracing their origin. Other interesting contributions to this volume are Beatification and Canonization; Bells; The Benedictine Order; Bibles; Blasphemy; Bonaventure, St., by Paschal Robinson; Bossuet, by Ferdinand Brunetiere; Baltimore, Archdiocese and Plenary Councils, by William T. Russell; Bankruptcy and Bigamy, by Charles W. Sloane; Brehon Laws, by Douglas Hyde; Book of Common Prayer, by Bernard Ward; Breviary, by Ferdinand Cabrol; Brunetiere, by Louis N. Delamarre; Bouquillon, by William Kerby; Brownson, by Henry F. Brownson; Bruno, Giordano, by William Turner; Brahma and Brahminism, by Charles F. Aiken. Among the subjects of biographical sketches are also Ignace Bourget, the first Bishop of Montreal, written by His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi; the late Bishop Bradley, first Bishop of Manchester; Louis Braille, the inventor of the system of writing for the blind; Bramante, the Italian architect and painter; the saintly Brebeuf, the Jesuit missionary; and Charles Farrar Browne, the humorist.

That the Catholic Encyclopædia is in touch with life as a whole, and has a message for men and women of culture of every creed, is well illustrated in such an article as that upon Bankruptcy in its moral aspect. It is given in full on account of its general interest, particularly at this time:

Bankruptcy, Moral Aspect of.—Bankruptcy must be considered not only from the legal but also from the moral point of view; for sound morality prescribes that debts must be paid. But a man who becomes bankrupt proclaims his inability to pay his debts in full as they become due. Such an acknowledgment does not now entail the penalty of slavery or of imprisonment as of old; the law takes possession of his property and divides it among his creditors. If it suffices after all to pay his creditors in full, there is an end of the matter, justice and conscience are satisfied. If, however, as is usually the case, the creditors only receive a portion of what is due to them, they have suffered loss through the action of the bankrupt, and if he is the voluntary cause of that loss, he is morally to blame as the cause of injustice to his neighbor. There is no moral blame attributable to a man who through misfortune and by no fault of his own has become bankrupt and unable to pay his debts. But if bankruptcy has been brought about by the debtor's own fault, he must be condemned in the court of morals, even if he escape without punishment in a court of law. Bankruptcy may be the result of one's own fault in a great variety of ways. Living beyond one's means, negligence or imprudence in the conduct of business, spending in betting and gambling money which is due to creditors, are frequent causes of debtors appearing in the bankruptcy court. All such causes are accompanied with more or less of moral guilt, in proportion to the bankrupt's advertence to their probable consequences, and the voluntariness of his action.

"Breaches of the moral law are also committed in a great variety of ways in connection with the

bankruptcy itself. The benefit of the law is extended to the bankrupt debtor if he faithfully complies with all its just requirements. To do this then is a matter of conscience. He is bound to make a full disclosure of all his property, and to surrender it all for the benefit of his creditors. He may indeed retain what the law allows him to retain, but nothing else, unless the law makes no provision at all for him, and the result of surrendering everything would be to reduce himself and those dependent on him to destitution. Such a result, however, must not be readily presumed in the case of modern bankruptcy law, which is humane in its treatment of the unfortunate debtor, and makes what provision is necessary for him. It is obvious that it is against the rights of creditors and against justice for an insolvent debtor to transfer some of his property to his wife or to a friend, who will keep it for him till the storm blows over, so that the creditors cannot get at it. In the same way a debtor is guilty of dishonesty and fraud if he hide or remove some of his property, or if he allow a fictitious debt to be proved against the estate.

"Loss is caused the creditors and injustice is committed by an insolvent debtor who continues to trade after the time when he fully recognizes that he is insolvent, and that there is no reasonable hope of recovering himself. He may continue to pay what debts he can as they become due if payment is demanded by his creditors, and he may make current payments for value received. But if in contemplation of bankruptcy he pays some creditor in full with a view to giving that creditor a preference over the others, he becomes guilty of a fraudulent preference. Bankruptcy law indeed prescribes that certain privileged debts should be paid in full, but it lays down that the rest must be paid rateably among the creditors without favor to any. If a bankrupt through favor pays a creditor in full, while the others have in consequence to be satisfied with less than their just share, he is guilty of fraud. This is not only the case if such payment is made after the petition in bankruptcy has been presented, but also if it is done within a certain period, fixed by law, before the presentation of the petition. In Great Britain this period is three months, in the United States it is four months previous to the adjudication. Laws forbidding such preferential payments are just, and they should be observed. If they have been violated, and the fact becomes known, the payments may be recovered by the trustee in bankruptcy or the official receiver. However, although fraudulent preferences are contrary to positive law, it is not clear that they are against natural justice so as to impose on the guilty parties an obligation in conscience apart from any order of the court to make restitution. The question is disputed among theologians, and some maintain that no obligation to make restitution can be imposed apart from a positive order of the court, inasmuch as after all the preferred creditor has only got what belonged to him.

"If the conduct of the bankrupt with reference to his bankruptcy has been such as the law requires, the court grants him a discharge; otherwise he will be subject to certain disabilities as an undischarged bankrupt. Some special debts and obligations are not affected by the discharge, and even with regard to those which it does affect, the question arises whether an absolute discharge extinguishes the debt, or merely releases the bankrupt from legal liability. The effect of such a judicial act depends on the law of the country. If that law expressly provides that a bankrupt who has obtained his discharge is not thereby freed from his former obligations, but merely protected against legal proceedings for debt, there is an end of the question. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the law of a country may release an honest and unfortunate debtor from his load of indebtedness, and make him free to start business afresh. In commercial societies especially such an enactment might conduce to the public good, since it is not granted to fraudulent debtors but only to such as are honest and fulfil the rigorous requirements of the law. It is merely a question of fact as to what is the effect of the law of any particular country. Lawyers and theologians are agreed that in most countries the effect of a discharge is merely to bar legal proceedings for debt against the bankrupt. His moral obligation to pay all his debts in full when he is able still remains; he may put off payment till such time as he can conveniently fulfil his obligations, and in the meanwhile he is guaranteed freedom from molestation. This seems to be the effect of the National Bankruptcy Law of the United States. 'Since the discharge is personal to the bankrupt, he may waive it, and since it does not destroy the debt but merely releases him from liability, that is, removes the legal obligation to pay the debt, leaving the moral obligation unaffected, such moral obligation is a sufficient consideration to support a new promise' (Brandenberg, The Law of Bankruptcy, 391).

"On the contrary, an absolute discharge, when granted to the honest bankrupt according to English law, frees the bankrupt from his debts, with certain exceptions, and makes him a clear man again. This is admitted by English lawyers and by theologians who treat of the effect of the English law of bankruptcy. When, therefore, an honest bankrupt has obtained his absolute discharge in an English court, he is under no strict obligation, legal or moral, to pay his past debts in full, though if he choose to do so, his scrupulous rectitude will be much appreciated. What has been said about bankruptcy applies also to compositions or schemes of arrangement with one's creditors when they have received the sanction of the court."

Letters on Christian Doctrine. Second Series. Part I. By F. M. De Zulueta, S. J. Benziger Bros. New York. 1907.

The author's purpose in beginning this work was to treat of the Sacraments, but it was found impossible to deal with all in one volume of rea-

sonable compass, therefore a later volume will take up the three remaining sacraments—Extreme Unction, Holy Orders and Matrimony. Very full and clear is the explanation given by the reverend author, as he takes up point after point, reviewing the sacraments generally, and then taking each one by itself. Thus "Baptism" considers its necessity, infant baptism, baptism of adults, effects of baptism, its minister and method, the candidate and sponsors.

And here is practical instruction of which probably many readers stand in need! Treating of the law of fasting before Communion, and the infringements of this law, Father Zulueta thus lays down the rule: "The following acts do not break the fast. Swallowing a drop or two of water in consequence of cleaning one's teeth before Communion. Such an infinitesimal quantity can not be said to be swallowed *as food*, however *deliberately* swallowed, but rather as part and parcel of the natural moisture of the mouth. It is mere weak yielding to silly scruples to go on spitting repeatedly in order 'to make sure' there is no water left after rinsing the mouth. Or, as one theological writer puts it, 'This smacks of Jewish superstition rather than Christian liberty.' Similarly 'inspiration,' or *inhaling* in the process of breathing, may draw a fly into the mouth. We are not obliged to remove the insect!

"A cook may have to taste *very* slightly, broth or beef-tea, or a nurse may dip her finger into a medicine bottle to make sure of its contents. Provided there be *no deliberate intention* of swallowing, this tiny quantity will not violate the fast. But the *least* quantity of any nourishment, whatever—unless so small as to wholly be merged in the *saliva*—will violate the law if swallowed *deliberately*."

Father Zulueta has the faculty of simplifying his explanations so that the ordinary lay reader will have no difficulty in getting the information for which he or she may turn to this very helpful work.

The Dance Music of Ireland. Collected, Selected, and Edited by Captain Francis O'Neill; arranged by Sergt. James O'Neill. Lyon & Healy, Chicago. 1907.

"A reawakened interest in our national music," says Mr. O'Neill, in the Introduction, "especially the jigs, reels, hornpipes, long dances, etc., of the old days, has been happily aroused by the Gaelic Revival and its apostle, Dr. Douglas Hyde; and the desire, I may say the demand, for them has become insistent and continuous. Wherever the sea-divided Gaels abide the love for the spirited tunes of the fatherland which 'put the music right under your feet' still survives, even though the opportunities for their enjoyment are not all that could be desired even in Ireland." That these opportunities must increase with the publication of such a work as Captain O'Neill's can not be doubted. To glance through the book is in itself enough to make any one wish to try the music. A class of melodies which hitherto received but slight attention from collectors of Irish music is carefully represented here, and the variety of contents must satisfy the tastes and preferences of all lovers of Irish music.

The collection comprises 1001 gems, collected from all available sources. Perhaps no better estimate of the character of the work can be given than that expressed by Patrick O'Leary of Melbourne, a celebrated exile.

"For over a third of a century I have been waiting, watching, hoping, and praying, that God might inspire some Irishman or association of Irishmen to collect and publish just such a work as 'The Music of Ircland'—the weird, beautiful, wild, and mournful reel tunes that entranced me when a child, a youth and a man, in the street or barn, at the bonfire or on the hill-top; the music—the never-to-be-forgotten strains that often made my blood alternately flame or freeze—that made me when a child, sitting beneath the fiddler's chair, weep with delight or sadness, a condition of mind impossible to describe. Many of the grand old tunes learned from the lips of my poor dead mother, which I had not heard from childhood, and still others that I had heard played when a boy, were floating about in my memory, disconnected and fragmentary, before this book came. I thank God that I have lived to see my dreams realized, and my prayer answered more fully than my wildest ambition had dared to go."

It would be impossible to name the selections in even one division of this collection. The classified index presents a list from which it would be hard indeed to select one favorite—so many are included. Let us take one from under each letter:

Absent-Minded Man, Bad Luck to this Marching, Contentment is Wealth; Darby the Driver; Exile's Lament; Fair-Haired Boy; Glens of Mayo, Haste to the Wedding; In Sweet Tipperary; Johnny is so long at the Fair; Kennedy's Jig; Ladies of Carrick; Mooncoin Jig; Nora Creina; Our Own Little Isle; Paddy Go Easy; Queen of the Fair; Rakes of Clonmel; Rory O'Moore; Shandon Bells; Top of Cork Road; Up and Away; Very Poor Pay; Welcome to Cork; You May Talk as you Please. These are all double jigs, and in some cases there are thirty or forty listed under a letter. Then there are the single jigs; the hop or slip jigs; a very generous selection of reels; hornpipes; long dances; and a miscellaneous assortment including such numbers as The Sprig of Shillelah; Dancing the Baby; Garry Owen with variations; Kerry Jig; Paddy Will You Now; Take Me Now While I'm in Humor; You Stay Away a Long Time.

Captain O'Neill's work is a record of Irish music that should be known wherever people of Irish blood have made their home. It is a work to be proud of, to delight in, and to circulate extensively that children of the present day may become familiar with the airs that charmed their fathers and mothers in their childhood, and in some cases were popular with generations before them.

The Little City of Hope. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1907. $1.25.

This Christmas story by Marion Crawford differs widely from any of his previous works. It is thoroughly American, and the author shows himself as much at home in drawing the lights and shades of life in this country as he is in describing scenes in Italy.

The leading character is John Overholt, an American, and an inventor. With his thirteen year-old son he lives in a lonely farm house, and devotes all his time and money to the perfecting of an air motor, a beautiful piece of mechanism, that in the end amply justifies his faith in it. But when the story opens his fortunes are at such a low ebb that his wife has been obliged to seek employment abroad as a governess and his boy makes the supreme sacrifice of selling his skates and watch to help his father through the crisis. Unconsciously this young son proves his father's mainstay, and by diverting his attention to the "Little City of Hope" which he is building,—a little model of the old town where they had lived,—he helps him to pass through the dark hours before the dawn of their better fortune. The inventor's wish for a thousand dollars is gratified through his wife's generosity in sacrificing her savings to what may prove only a failure. The money is spent, the invention tested, and in the supreme excitement of the moment when the motor refuses to move the inventor swoons away. Action, however, is merely delayed on the part of the motor, for in the end it works perfectly, the inventor is restored to consciousness, and Christmas morning brings to father and son not only the realization that success has been won, but also the actual presence of the wife and mother.

The story is charmingly told, is full of quiet, homely incidents, and nothing could be more delightful than the relations between John Overholt and his optimistic yet practical boy. Though Marion Crawford has portrayed many striking characters, few will retain such a hold on the memory as the two workers in the old farm house,—the man with his hopes and dreams, the boy with his honest, fearless nature and quiet ways.

Thoughts on the Religious Life. Edited by Rev. J. F. Lasance. Benziger Bros. New York. 1907. $1.50.

This work was primarily intended as spiritual reading for the sisterhoods, and was prepared in the hope that it might be a source of encouragement and help to them in their life of sacrifice. The foundation of the work in hand is the first volume of Basso's "Volkommene Klosterfrau," to which has been added a compilation of papers from various Catholic sources treating of the spiritual life, and the virtue and devotion belonging to the cloister. In gathering these instructive and interesting articles, and adjusting them in the present setting, Father Lasance has rendered a notable service. Though intended principally for religious communities of women, the work is also suited to congregations of men. The dearth of postulants in many of our convents leads the reverend author to pray that this book may fall into the hands of young women, and by the grace of God, be instrumental in drawing them from the world and in opening their eyes to the attractions of the religious life.

Meditations for Monthly Retreats. With Preface by Rev. H. C. Semple, S.J. Benziger Bros. New York. 1907. $1.25.

This little classic in religious literature is old to readers of German and Flemish, but now makes its first appearance in English. The method which it follows is that of St. Ignatius and has been in such exclusive use by numbers who make the daily meditation that for them it is like second nature.

The heads of the brief chapters are the old great truths to which we must ever go back when we wish to reform our thoughts, desires and lives. The arguments and texts chosen to enforce these truths are the old telling ones, which as familiar friends gain the easier access to our mind and heart. Father Semple says: "Although the method, subjects, arguments and texts are old the make-up of the book with its happy way of putting things will be found refreshing and novel.

"In our day of unrest—which has begun to invade even books of spirituality—that a book is old and tried, and found to be sound in doctrine and sane in word, will be a special recommendation. Its easy, copious style makes it well suited for reading in the refectory. With a few phrases blotted out here and there the director of the Holy Hour, or such other popular devotions, will find in it many meditations that seem made to order for him. Preachers of missions or of Lenten instructions to the people or of retreats to communities will discover in it a rich mine of matter easy to assimilate."

A Homily of St. Gregory the Great on the Pastoral Office. Translated by Rev. Patrick Boyle, C. M. Benziger Bros. New York.

The Holy Father, Pius X., on the occasion of the thirteenth centenary of Gregory the Great published an Encyclical letter in which he dwelt on the lessons to be learned from the life and writings of that great Pope. His Holiness advised his clergy to read the Homily on the Gospels:

"Read, venerable brethren, that admirable homily of the Holy Pontiff, and make your clergy read and ponder on it, especially at the time of their annual retreat." The translator offers this exhortation as his explanation for rendering the Homily into English, thereby making it more accessible to English-speaking ecclesiastics. The Latin text given in Migne's edition has been followed.

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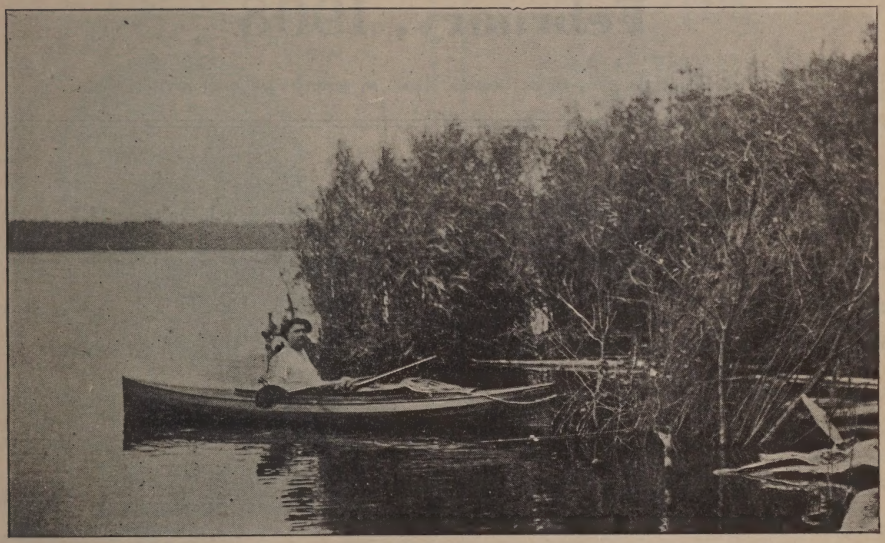

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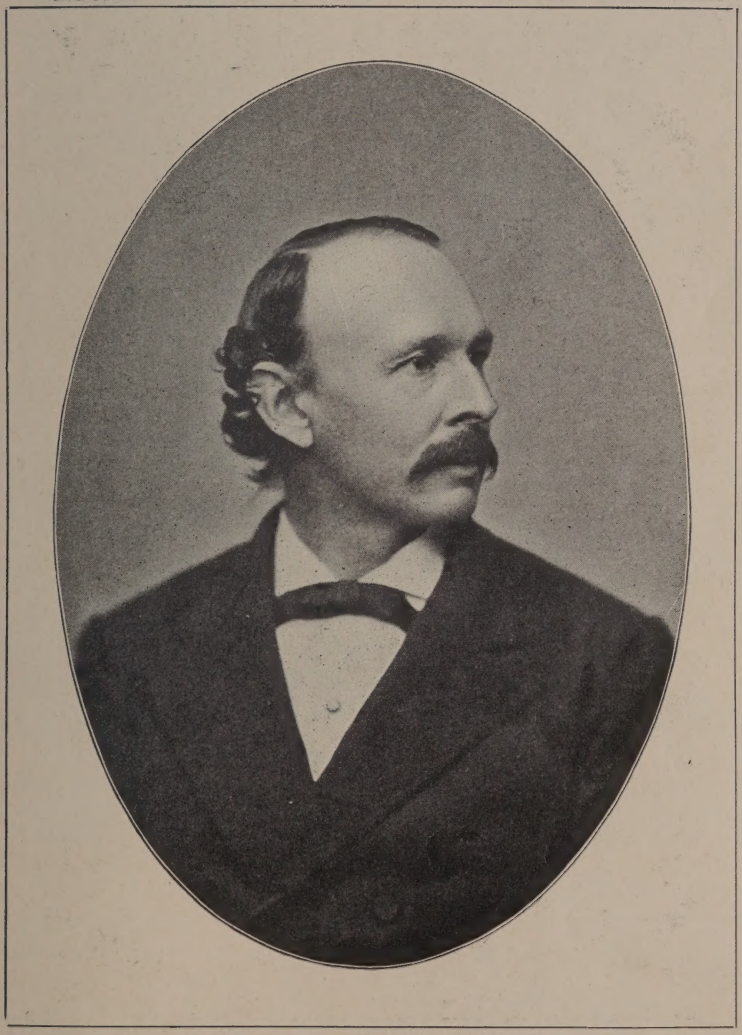


THE LATE JAMES RYDER RANDALL,
Author of "Maryland, My Maryland."

IN FEBRUARY.

Donahoe's Magazine

VOL. LIX. FEBRUARY, 1908. No. 2.

LOBBY OF JEFFERSON HOTEL, CHICAGO, AT TIME OF REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, 1904.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES AND THEIR PROSPECTS.

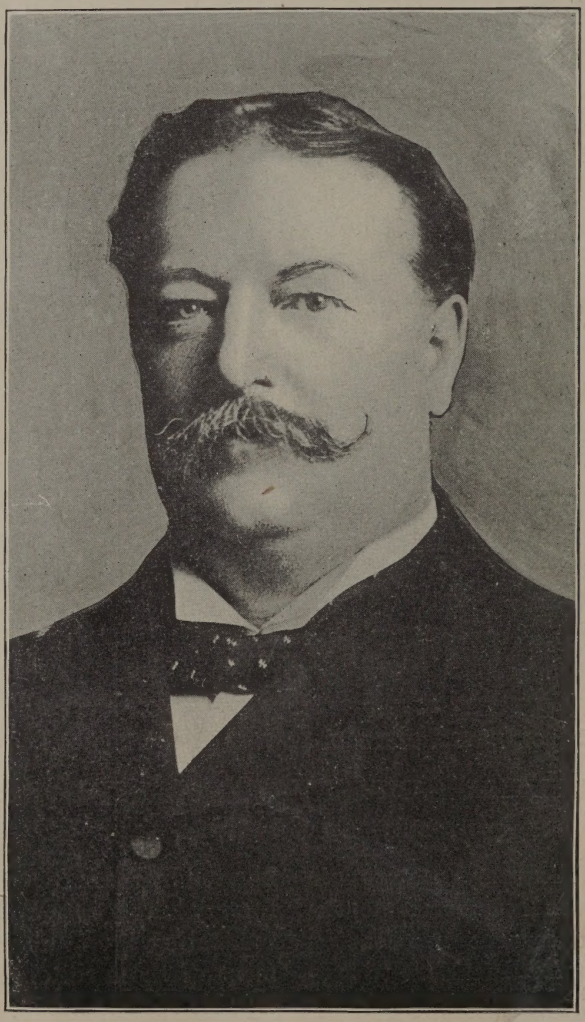
BY ANTHONY J. GAVIGAN, LL.B.

With the Republican and Democratic National conventions less than six months off, the campaign for the two leading party nominations for President to succeed Theodore Roosevelt is gradually taking on form. The issues are being drawn, and in a few weeks the contest between the opposing candidates will be warm enough to satisfy the cravings of all who delight in political warfare.

The Republican aspirants—Taft, Foraker, Hughes, La Follette, Cortelyou, Fairbanks and Cannon—are being ably boosted by their friends, and the various literary bureaus are working overtime disseminating literature for the enlightenment of those editors whose natures are capable of assimilating only the old, conventional moss-grown, stereotyped methods of political procedure.

The opinions of the candidates as to the prospects of their nomination are never valuable. It is a matter of temperament with them, and usually, even when most apparently doomed to defeat, they are likely to be serene in the confidence

of ultimate success. Victories in politics are like victories in war—they are won by enthusiasm, they are lost by timidity. This is why hundreds of men get no nearer to the Presidency than a complimentary vote in one of the nominating conventions. There is no way to trace how many starters have been "scratched." More than a hundred men have entered the lists. There have been twenty-six winners, and, to continue a simile borrowed from the turf, more than two score have been "left at the post." Strictly speaking they are the candidates who never received a vote. Of course any nominee or cause, no matter how unpopular or temporary, would find some supporters, but the Presidents of the United States, it must be remembered, are selected by the electoral college and not by popular vote, as many seem to believe.



HON. WILLIAM H. TAFT,
Secretary of War.

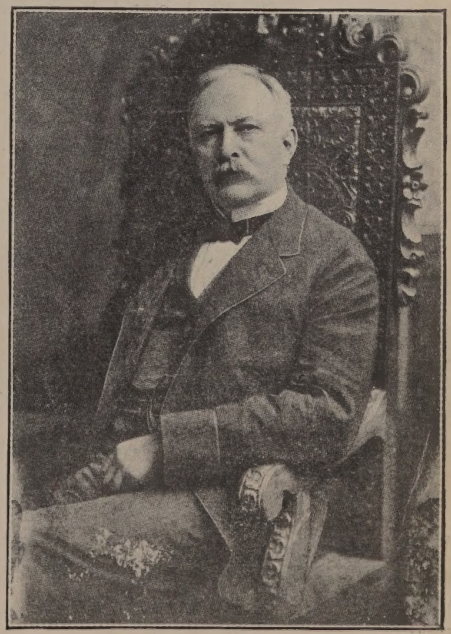
The Republican party has a very simple campaign before it. All it has to do is to select a ticket and the nomination is made unanimous. Republican delegations rarely think. They do what they are told. On the other hand, the Democracy is rent by dissensions. The majority think, but the trouble is that no two always get the same idea. The leader may point the way as much and as long as he pleases, but when he begins to count his followers the result is invariably the same,—his associates are divided into factions, each one leading itself, and no one getting what it wants.

At the present writing William H. Taft, Secretary of War, is the heir apparent to the Republican nomination. The Democratic party, embarrassed by mistakes and misfortunes though it has been, presents a salver filled with the names of distinguished men—all experi-

SCENE AT ENTRANCE OF CONVENTION HALL.
Senator David B. Hill with cross on hat.

enced, honest and capable. Richard Olney, of Massachusetts; Judson Harmon, of Ohio; William J. Bryan; George Gray, of Delaware; Charles A. Culberson, United States Senator from Texas; and Governor Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri, are a few of the many who will receive honest and careful consideration from the National Convention.

To the Republican leaders no candidates are the subjects of a more anxious interest than Secretary Taft and Joseph B. Foraker, United States Senator from Ohio. There was a measurement of forces between the followers of these gifted men at a meeting of the Ohio Republican State Central Committee, with the result strongly in favor of the former, the vote on all questions being fourteen to seven in favor of the big Secretary of War. The programme put through by the latter embraces the holding of the



JOSEPH B. FORAKER,
Senator from Ohio.

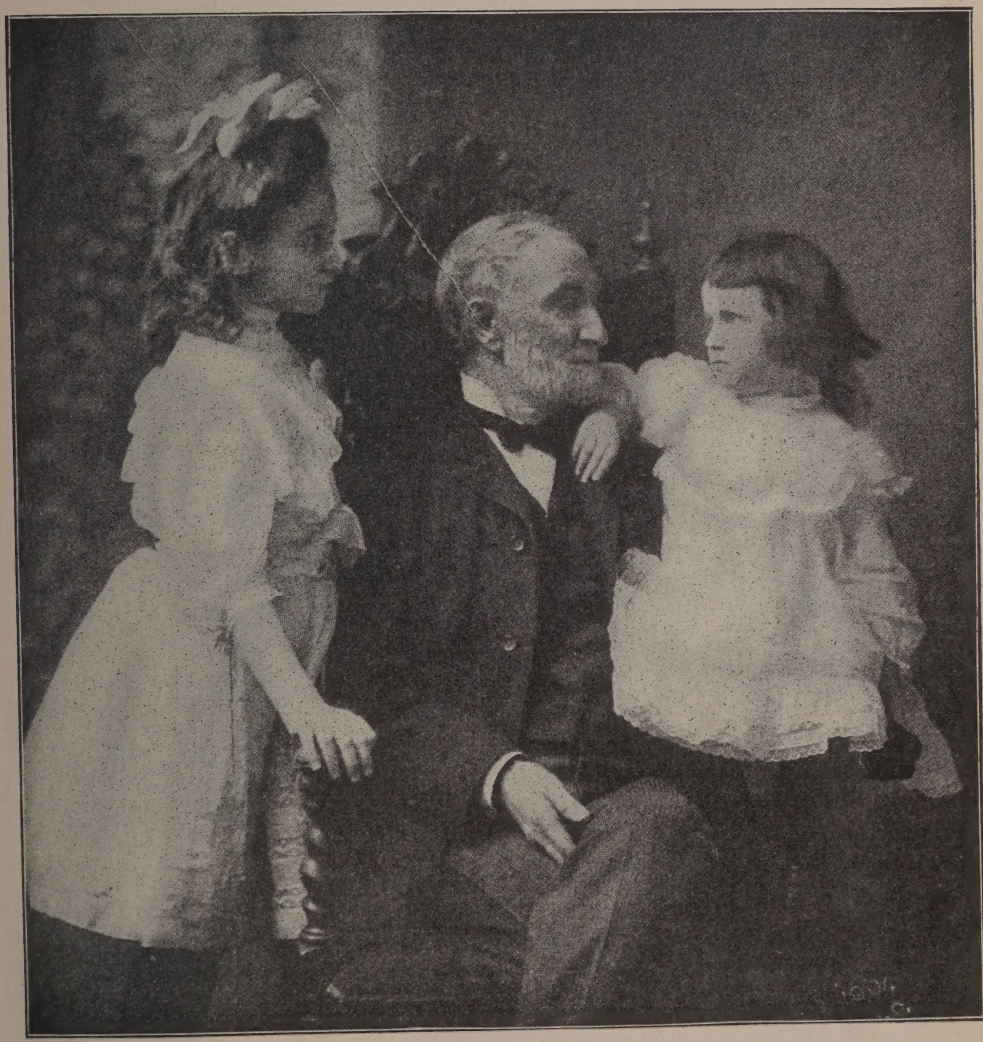
State Convention on March 3, and the selection of James R. Garfield for temporary chairman of the Convention. There is little doubt that the Taft men will elect four delegates at large to the National Convention, and that the Secretary's candidacy will be backed solidly by the delegation from the Buckeye State.

The Democracy would encounter in Judge Taft a foe worthy of its steel. He is in line with the party's most advanced position, whether the financial question, the tariff, the Eastern problem, or the question of expansion, is considered. In tact, adroitness and judgment, he is regarded by many as superior to President Roosevelt, and his ability and experience in office are sufficient guarantees that in the capacity of Chief Magistrate he would

HON. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU,
Secretary of the Treasury.

give the country the benefit of his splendid intellect and his best powers. Judge Taft has the whole Roosevelt administration behind him, and herein lies one

a substitute for Theodore Roosevelt. His Boston speech demonstrated the fallacy of the former and his ability to accept a trying political situation and



Photograph by Clinedinst.

HON. JOSEPH G. CANNON, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AND HIS TWO GRANDCHILDREN.

of his vulnerable points. The belief is prevalent in many quarters—notably among the sugar [illegible]bacco, the Wall Street and the Protective Tariff League interests—that Mr. Taft would be only

to make the best of it. He has been forced by circumstances to act a part in a scene made and provided. He must espouse politics which he did not inaugurate, and cut his cloth according to

SCENE IN FRONT OF JEFFERSON HOTEL JUST BEFORE CONVENTION.

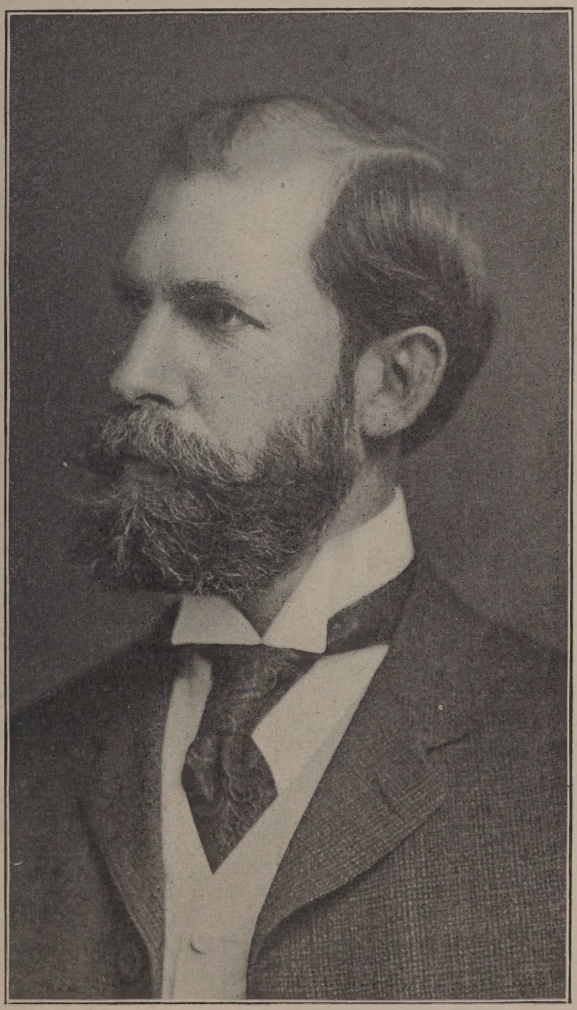
the fashion. Diplomatically, Mr. Taft stood as an emollient for the hurts attributed to Mr. Roosevelt, but he nevertheless showed that he is the echo of no man, that there would be no relaxation of the laws were he President, and no remission in the sternness of their enforcement.

Mr. Roosevelt, when he assumed the Presidency at the death of William McKinley, announced that he would carry out the latter's policies. But he has been a different President from what Mr. McKinley would have been—he had to be, and be himself. So will Judge Taft if he is ever Chief Magistrate.

Mr. Taft is not likely to meet the fate of John Sherman, who in 1880 saw the nomination carried off by another Ohio man, one of his trusted friends. At the Republican National Convention of that year the contest for Sherman's nomination was led by General Garfield and the memorable struggle ended in the selection of the latter, for whom one lone delegate had voted steadily without a protest from Mr. Garfield until in the final break-up other delegates rallied to General Garfield's support and nominated him.

The Republicans are too cunning to give the Democrats the opportunity that would be afforded in the nomination of Senator Foraker. Violently reactionary, typically representative of the old Bourbon element of the party, a corporation Conservative who dislikes President Roosevelt and all that he represents, Joseph Benson Foraker would be an ideal Republican candidate—from a Democratic standpoint. Mr. Foraker is a big, brainy, and, in many respects, a gener-

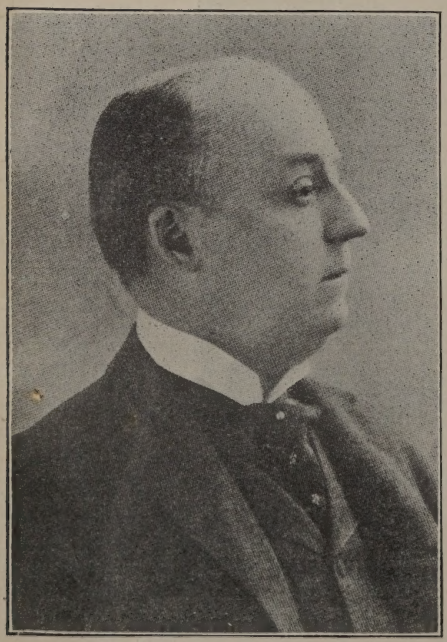
ous man. He shares with Secretary Cortelyou the distinction of being regarded very favorably by Morgan, Harriman, Hill, and other money barons, who scoff at the reform policies of the Roosevelt administration. What *Harper's Weekly* and other Morgan organs declare in print, Senator Foraker utters in public speeches. For example, in an address at a banquet in Cleveland he sweepingly asserted that the recent financial panic was due to the vigorous administration of President Roosevelt, and not to a conspiracy of rich men to bankrupt themselves and the whole country for political purposes. Mr. Foraker is a very versatile and daring man. Any one with half an eye could see that the audacious financial buccaneers who are trying to discredit Roosevelt and his policies have not bankrupted themselves or jeopardized their precious interests. They came through the panic richer men than they were before. They were busy for several years "rigging" the stock market,—working up Wall Street quotations. Morgan is not bankrupt, Harriman is not pleading poverty, Rockefeller is doing business at the same old stand, and in all probability each and all of these financiers laughed at Mr. Foraker's attempt to discredit President Roosevelt and to deceive the public. For such a man to aspire to the greatest office in the gift of the American people is to provoke a smile.



CHARLES E. HUGHES,
Governor of New York.

Mr. Foraker knows that his record does not endear him to the people, but he is anxious to sit six years longer in the "Millionaires' Club," and doubtless will have the support of intrenched wealth and the powerful and predatory interests which President

SCENE IN FRONT OF CONVENTION HALL.



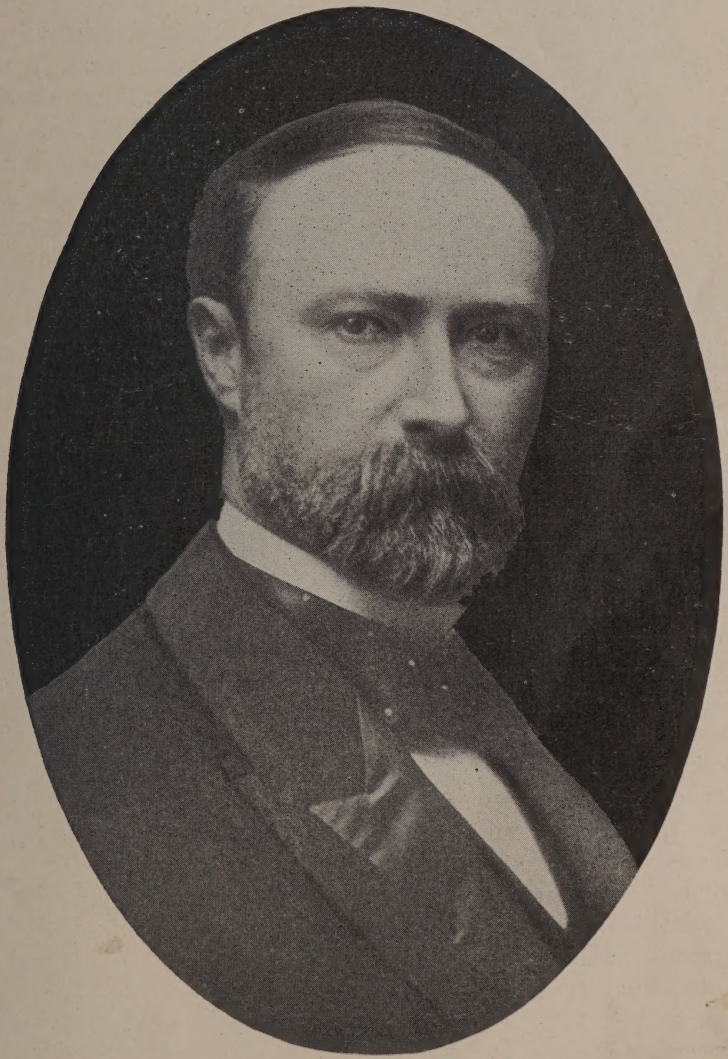
PHILANDER C. KNOX,
Senator from Pennsylvania

Roosevelt is endeavoring to curb. With Mr. Foraker nominated for the great office of President, Democratic hope would be an assured success.

Since President Roosevelt fell on and wrecked the third term movement, in the interests of Judge Taft, the Cortelyou boom—if so nebulous a thing as talk can be called a boom—has been sobbing and pining in the corner where the President's renunciation threw it. Occasional rumblings of it, however, are heard. Senator Thomas C. Platt is nursing it, and the Wall Street magnates are stirring up a sort of yearning in the Secretary's breast that all "is not leather and prunella" until the Convention meets.

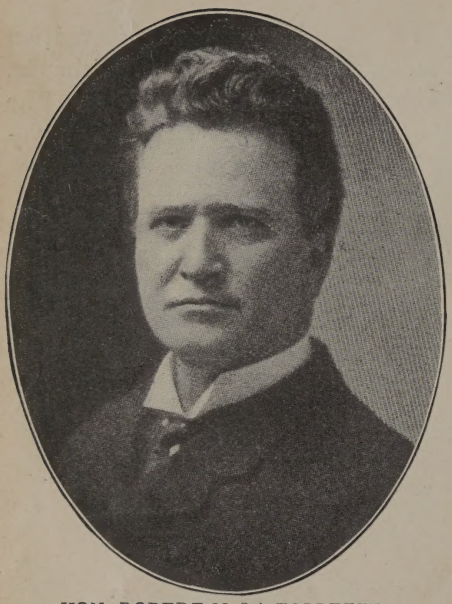
Mr. Cortelyou took his candidacy very much to heart, so seriously in fact that the Taft managers in Ohio felt constrained to warn the President that he was being used as a stalking horse in the interests of the Secretary of the Treasury, among southern Republicans, by Internal

Revenue Commissioner Capers and other administration officials in close touch with the southern patronage machine. Their plan as represented to Mr. Roosevelt, was to boom the President for a third term,—knowing he would not accept one—and thus hold a sufficient number of southern delegates in reserve until such a time as it seemed propitious to spring Cortelyou as a "dark horse" upon a convention divided between Taft, Hughes, Fairbanks, and two or three other candidates. The Wall Street contingent still openly advocate Mr. Cortelyou's nomination, and the latest news from New Jersey is to the effect that he is the choice of the Republican machine of that State.



CHARLES A. FAIRBANKS,
Vice-President of United States.

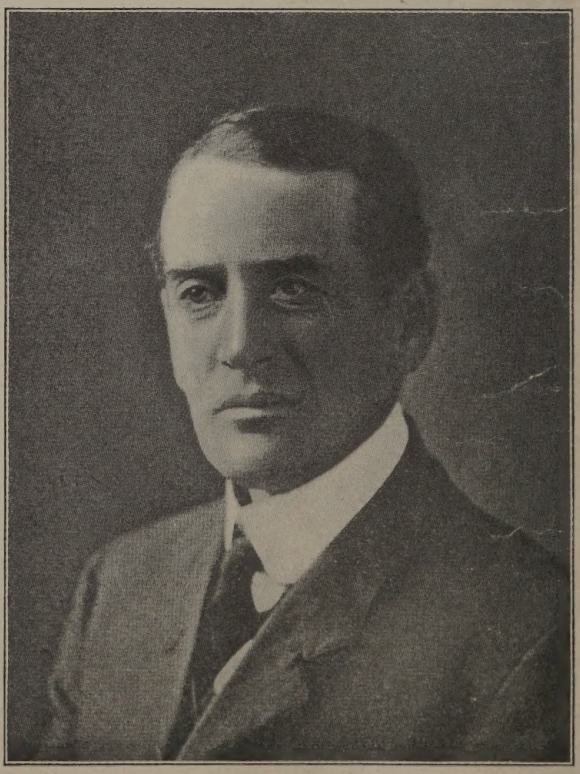
A cool examination of Cortelyou's



HON. ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE,
Senator from Wisconsin.

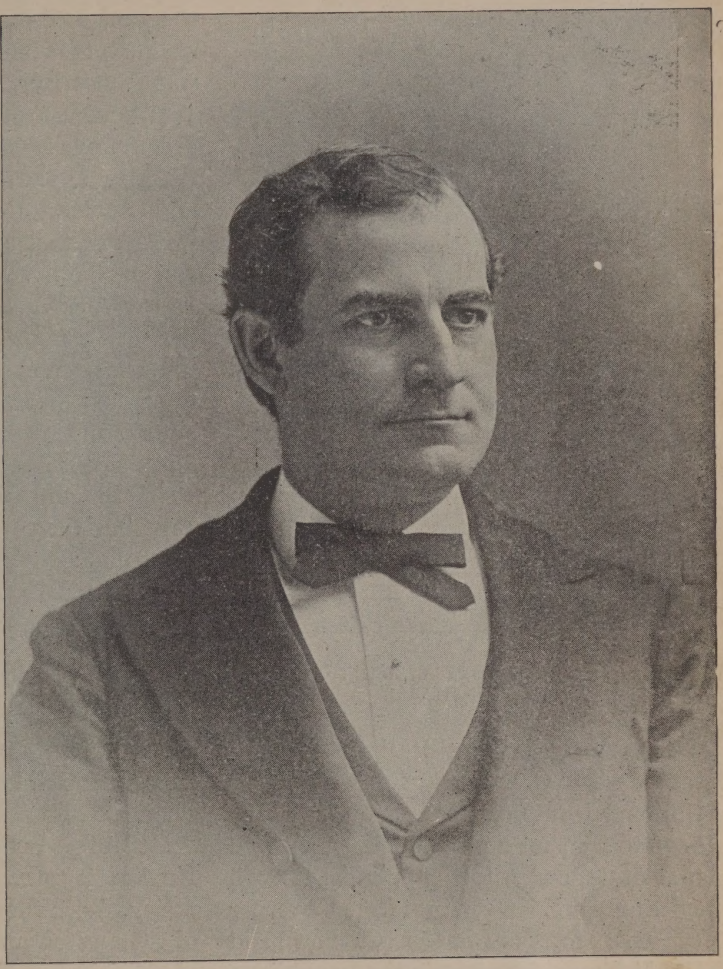
claims by the writer, who, in the capacity of a Washington correspondent, had exceptional opportunities, social, political and otherwise, for knowing and studying this solemn, secretive man and his availability, is all that is needed to show that his nomination is inconceivable. His presidential assets consist of some favorable newspaper notices and golden opinions from financiers in New York and elsewhere in connection with his steadiness during the recent panic. But what the astute managers of the Republican party will have to consider, however, will be what sort of a campaign this protege of Wall Street and federal office-holders would make; what success could a candidate hope to win, under whom, as Chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1904, the Harriman and the beef trust and the Standard Oil contributions were collected to aid the Republican candidate for president.

Mr. Cortelyou, like the late President Harrison, is an icicle. Men dislike him. He is as devoid of originality as a pine box, and of humor or good nature as a porcupine. Most, if not all, of the Washington correspondents avoid him. The man does not live who can talk to him in a natural tone of voice. He suggests potential, if not actually contemplated suicide. Everything about the fellow and his environment is suggestive of reticence, gloom, suspicion. Ask him a simple question and you will get a shake of the head. Repeat it half a dozen times with a view of provoking something vocal from him



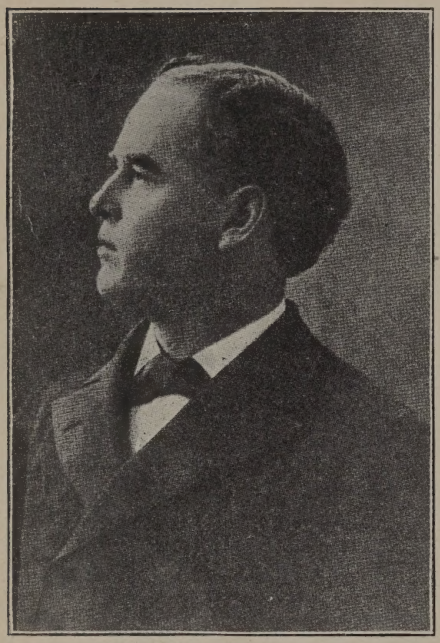
HON. JOHN A. JOHNSON,
Governor of Minnesota.

and the reply will be: "If you desire an expression of opinion, I have nothing to say." That sort of thing is what defeated Benjamin Harrison in 1892. The country did not want a Democratic President at that particular time, but it repudiated the nomination of Harrison. Cleveland was elected President because the Republicans voted against their candidate and his Cortelyouesque methods. It was not a popular endorsement of the Democratic party by any means. This is the cold truth of history.



WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

"It isn't what you say," Lord Chesterfield sagaciously wrote his son, "it is how you say it." One day a group of politicians called upon President Harrison to urge the appointment of a certain man to a federal office. Harrison dismissed them curtly with the statement that the matter had been closed and would not be reopened. In a day or two the appointment in question went into the Senate and it bore the name of the very candidate the politicians had mentioned. The President meant to appoint their man but he would not be gracious enough to say so. That sort of thing is what beat him. The vote shows it. In 1888 Harrison received 5,440,000 votes, and in 1892, 5,176,000 votes. In 1888 Cleveland received 5,538,000 votes, and in 1892, 5,556,000 votes. Instead of 12,000,000 that it might have polled in 1892, the country cast but a little over 11,000,000 votes. A million Republicans stayed at home. They would not vote for Harrison, the iceberg, and they will not support Cortelyou, the portentous icicle.

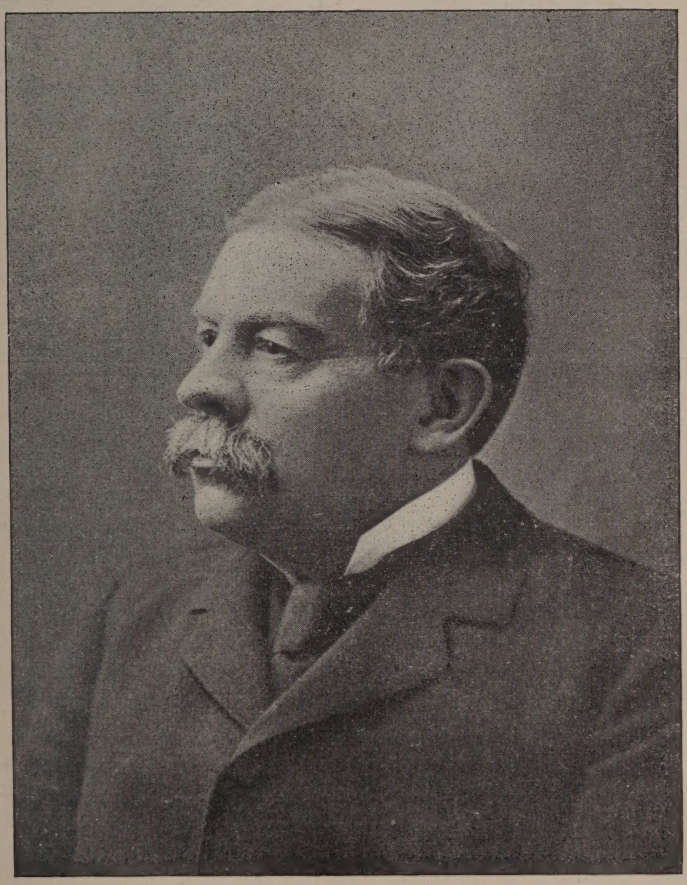


CHARLES A. CULBERSON.
Senator from Texas.

There are growing indications in Illinois that Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, may have to fight for a united delegation from that State, owing to the political turmoil existing there. Overtures from Governor Dineen's forces to the Cannon and Hopkins men, for peace in the Republican party,—which would give Mr. Cannon a solid delegation to the convention and permit the unopposed election of Albert Hopkins to the United States Senate—have fallen through. Unless a truce is patched up Illinois will send a divided delegation to the convention. As matters now stand "Uncle Joe" is little more than a passive candidate. He has passed the allotted three score and ten and no man of his years has ever attained the Presidency. The oldest man ever elected Chief Magistrate was William H. Harrison. He was sixty-eight years of age, four years the junior of Speaker Cannon, when he reached that eminence. Next in order was James Buchanan who landed in the White House at sixty-six. The list in order of age after Buchanan is as follows: Zachary Taylor, sixty-five; John Adams and Andrew Jackson, sixty-two; John Quincy Adams, James Madison and James Monroe, fifty-eight; George Washington and Andrew Johnson, fifty-seven; Martin Van Buren and Benjamin Harrison, fifty-five; Rutherford B. Hayes, fifty-four; William McKinley, fifty-three; Abraham Lincoln, fifty-two; John Tyler and Chester A. Arthur, fifty-one; Millard Fillmore and James K. Polk, fifty; Franklin Pierce and James A. Garfield, forty-nine; Ulysses S. Grant, forty-seven; and Theodore Roosevelt, forty-three. Speaker Cannon was born in 1836, and his age alone renders his chances of securing a nomination the reverse of hopeful.

"The best Governor New York ever had" is no fulsome characterization of Charles E. Hughes, for whom the Empire State will go to Chicago with a solid vote. Hughes is pursuing a sit-still-and-wait policy. With the exception of the activity of the Boston and Maine Railroad group of politicians in New Hampshire and some friends in the Empire State, the Hughes boom has made little headway. Though his views on national questions are little known Mr. Hughes has inspired a certain confidence and respect throughout the New England States and the West which make him a dangerous factor. The Roosevelt forces are doing their utmost to hold back a Hughes endorsement in New York City and to spike the Governor's guns as a presidential candidate. Until President Roosevelt declared for Secretary Taft, Governor Hughes' chances of securing the nomination kept

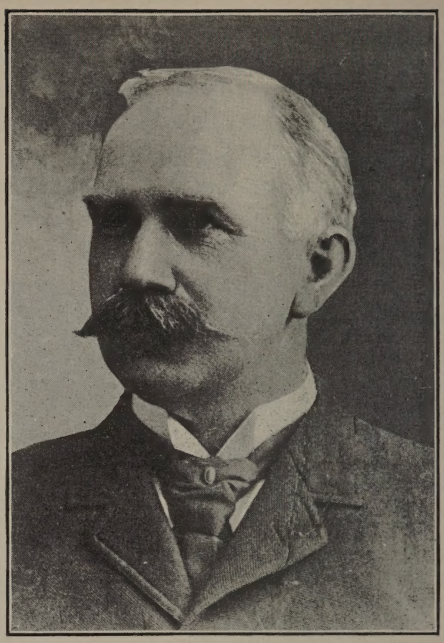
all the other aspirants in suspense and bewilderment as to where they stood in the great presidential free-for-all. I question very much, however, whether Governor Hughes or any combination of opposing candidates could wrest the nomination from Judge Taft, unless the latter fails to secure a majority of the instructed vote in Ohio, or President Roosevelt loses his great popularity between now and convention day.



RICHARD OLNEY,
Massachusetts.

The Knox boom so far has not excited anybody outside of Pennsylvania. The Senator's chief claim to public gratitude is based upon the part which he took, as Attorney General, in the legal proceedings that led to the dissolution of the Great Northern Securities Company as a violator of the Sherman anti-trust law. Knox's connection, however, with the Pennsylvania Railroad and other great corporation interests in the Keystone

JOSPEH W. FOLK,
Governor of Missouri.



JUDSON HARMON.
Ohio.

State removes all doubt as to the verdict of the Convention in the event of his name being placed in nomination. No one whose opinion is worth considering will deny that Mr. Knox is a great lawyer and an astute politician, but any one with half an eye on history and current events must recognize that no greater menace to the stability and welfare of the Republic and of society exists than the attorneys who help organize these vast aggregations of capital, who defend them when they are called to answer for their crimes, and who—worst of all—teach them how to evade the law. It is their skill, their shrewdness and their unscrupulousness, on which the Rockefellers and the Harrimans rely whenever plotting against the public interests. This is how the adherents of Senator Knox foreshadow his nomination:

"It will take 491 votes to nominate. Grave doubts are entertained as to whether Taft will get a majority of the delegates from Ohio, his own state. The fifty-four votes of Illinois are committed to Joseph G. Cannon, and in addition two delegates have been elected and instructed for him in the Eighth Michigan district. However, under the call of the national committee, these two delegates must be elected over again. Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks will get the thirty votes of Indiana, and Senator La Follette is expected to have Wisconsin's twenty-six votes. Governor Hughes of New York is far from assured of the seventy-eight votes of that state. Senator Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania has the sixty-eight votes of that state pledged to him by the unanimous action of the Republican Convention. He thus has more real visible strength than any other candidate. Mr. Knox's press bureau will probably keep on developing and nursing his boom but nobody else will."

The crippling of the Fairbanks' boom

by a harmless cocktail served at a luncheon to President Roosevelt is now history. But it was only crippled. There is no reason to suppose that any other candidate can steal Indiana away from the Vice-President—at least not on the first ballot or two, and that is an important fact for all the boomers to remember, since the state will have thirty delegates at Chicago and it is still in the doubtful column. Tilden carried it in 1876 and Cleveland got a majority in it in 1884 and 1892. That it is a state of Democratic antecedents, and that Mr. Fairbanks is a multi-millionaire, will, however, have little or no effect in inducing the convention to see in the tall Vice-President a worthy successor to President Roosevelt.

To organize sentiment into an effective movement for the purpose of nominating Senator La Follette, the Wisconsin people have projected a popular subscription fund. This is the first movement of the kind started within the Republican party. La Follette is a poor man. He earned big fees as a lawyer, but he spent all he made fighting single-handed the railroads, the privileged interests of the state and the timber thieves. Polls taken in different parts of the West, by persons unfriendly to the Senator, have shown a strength which places him among the reform leaders fit to succeed Roosevelt. He will have the delegates from his own state and probably a few scattering ones; but his record as a regular Republican will not impress itself upon an organization which denied him recognition in the last Presidential Convention, and it is doubtful if he allows his name to go before the coming grand inquest of the party at Chicago.

There is considerable rivalry among the Democratic managers of New York, but the best informed observers agree that they will send a solid delegation to Denver for ex-Governor David B. Hill or Lieutenant-Governor Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler. They see in the chronic candidacy of William J. Bryan the substitution of the will of an individual for the law of the majority. The Nebraskan's views on Government ownership of public utilities and his evident determination to be the "whole show" have been profoundly disquieting to men of conservative temper, and thus it happens that when the talk of "anything to beat Bryan" is the outgrowth of any given set of circumstances, most of the political wiseacres listen with enthusiasm to the name of Chanler. The latter has given utterance to a varied assortment of views on a wide range of political and sociological subjects. They were not pernicious or dangerous; they were for the most part simply valueless, utterly impractical. Conservative reformers are the most effective; even the destructive ones serve a useful purpose to the extent of pointing out weaknesses. But the instructive reformer is the least edifying of all and Chanler has the iconoclastic vices of demolition without the constructive skill to suggest substitutes for that which is destroyed. He is a millionaire, however, but his "bar'l" will fail to win him sufficient supporters in a party which is rich in material from which an available selection can be made.

The Chanler boomers and the opponents of William J. Bryan maintain that no twice-defeated candidate, and no continuous aspirant for the Presidency, has ever attained that office. Aaron Burr, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Lewis Cass, Stephen A. Douglas, William H. Seward, James G. Blaine, John Sherman—none of them attained his persistent ambition. Neither will Mr. Bryan. Except in the

electoral college of 1892 the Democrats never had votes enough to win without New York. This is why Democratic State Chairman William J. Conners and other leaders are bent upon nominating a man who can nail down the Empire State. Its record in voting against the Republican ticket is as follows:

Since 1864:

1868.	Democratic	10,000
1876.	Democratic	32,818
1884.	Democratic	1,047
1892.	Democratic	45,578

The nearest approach to an argument for Mr. Bryan is that he is strong in the West. Throughout the West and far West, where Bryanism raged most intensely in 1896, his poll fell off in 1900 by an aggregate of 206,475 votes, although the ratio of voters to the whole number of citizens was about the same in 1900 as it was in 1896. This diminished poll for Mr. Bryan in his second run in the far western states where he had the strongest hold in 1896 is very significant.

While Mr. Bryan and his followers are speaking in riddles, glittering generalities, and carefully studied phrases, about the issues of the next campaign, the voice of Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, rings out above the clamor and confusion of tongues, and challenges the enemy to war. There is no mistaking where Governor Johnson stands. He has struck the keynote of the next presidential campaign. He says flatly that Congressmen must revise the tariff or the people will change the Congressmen.

Tariff reform is an old, old story, but it is more popular with the Democratic party than free silver or anti-imperialism and it is the only issue upon which the party has won during the past quarter of a century. The *New York World*, in impassioned leaded brevier, has exalted Governor Johnson in a felicitous editorial; and leading western newspapers are a unit in stating that he would poll more votes than Bryan or any of the other Democratic candidates, and in the event of his election would end—for a time at least—all exhibitions of hysteria at the White House.

Governor Johnson, in a recent interview, said of Judge Gray of Delaware: "He would make an ideal President, combining in learning and experience the three co-ordinate branches of government—legislative, executive and judicial." Judge Gray has been conspicuous in public life more than a quarter of a century. As a diplomatist and legislator he has won signal distinction. When Thomas F. Bayard resigned from the United States Senate in 1885 to become Secretary of State in President Cleveland's Cabinet, George Gray was chosen his successor. He served continuously and with singular distinction for fourteen years. In recognition of his legal skill and diplomatic qualifications President McKinley made him a member of the Paris Commission which drafted the treaty of peace between Spain and the United States. He served as chairman of the Commission appointed by President Roosevelt in 1902, which settled the coal strike and established industrial peace in the anthracite regions. Delaware will undoubtedly send a Gray delegation to Denver. The Democratic State Committee has already indorsed his candidacy, and with the single exception of Richard Olney of Massachusetts no nomination would appeal more eloquently to the Democrats of the two great "pivotal" states, New York and New Jersey, than that of Judge Gray.

Volumes have been written about the

Monroe Doctrine and the lessons it drives home to us. It is a subject ever old and ever fresh. In the history and literature of this tenet Richard Olney, while Secretary of State under Cleveland, contributed the most important chapter since that principle was first enunciated by President Monroe, eighty-six years ago. Mr. Olney's ultimatum to England —that the Venezuelan controversy should be submitted to arbitration and that the United States would not remain indifferent to the seizure of any portion of South American territory by any foreign power, but would assume a special guardianship over it—would make his selection as the standard-bearer of the Democratic party timely and appropriate in view of the relations existing between this country and England's ally, Japan, relative to the immigration of Japanese coolies into the United States.

No man in public life to-day embodies more of the spirit of Monroe, or more fully measures up to the old school of American statesmen, than Mr. Olney. Irish-Americans would be a unit for him. His experience in public affairs and general understanding of the principles of government would more than offset any disadvantage to which his years might subject him. During a recent tour of the West I found the Democrats of that section hungry for a man of the type of Richard Olney, who has exactly the poise, the mental balance and the sturdiness to herd the discordant elements of the party into one inclosure and to bring the radical politicians of Japan to their senses. Mr. Olney, in my opinion, is the only Democrat who could defeat Judge Taft. He would enter the campaign with the friendship of Union labor,—which is now opposed to the War Secretary because of the attitude of the latter on the question of injunctions while on the Federal bench,—and with the support of the Republicans who are tired of Mr. Roosevelt's policies and of a Rooseveltian government.

As the divisions of strength now stand the South will hold the balance of power in the Convention between the East and the West. Not long ago when a New York editor was scanning the political horizon for an available southern candidate he selected Charles A. Culberson, United States Senator from Texas. Mr. Culberson's credentials are made up of a few newspaper notices and an election to the minority leadership of the Senate. He is an able, courteous and dignified man, but the party looks with little more than polite consideration upon his candidacy since it is not at all certain that he can secure a solid delegation from the Lone Star State, his colleague, Bailey, being powerful enough to frustrate his ambition, there being between the two senators a feeling akin to poison.

A noteworthy change has come over the political complexion of Missouri in the past half dozen years. Up to 1902 the Democrats were wont to boast of a 40,000 majority at the least, and the election figures usually bore out their claims. To-day the state stands about evenly divided in partisan strength between the two parties, as could well be if both sides had "closed up," as the boys are accustomed to do in their field contests. Beyond this regular strength there are about 40,000 independent voters to whom both parties must appeal to decide the issue. These independent voters, who formerly voted the Democratic ticket, have had their eyes opened to the machine which was thoroughly exposed by Prosecuting At-

torney Joseph W. Folk in 1904 when it was found that a combine existed in the State Legislature, headed by a Democratic Lieutenant-Governor, which levied tribute of blackmail and boodle upon the business interests of the State as well upon every person who was interested in the passage of bills in the General Assembly. This year the same leaders who manipulated the machine and dominated the councils of the Democratic party in 1904 are in the centre of affairs again.

Mr. Folk, who convicted several of the ringleaders and denounced the whole aggregation all over the state, is himself discredited by the exposure of his selfish political ambitions, fostered at the expense of the state charitable institutions, of the metropolitan police departments of St. Louis and Kansas City, and of the best interests of the people wherever they conflicted with his own. "The arbiter of others' fate is a suppliant for his own." Mr. Folk is to be relegated to obscurity by the very machine which the people thought he had smashed, and all the signs indicate that the Democratic Convention will be controlled by the same sinister influences this year that made Missouri a byword and a reproach in the old world as well as the new four short years ago.

As if emphasizing the contention that in selecting a standard-bearer for the year's campaign the Democratic party is not confined to the name of Mr. Bryan by any means, the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, which warmly supported the Nebraskan in his two unsuccessful attempts to reach the Presidency, formally enters Judson Harmon of Ohio, who was Cleveland's Attorney General, as a candidate for the nomination. Mr. Harmon has been the subject of frequent commendatory notices from my pen in connection with his flawless record in important Federal positions, but he would not poll the vote which would be given Richard Olney, who has nothing to apologize for, nothing to defend.

Who then might the nominees be? The chances favor Secretary Taft and Richard Olney. The former will control the delegations from Alabama, Arkansas, California, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Washington, Wyoming, Alaska, Hawaii, New Mexico, Philippines, Porto Rico and Arizona. These delegations have a total of 433 votes in the Convention, only fifty-eight less than is necessary to a choice. In addition to these Judge Taft is sure to divide the Ohio vote with Senator Foraker and to secure enough support from other delegations to insure his nomination. Mr. Bryan can only be nominated if there arises between now and July a political revolution of which at present no premonition appears.

SUORA FELICITA.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

(Concluded.)

In another moment he was greeting Mrs. Ronald, while Dorothy spoke to her companion, a young Roman, and the party moved to the stairway. Latham's last words left Dorothy with a certain sense of relief. At least he believed in God; for he was not one to use words without meaning, especially at such a moment. Mrs. Ronald lingered near the door of the reception rooms watching the brilliant sight, and as usual after her first astonishment at his unexpected appearance her tongue ran on freely about her own affairs. Dorothy's long absence this evening, then Latham's good-bye in the picture gallery had not been lost on her, and she half dreaded the announcement of an engagement, which, suitable as it might be, would not fall in with her plans for her cousin.

"Dorothy is so enjoying her Roman winter, but she is not as fond of gayeties as other girls, and singularly unsusceptible for her age. I don't know how it is that young people are so sensible nowadays. Now Don Mario Marini, the son of the old Prince, is most anxious to marry her; and the dear old man tells me to try and 'arrange' the marriage. Imagine arranging a marriage for an American girl. The Italians are so much more frank and naive in these matters than we. Very sensible of them after all."

"Quite so," Latham responded, "but I think in these money-massing days our old-fashioned belief in love is veering comfortably towards the marriage of convenience of the Latin races." He was talking idly, for his eye and mind had wandered to Dorothy and the tall young Roman, bending towards her with an expression of deep interest on his dark face, while she looked white and weary though smiling and talking.

How beautiful she was, he thought, as he looked at her; and what a true helpmeet she might have been for a character like his, with that sunny brightness, congeniality, and constant sympathy, which gave her such a charm. She so altogether suited his fastidious fancy in her air of distinction and the grave touch of dignity which sat so strangely on her young face. However, all that was at end; and he roused himself drearily enough.

"Poor child! she has had worry enough for one night, and the cousin will certainly begin asking her questions. I will save her that much, at least," was his thought. So as he escorted Mrs. Ronald down the stair to her carriage, he said:

"Probably you have read that one-time famous novel 'Called Back?'"

Mrs. Ronald wondered at his irrelevancy, but nodded assent.

"Then you may remember a certain passage in it regarding the heroine—'She is not for love or marriage.' These same words are applicable, though in a different sense, to Miss Berners. You Catholics best know the reason; as she herself has convinced me to-night in giving me her reasons for becoming a religious. I tell you this," he continued very gravely, "because I think she will be glad for you to know; but please do not mention it to her to-night, if I may ask a favor. Also I know you will excuse me from coming to your reception to-morrow, for I leave for England by the midnight train. Good night, and thank you for all your kindness."

His low voice was more even perhaps

than usual, with no trace of feeling in it; but even good-hearted Mrs. Ronald, utterly dismayed and excited as she was at the news he gave her, forbore to question or comment, noting woman-like, the trouble in the man's eyes.

He saw Dorothy Berners only once again, the next night, at the Midnight Mass at the Trinitadei Monti, where he had gone with the hope of seeing her before he left for England. His keen eyes recognized her instantly among the throng of worshippers in the quiet church. The Mass was nearly over, even the Christmas music was silent. Dorothy had lifted her face for a second from her clasped hands, and the expression of quietly-reverent happiness upon it made Latham feel as if he had intruded on something not intended for his sight. He turned and quietly left the church; and as his vettura rattled through the stony Roman streets to the station, the reflection was borne in upon him that she had best known where to find her happiness, into which neither he nor anything human entered; for from the human point of view was she not sacrificing all that makes life worth living?

His thoughts were gloomy, and the blankness of that final parting accompanied him through the darkness as the express rushed northwards, carrying him irrevocably away. Yet through it all Latham wondered that his resentment was not stronger against the Church which had dealt him so tremendous a blow through his affections. He sought in vain to bring up against it the time-worn reproach of sophistry and mediaevalism; but, notwithstanding, it came out triumphant in the quality which most appealed to his reasoning mind—logic—thorough and consistent. Did the Protestants who so gloried in the Bible they quoted so glibly, often follow it out thus literally, not only in the letter but the spirit, as these Catholics who so seldom spoke of it? Basil Latham had no hatred or prejudice against the "old religion." He was too broad-minded for bigotry, too well-read for ignorance; and to him, as he was wont to say, it possessed more logical consistency than any other. Pitilessly scornful of the modern cult of materialism with which he had no sympathy whatever, the intense craving after the spiritual in Latham's nature made much in Catholicism congenial to him.

Some time ago he had written to his brother who was wavering on the threshold: "It is the surrender of one's own opinion and private judgment to the authority of another that seems to me to cost the most in the Catholic Church, so if you do not feel equal to the ordeal of submitting to the pruning knife, stay outside. Don't go into it with the idea that you with your zeal and modernity of thought will be able to smooth the angles off the Rock of Peter; and if you *should* decide that the cause is worth fighting for, better be a common soldier in the ranks than a dissatisfied officer considering the generals and their methods superannuated. For me, I frankly confess my intellectual egotism is not equal to the test, so I let it alone."

Latham heard only once, through some friends of Mrs. Ronald, that Dorothy had entered the convent in Baltimore, but since then nothing more. His nature was singularly faithful, and his love for her had left a lasting mark on his personality. It was the closing of a chapter in his life—a point from which new paths seemed to diverge, and from that time he plunged into literary work with complete absorption. When Latham's brother finally took the decisive

step of becoming a Catholic his advice was even more characteristic than his previous warning:

"So you are safely settled in the 'Household of the Faith' at last. Well, don't commence to criticise its architecture, and pull the walls down above your head; for I assure you, by experience, that camping out on the storm-blown moorland of one's private convictions without a household fire to warm one's self by is chilly work, on the whole."

This want of an inward household fire, of which Latham spoke, became more pronounced as time went on. The period had come for him as it must do to every true thinker when the way leads into settled belief or infidelity. The higher nature within him turned more naturally to belief, and his ultimate reception into the Catholic Church was its natural and logical conclusion. Latham's conversion caused a nine days' wonder, of course; but these are days of tolerance not to say indifference, in religious as in many other matters, and the old bitterness of some years back was no longer possible. Nevertheless sneers were not wanting or predictions from old friends that this was the end of his literary career, hampered as he would be henceforth by the intellectual limitations of the Catholic Church. Surprise, however, was in store for them. All his life Basil Latham had gone his way regardless of public opinion. His convictions were his own to be freely expressed. Nor did he fall into the convert's frequent error of over-estimating his own importance. He fully realized that in spite of his intellect and wide culture there was much for him to learn, and that the Church had got on without him all these centuries. But now that he was of it, he threw all his whole-hearted energy into its championship.

Moreover, Latham's conversion had come at a period when the theories of the modern school of thought were causing much divergency of opinion even in high places; and many weak-minded people were carried off their balance by ideas which, apparently clothed with wings of light, proved when dissected by sound logic to be but the flimsiest structures, with no permanent basis of solid reason. Certain laymen of intense moral rectitude but blinded by pride of intellect, forming mistaken ideals by which the Church's strength and purity of thought were to be sustained, arrogated to themselves not only the task of reformers but dictators to authority. Basil Latham took up the battle with the keen zeal of a fighter and the entire loyalty of a mind not to be swayed by passing extravagancies of thought. His name carried weight; and not only his intellectual novels but his books and articles in the reviews were looked for as events in the literary world, as embodying the highest expression of contemporary thought, even if viewed from a rival standpoint.

While admitting with the highest authority that certain minor concessions and reforms might be expedient for the exigencies of the times, he never abated one tithe of the Church's rights. His blows delivered with the rapier of satire, backed occasionally by the sledge-hammer of argument, were invariably telling. That same power of keenest satire which had made his first novels so incisive, served often to render the views of his opponents not only unsound but ridiculous, that most killing quality to an argument. A second Louis Veuillot in fearless outspokenness Basil Latham was the Catholic writer for whom the Church had been waiting, whose intellectual power was not ashamed of his faith. Conversant

as he was with the theories of most advanced scientific thought, their strong points as well as their weak, he met them on their own ground, repeatedly throwing down the challenge that if by their research, instead of demolishing established beliefs, they could throw more unerring light on social problems, unlock one key of the door of the spiritual world and penetrate the mystery of immortality, their theories might be considered to have passed out of the realm of mere speculations and premises into actuality.

Five years after Latham's first meeting with Dorothy Berners he happened to be in Rome once again at Christmas time. In spite of being irresistibly drawn to it as a Catholic, he felt a strange reluctance to revisiting the city so inseparably connected in his mind with what even now revived the pain which Time had mercifully dulled. Some historical research, however, only to be verified at the Vatican Library, necessarily brought him back to Rome. As usual Basil Latham was feted and invited on every side. His old friends and acquaintances in Rome, and many even, who only knew him by repute, vied with one another in attempting to lionize the writer who was such a power. Now as ever, however, he was loath to court popularity. The society which forgave him so freely for all his past satire of it had little attraction for him. When his work was accomplished, beyond seeing a few old friends and paying some visits, among others several long and cordial interviews with his old friend the Cardinal, Roman cosmopolitan society, that so dearly loves a celebrity, saw very little of Latham.

He had been passing the last afternoon of his stay in Rome in the Forum among the recent excavations in which he was keenly interested. On his way back to his hotel he passed by a little church near San Pietro in Vincoli, where the bells were ringing the sunset Ave Maria. He entered the open doorway. Benediction was going on; but there was no light in the church save from the altar, and only a few worshippers knelt on the marble pavement. Involuntarily Latham thought of Newman; and how, in this self-same Rome, many years ago, the "kindly light" had shone on his pathway at just such a quiet Benediction.

Then from the choir above voices began to sing the "Ave Verum," and above them all, unutterably clear and sweet, one voice rang out startlingly through the stillness, making his heart beat wildly for a moment—a voice which he would have known in a thousand. This could be no illusion, born of association. It was Dorothy's voice, but with a difference—that strange mystical change which he had once predicted. His own words came re-echoing back to him: "A great love, a great sorrow, a great ambition!" She had found them all; together with the voice—sorrow for the world's sin and suffering, ambition for its betterment, and above all the love for the Infinite Love which had claimed her.

Then came the recollection of her reply to him on that same occasion: "You could do better if some great purpose animated your work, and if you had faith you could move mountains."

Now he, too, had this purpose; above all the faith which made effort easy, and, please God, if time were given him, he hoped to help in the work of moving mountains of unbelief from minds that doubted or wavered. Their various paths had been ordained for them in a direction far different to his forecasts, though the predictions were literally fulfilled. As he left the little church, when Benediction

was ended, his thoughts were strangely mingled between peacefulness and pain.

Some Romans of the "popolo" were coming out alongside him, and he heard their comments: "That was Suora Felicita who sang to-night. She with the voice of an angel." "And an angel's heart, as the poor well know," rejoined the other.

"And the face of one," Latham could have added, as he strode on through the December twilight, for a vision came back to him out of the darkness, of a slender figure in filmy white, and the expression on the pure young face with its star-lit eyes, as in her good-bye she had told him she prayed for him always.

All unheedingly he gained the heights of the city again, traversed the length of Via Sistina towards Trinita dei Monti, from whence Rome lay spread out beneath his feet. "More things are done by prayer than this world dreams of," the words flitted through his mind, as he gazed out over the matchless panorama, of the city of the past, the present and the future; grander, more colossal now in the twilight than in the brilliant day. Latham wondered if Dorothy in her quiet convent had ever heard of his conversion. Had he but known it when she received occasional home papers, a fervent "Deo Gratias" was added to her prayers as she read the name of Basil Latham under some spirited article in defence of the faith.

"Suora Felicita!" the name softened by the Roman dialect, haunted him with its sonorous rhythm, its strange applicability to one who had so evidently found happiness even here. "Sister Happiness!" It was like an unconscious paraphrase of St. Francis; "She has found it as few can hope to do," Latham murmured with a sigh. For spiritual-minded as the man was, he had not reached her heights, and the emptiness of disappointment, the human hunger for earthly happiness, oppressed him, together with the heavy, if passing breath of discouragement which comes inevitably into the fullest lives.

To-night present and future seemed unreal and shadowy, even as these dimly-mysterious vistas of the Roman Campagna, stretching wide beyond the city walls. But as he looked across the blue starlit spaces his gaze came back at last to rest with a new peace and strength unutterable on that mighty dome which cleft the horizon, a symbol which has drawn allegiance throughout the ages, as the embodied call of the brave spirit whose ashes rest beneath its shadow, the call of one who left all things to follow the Master.

THE ETERNAL WORD.

BY S. L. EMERY.

Wilt Thou not speak to me, my Own, my Dearest,
This midnight hour reposing on my breast;
Thou Who shalt one day say to all the weary:
"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!"

Eternal Word, Whom Thine Eternal Father
Uttered forever, ere the earth was made;
Silent upon Thine earthly mother's bosom,
Liest Thou, little, lowly, unafraid;

And, looking on Thee, now I need no answer;
Heart speaks to heart in love's divinest glow.
Thy great first Christmas Eve in Bethlehem's stable
Foretells a joy that all the saved shall know.

Thou shalt come yet, to every heart that loves Thee,
Silent shalt come, little and lowly still;
Those who for Thee are hungering and thirsting
Thou, O true Bread of Life, shalt feed and fill.

Yea, though they hear no voices, my Own, my Dearest,
Thou shalt be near to them, as now to me;
And tired souls shall feel Thy gentle Presence.
And find their perfect rest, alone with Thee.

A PRISONER AT ANDERSONVILLE.

BY JAMES HAGGERTY.

Riding in a cattle car is unpleasant.

When the aforesaid car is occupied by ninety human beings packed like sardines, the affair becomes a case of the survival of the fittest. Taking into consideration the fact that two-thirds of this human freight were wounded soldiers from the Army of the Potomac, deprived of the services of surgeons or medical help of any kind, with no bandages to bind up wounds, with no sanitary or hygienic precautions, the wounded, sick and well huddled together, with two Confederate guards and loaded guns upon each car top, it was far from being a journey of pleasure.

And so we journeyed as prisoners of war through the sunny south—with no thought of paying our respectful compliments to General James Longstreet, who lay wounded at Lynchburg—by the home of Jefferson and the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, without a passing salute; by the waiting squadrons of Fitz Hugh Lee's hungry-looking cavalry at Gordonsville; by long lines of dust-covered, weary looking Confederate infantry and artillery. Many of them were dressed in homespun garments, with home-made bed-spreads, instead of blankets, slung across their shoulders. With no display of military vanity, the plodding, worn and weary lot of men had at their head,—surrounded by a number of young staff officers,—couriers and orderlies, General "Jube" Early, the "bad man" of the Southern Confederacy: "Old Jube" who never took the oath of allegiance or was "reconstructed," and who later in the campaign routed the army at Cedar Creek by rushing the camps before daylight. Had it not been for the fact that his famished troops halted to pillage and loot the camps Buchanan Read would never have had a chance to write his famous poem, "Sheridan's Ride." When Sheridan met the troops falling back in disorder the things he said to the officers (and some in high command) would not look well in prose or verse. He could say things "good and hard" when occasion demanded. He never pretended to be a superintendent of a Sunday-school, yet he was a great man in his particular line.

Be that as it may, the contingent on the cattle train continued their journey. We arrived at Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, in a rather dilapidated condition. Our reception by the people of Richmond was exceedingly frosty. No freedom of the city. No bouquets! Although Richmond was crowded with soldiers of the Confederacy, our arrival was the cause of considerable interest, and what to do with us became a question of state. But there we were, one thousand of the army of the Potomac, fresh from the tangled wild wood and blood-bespattered intervals of the Wilderness.

With the guns of Spottsylvania still sounding in our ears, and the horrors of Cold Harbor and its line of flaming breastworks vividly impressed upon our minds, we looked upon Richmond and its inhabitants with supreme contempt.

With us were representatives of almost every regiment in the army, infantrymen from the 9th, 15th, 19th and 28th Mass.; 5th, 10th, 11th Conn.; the 14th Brooklyn; a number of the "Lost Children:" men from the Tammany regiment; Hawkins' Zouaves, the 95th Penn.; some of the New Jersey "Butterflies"; men from Belgers, Stuarts, Stevens and "Paddy" Hart's light batteries, men from Meagher's and "Sprigg" Carroll's brigades and all of the brigades of the army. Those badly

wounded were removed to the various hospitals in the city, the rest were turned into a vacant lot and kept there for three days in the rain and mud without shelter of any kind.

When captured I had a new blanket that I considered would last me through the summer campaign. But alas! The first man to reach me was a Confederate officer from New Orleans; he separated me from my blanket immediately, but seemed ashamed of himself when he asked me my name and regiment, and to my great astonishment said—"Charge that blanket to Bill Williams of New London."

On the third day an officer came in and made the following announcement: "I wish to say to you Yankees that we are not responsible for this condition of affairs. We cannot find room in the city for our own wounded. However, we intend to ship you to-day or to-morrow to a very beautiful location farther south. When you arrive there you will find good barracks, good water, plenty of rations, and a kind, benevolent commander. All I ask is that you make no attempt to escape on the way down. The name of the camp is Andersonville, and it is located in Georgia." We had never heard of Andersonville and took it for granted that the officer was speaking the truth. That afternoon we were marched to the railroad yards, loaded into box cars, and began our journey of five days southward.

It was not exactly a triumphal tour, but we managed to get a little fun out of it. In North and South Carolina and Georgia we were guarded by "Home Guards," so-called owing to the fact that old age and youthfulness comprised their makeup. They had no soldierly feeling or training, were lacking in everything that made soldiers, and looked upon us Yankees as they would upon runaway Negroes. They were dreadfully afraid of us and as we knew right well that they had been conscripted into the army we looked upon them as a huge joke. I am sorry to say that whatever respect we may have had for old age when at home, we forgot while guarded by those venerable "Home Guards," who seemed to have inherited murderous tendencies against everything north of Mason and Dixon's line. Their uniforms were of the vintage of 1812 or thereabouts. made of homespun, with wooden buttons. Each man and boy had made himself a committee of the whole, and selected his own style. Falstaff never commanded a more motley aggregation.

At daylight, one morning in June, our train stopped at a station consisting of a telegraph office and three or four unpainted shacks. In spite of the neglected condition of things, I noticed a number of Confederate officers, and close by was a company of infantry, who immediately surrounded the train. We were told in no gentle tones to leave the cars, fall in line, and be counted. This matter of counting had become irksome, as in almost every town we came to we were counted. We had arrived at Andersonville!

I looked around but saw no prison or barracks.

We parted here with our bewhiskered buccaneers and filed down a dusty red clay road for a half mile, past breastworks and camps of soldiers. Beyond were a number of log buildings, and guards, and back of these was a stoutly-built, hewn-log stockade, running north and south, with the logs close together, of a height of about twenty feet, with sentry boxes on top, occupied by armed guards, at intervals of twenty-five feet. I had never seen anything like it before.

We were halted at the log buildings, which proved to be executive offices. From where we stood in ranks we could see part of the interior of the stockade, densely crowded with men. In appearance they resembled an assemblage of tramps.

As I watched the men inside the stockade I remarked to my comrade "It can't be possible those men belong to our army. Heavens, man! they are all in rags." I began to have doubts as to the truthfulness of the statement made by the officer in Richmond.

A man mounted upon a white horse rode up. At first glance I took him to be a planter or slave-driver, or something of that kind. As he drew near he pulled a big Colt revolver from his belt, and flourishing it in menacing manner, said: "the first d— Yankee that moves from that line I'lle shoot as dead as a herring." The man was Captain Henry Wirz, commandant of the prison; apparently about forty years of age, with dark beard, and flashing eyes, small in stature and sickly-looking. His dress was peculiar. In fact it was so odd that we laughed outright. In time we knew better than to take such a risk. He wore gray trousers, tucked into cavalry boots, a small gray cap and a white calico shirtwaist, made full in the style known in those days as a "Garibaldi." He wore no sword. I never saw him wear one. He appeared to me to be a very vain man, as he spurred and pulled his horse about, scattering the guards right and left. Apparently he wanted to show up his horsemanship.

The men and officers acted as if they were afraid of him. He was born in Zurich, Switzerland, and came to this country in 1849. He was a physician by profession, and practised in Louisiana. He entered the Confederate service as a private and was badly wounded in the arm at the battle of Seven Pines. Evidently he became a man of some importance in the south, as he was sent to Europe by Jefferson Davis, with secret instructions to the Confederate commissioners, Mason and Slidell. He was sent to Andersonville in January, 1864, as commandant of prisoners. General John H. Winder was the military commander. Captain Wirz had an inveterate hatred of everything Yankee. Unscrupulous, blasphemous, murderous, he was justly hanged, and it was a pity for humanity that he was ever born. A man occupying a position such as he held who would deliberately shoot and kick to death poor unfortunate, wounded and destitute prisoners,—as I saw him do,—is unworthy of a kind word. The word pity was unknown to him. In August he wrote in ghoulish glee—when an attempt was made to have him removed—"I am killing more Yankees per diem than General Lee and his entire army are in Virginia. It would be detrimental to the interests of the Confederacy to remove me at this time."

Every word that he wrote was true. Because it was not every day that Lee and the army of Northern Virginia killed 325 Yankees, which was the death-roll for one day at Andersonville. That same letter, produced as evidence at his trial in Washington, was the principal cause of his hanging. We only remained from May to September in the stockade, as at the later date Sherman came so near that the majority of the prisoners were transferred to other places—notably, Charleston, Savannah, Millen and Florence. In In that short period of time 14,000 men, the brawn and sinew of our northland, died, and piled up like cord wood were carted in mule wagons a half mile from the stockade. and dumped into a trench

140 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 4 feet deep. No gentle crossing of the hands upon the breasts of the poor emaciated forms, no benediction or parting prayer. Their half-naked bodies were dumped into the trench. The mocking birds in the surrounding pines were the only friends to sing a parting requiem; and high in the air circling about were the buzzards. The yellow clay was shovelled upon their drawn features and wide-open staring eyes.

There they rest. The man wearing the "Garibaldi" profanely told us of the terrible things he would do if we made any disturbance or attempted escape. We thought him crazy. He was boiling over with rage. When one of our sergeants approached him and asked that our wounded be allowed to go to the hospital he said "No, every man would go into the stockade, sick or well." As we passed through the massive gate and entered the stockade a heavy load seemed to settle over my heart, and turning to my comrade, Mike Devine, who was in bad shape from his wounds, I said:— "Mike, they forgot to put up Dante's sign: 'Abandon hope, ye who enter here.'"

Stretched in a long row near the gate were some twenty-five or more dead men. There they lay in a row, with unwashed faces and scantily clad, exposed to the rays of a semi-tropical sun. They were young men. One seemed no more than sixteen. A pretty boy he must have been. As he lay there with his auburn hair tangled about his forehead, his lips wide apart, his fine teeth firmly clenched, I thought how he would be missed around the family board at home. I looked about and on all sides witnessed misery, destitution, dejection and starvation.

We were surrounded on all sides by the inmates shouting "Fresh fish," "Welcome to our hotel." "What's the news from the front." At first sight I wanted to laugh. I never saw men in such a deplorable condition as to raiment. They looked far worse than our quandom friends, the "Home Guards."

Here we met Ward and Winship of our regiment. They had been prisoners for a year at Belle Isle and Libby, Richmond. Poor fellows, they certainly were in hard straits. Ward died in August and Winship lived only a few days after our arrival. I asked them if they had a tent. They shook their heads sadly and said "no."

The stockade was located upon two side hills, known as the north and south side. Between the hills and occupying a space of about four acres was a morass or swamp. Through the centre of this swamp ran a small stream, about three feet wide and four inches deep. This small stream or brook was the only place to get a drink of water, wash clothes, bathe wounds or take a bath. Later we started to dig wells but without much success. The stockade occupied about twenty acres, four acres being covered by the swamp.

At the time of our arrival there were in the prison 15,000 men. Later on we had 35,000, a fairly decent average for many cities of note as to population. Inside the prison, and extending its length and breadth, twenty feet from the logs was a small piece of scantling, nailed to uprights about two feet high. This was the famous "dead line," about which so much has been said. Hundreds were shot and killed along that innocent-looking piece of scantling and it was a downright case of murder each time. As I gazed about I was horrified at what I saw. Our condition upon the train was decidedly bad. But here was a condition that was a thousand times worse. Devine, in a sad

voice said: "Jim, this is the end." But bad as things looked I had no thought of giving up. Filled with rage at what I saw I shook my fist at the guards and shouted: "When Sherman gets down here everyone of you fellows will be strung up by the neck." In every direction were men lying sick, the wounded had no care, the dying no attendance except that given by comrades. It was impossible to move about without stumbling over helpless men. And that ghastly row of dead men at the gate! I could not keep them from my mind. Later in July and August, when I saw 175 or more dead at that same north gate, I had become accustomed to the sight and gave them but a passing glance.

A thing that attracted my attention at all times, and a detail that every man who was at Andersonville will testify to, was the fact that when a man died his great toes were tied together with a rag. Why this was done I am unable to say, but as time went by I got so morbidly curious that each day I would go over to the gate and pass by those silent forms lying in state as it were, and in that hasty glance I would look for the bond. As we took in the situation I said to myself: "This place is worse than overcrowded. There is no room. They will send us out again to another camp. It would be murder to leave us here. If we remain here a week, we will all die." We remained there many weeks and, during that time 490 of our detachment did die. And those of us who were left when the end came had cause to be thankful to Almighty God.

COR AD COR LOQUITUR.

BY S. C. H.

As minstrels, wrapped in melancholy mood
  Too deep for look or speech,
With touch most tender softly sweep the strings
  That come within their reach,
Evoking tone after tone until at last
  A sympathetic chord
Sounds forth; then dwell upon this answer to
  Their longing now outpoured:
So we,—with deepest sorrow overcome,
  And yearning for a friend
To comfort us, and give us solace for
  The weighty woes that rend
Our souls—reach out in timid trial and strike
  The heart-strings of many men,
Until a magic chord sounds forth responsive
  To our own; and then
With thankful, eager hearts drink deeply in
  Each sympathetic note
That gives for every darkest mood a quick
  And certain antidote.

THE MEADOW PATH.

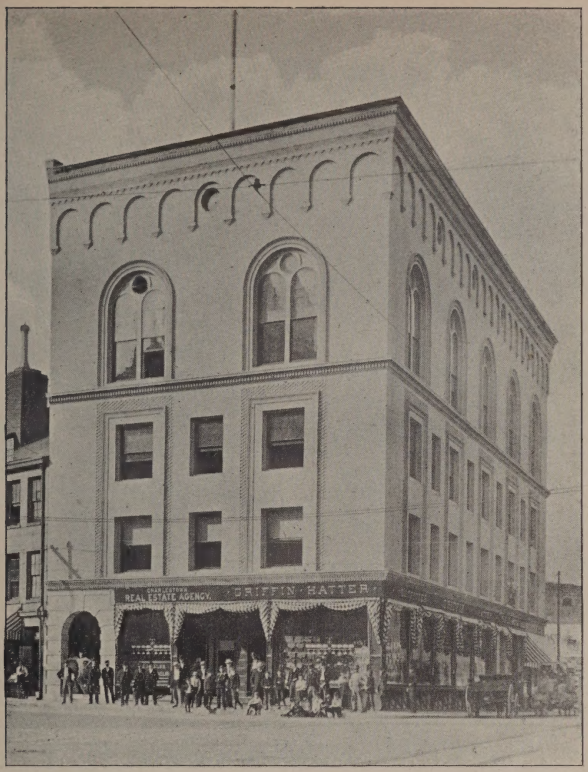
BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

Oh, the path across the meadows
  Is a pleasant way to take
When the merry shine and shadows
  Flit across the brush and brake;
When the lark is soaring, singing
  Songs too sweet for mortal ear,
And the blackbird's notes are ringing
  In the hazels high and clear.

Then the buttercups are brighter
  Than the gold by misers stored,
And the cuckoo flowers show whiter
  In the woods than whitest curd;
And the brook keeps crooning slowly
  Some old tale of long ago—
To the violets blue and lowly—
  That poor mortals may not know.

And the breeze that late swept over
  Blooming gorse and mountain thyme,
And the white and crimson clover,
  Sets the beechen leaves achime.
And the gay cuckoo keeps calling,
  And the corncrake answering cries,
And the cherry blooms are falling
  When the thrush a chanson tries.

Butterflies in gorgeous raiment
  Flutter far with wings outspread,
Brown bees get a generous payment
  From the flowers white and red.
One forgets all minor worries
  That beset the onward way,
O'er the meadow path none hurries
  On a bright sunshiny day.



HOME OF BUNKER HILL COUNCIL.

THE STORY OF COLUMBIAN KNIGHTHOOD.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

The most beautiful feature of the Knights of Columbus is the social and fraternal side of the Order. Its peculiar obligations and duties, its lessons of fraternity and love open up a rich field for study and meditation. Under its influence social inequality disappears, prejudice is disarmed, evil passions are subdued, and brotherly love, friendship and virtue are installed in their place.

The practice of charity and benevolence is perhaps the source from which this Order derives its greatest vitality and force. Any way, it is the secret spell and charm of all council meetings. Forbearance towards each other and to all who need sympathy is one of the first and most imperative duties of the society. Furthermore, the Order seeks to develop in its members the better side of human character and the instincts of religion.

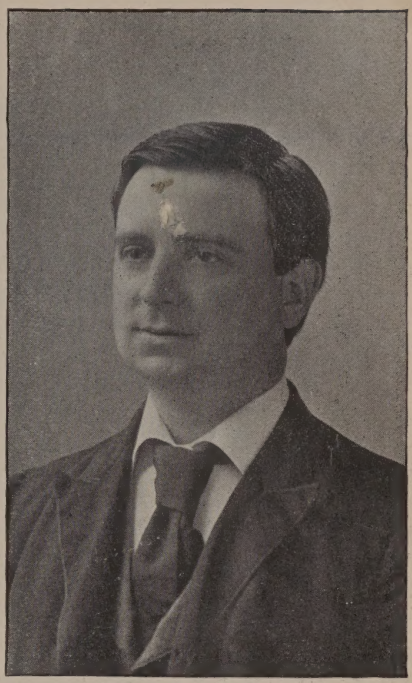
Close and habitual application to business and secular affairs too often ends in starving the moral feelings and weakening the religious affections of a man. We become lean and sour and human life loses more than half of its warmth and grace. We need to break the spell of worldliness and the monotony of self-seeking.

We need to lift the mind above its usual thoughts and to kindle emotions

HON. JOHN J. DELANEY.

seldom stirred in the routine of our daily lives. Our religion affords scope for lofty thought, it is true, and the Knights of Columbus keeps alive the spirit of helpful brotherhood by providing fields for active benevolence among the members. Keep them in touch with God and they will feel for one another and live for one another. This is our mission.

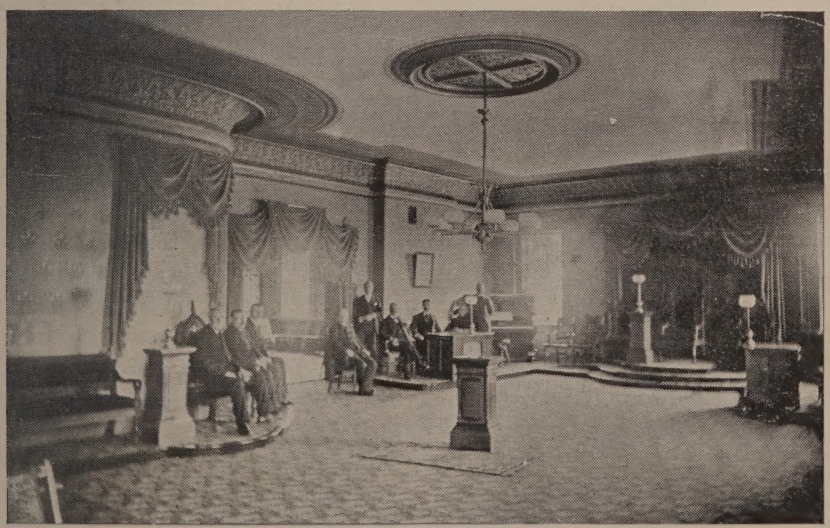
It was by preaching this doctrine early and late and by emphasizing the fraternal side of the Order that National Organizer Cummings was able to meet the crisis in its affairs and to save the Order. Already, as stated in a previous paper, the growth of the organization had reached its limit in the State of Connecticut. A dry rot had set in and during the years 1892 and 1893 the losses exceeded the gains by several hundred in that state each year. The mortality was unusually large and as no new blood was being injected, it was only a question of time before the end would come. The sudden and almost continuous growth of the Order outside of the State of Connecticut helped to save it unquestionably from the ruin that was inevitable.



WILLIAM F. KENNEY.

On May 31, 1893, there were seventy-six councils with a membership of 6975 all told.

On December 31, 1894, a little over a



LAWRENCE COUNCIL CHAMBER.
The first permanent one in the country.

THE DUKE OF VERAGUA.

year later, there were 110 councils with 8,737 members. This increase, according to the Supreme Knight's report, "was due mainly to the efforts of the National Organizer acting under the instructions of the Board of Directors." The Order had now spread to Massachusetts, Maine and New Hampshire, and was introduced into New York City, May 12, 1895. The first Council to be established there was instituted at Jaeger's Hall, 59th Street and Madison Avenue. Over five hundred Knights from all over New England, including Supreme Knight Phelan of Bridgeport, were present. The exercises were conducted by Tremont Council of Boston, the late Hon. Owen A. Galvin, Grand Knight—John B. Fitzpatrick, Deputy; Hon. John B. Martin, Chancellor; and Capt. Geo. F. H. Murray, Warden, officiated as instituting officers for the new Council. The third degree was conferred by the late James E. Hayes of Boston.

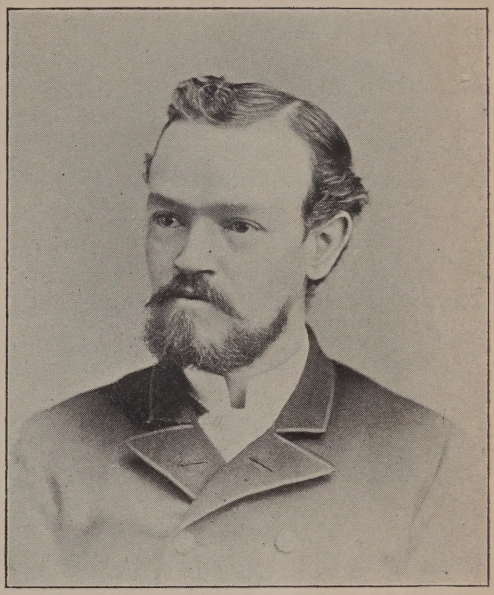
Among the candidates admitted to full knighthood on this occasion was one who was destined to play a very important part later on in the upbuilding of the organization—the Hon. John J. Delaney, afterwards Corporation Counsel of the city of New York. His unfailing devotion and enthusiasm for the Order greatly endeared him to its members. His subsequent election to the office of State Deputy of New York was attributed to his great ability and a mark of their esteem.

He was born in New York City on February 26, 1861, and was educated at St. Francis Xavier College in that city. Later on he entered the Law department of Columbia University, from which he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Law in due season. From 1889 to 1895 he was Assistant Corporation Counsel of New York City, when he retired to take charge of his private law practice. Later on he was appointed Corporation Counsel under the first McClellan administration. Under his able leadership, New York State took a front place in the Knights of Columbus.

On Sunday, May 26, 1895, Columbus Council, No. 127, was established in Brooklyn, N. Y. Sixty-three candidates presented themselves for admission and the degrees were conferred by Woburn Council of Woburn, Mass., Dis-

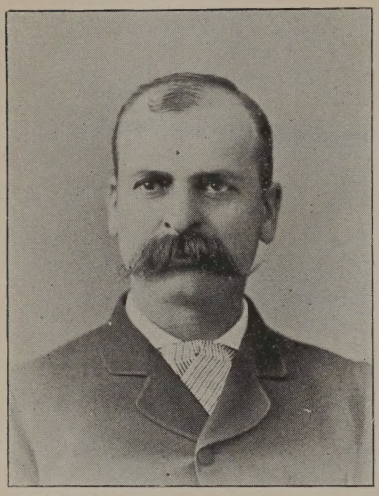
trict Deputy William F. Kenney conferred the third degree in the evening. The newly-made Knights were loud in their expressions of praise and admiration for the dignified manner in which the degrees were conferred. The first Grand Knight of Columbus Council was William H. Bennett, whose devotion in serving the Order since has borne much fruit. A word regarding him will not be out of place here. William Harper Bennett was born in Brooklyn, June 14, 1860. He was educated at the University of Georgetown, D. C., and later took up literature and journalism as a profession. He became a member of the city staff of the *New York Herald,* and later did special work for the *New York Sun, Press, Recorder* and *Harper's Weekly.* In addition, he has contributed short stories to the McClure's Syndicate, *Munsey's Magazine, The Blue and the Grey,* etc. In 1892 he severed his connection with the *Herald* to enter the real estate firm, in Brooklyn, of which his father was the senior partner. With his large experience and his good knowledge of men and affairs, many of the pitfalls that naturally await an organization like his have been avoided, and its progress under his leadership was continuous and rapid.

Perhaps a brief account by Brother Bennett of the labors of National Organizer Cummings and the difficulties that confronted him may prove interesting reading at this time. "The outlook," he wrote, "for a numerous enlistment in the Knights of Columbus was not promising. For Brooklyn, N. Y., is the birth-place of one of the strongest Catholic insurance bodies in the country, viz., The Catholic Benevolent Legion, numbering 1,400 members in that city alone. Furthermore, within its borders 13,000 members of the Royal Arcanum, 1,300 Foresters, 8,000



HENRY J. HEIDENIS.

Legion of Honor, and more than 1,000 Catholic Knights will be found. The ablest organizers in the country have gone over every section of this city thoroughly and some of them have offered a three story brick house with brown-stone trimmings to induce men to join. As a matter of fact the executive body of one organization pays a bonus of twenty-five dollars for every council of eight members instituted, while another pays two dollars a head for each new member initiated. The apostle of the new K.of C.was regarded with suspicion, naturally, and soon found himself among the breakers. The mission of the Order, its financial standing, its ritual, its standing with the ecclesiastical authorities, and every possible weapon, was employed in the attack and each assault was ably met and repulsed by him, and the good work of spreading the Order went on quietly but effectively. As a result of his wise policy the foundations of the



MAURICE J. MAHONEY

Order were laid deep and strong, its upbuilding was phenomenal."

About this time there occurred an event that was of some importance to the Order, historically speaking. The Duke of Veragua, thirteenth in descent by the female line, and the only lineal descendant of Columbus, inheriting all his titles and privileges, was invested with the highest dignity of the Order—Knight of the Grand Cross. The family of Columbus became extinct in the legitimate male line through Don Louis, his grandson, but through Donna Isabella, his granddaughter, who was wedded to a Portuguese gentleman allied by blood with the royal house of Portugal, the Braganza, it was revived. It is from this line that the present Duke directly descends. His connection with the Order that perpetuates the name and glory of his distinguished ancestor dates from June 29, 1893. On that day, in a reception room at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York, he was created Knight of the Grand Cross, the highest honorary position in the Order. The ceremony of investiture was presided over by Supreme Knight Phelan, assisted by the officers of the society. A solid gold medal of beautiful design, with a magnificent Maltese cross pendant was presented to him. The members of the ducal party who received the committee with the Duke were the Duke of Barboles, the Marquis of De Villalobar, and Senor Aguilera.

On Sunday, November 3, 1895, the first Knight of Columbus Council in the State of New Jersey, was instituted at Jersey City. The first and second degrees were conferred by members of the New York Council, Grand Knight Henry J. Heidenis, Deputy Grand Knight Edward J. Stapleton, and Warden Joseph Brazell, officiated. Dr. J. H. Lee, Assistant Superintendent of Schools in New York, presided over the social features. National Organizer Cummings gave the third degree to thirty-two charter members. Among them were the Hon. John J. Cone, first Grand Knight, afterwards Supreme Knight of the Order, and Chancellor James Hopkins, the present State Deputy of New Jersey. Both are men of sterling integrity and high personal and professional worth.

In conjunction with National Director James E. Burns, of Orange, N. J., they have contributed much to build up the Order in the State of New Jersey.

With the close of the year 1895, the growth of the Order had been extraordinary. Twenty-two hundred and seventy-eight new members had been added to the list. New York and New Jersey, as we have just seen, had joined the ranks, the former with a membership of 500 strong, while in Massachusetts, Maine and New Hampshire the growth had been proportionately strong. The total membership now was 11,485 members of which 1,165 were associates.

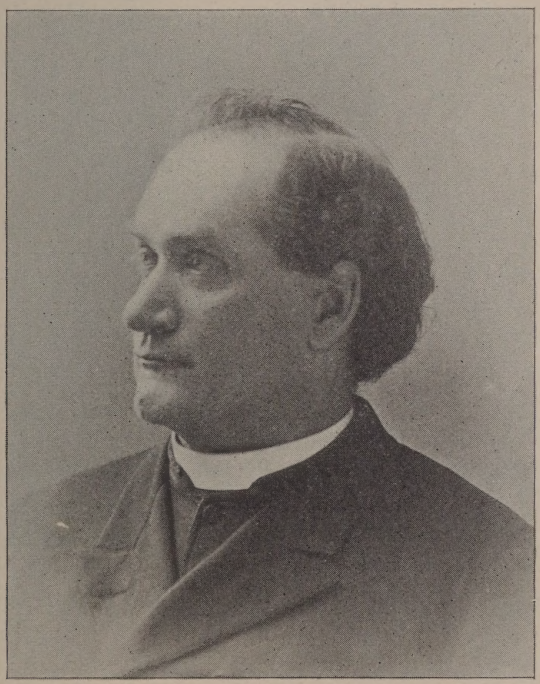
The year 1896 was a memorable one,

as this year saw the Order extended as far West as Chicago, Ill., and as far South as Wilmington, Del.

On Sunday, January 12, 1896, Juan Perez Council, No. 146, the second council in New York City and the seventh in the State, was instituted in Masonic Hall, on Fifteenth Street, near Stuyvesant Park, in that city.

8th Avenue and 23d Street. Forty candidates were in line, including two Supreme Court judges, and Dr. Wm. T. McMannis, who afterwards became National Physician and rendered distinguished service to the Order for ten years. The new council was known as Manhat ton Council, No. 148.

On Saturday, February 22, Castilian



REV. P. B. MURPHY.

On Sunday, January 19, a new council was instituted at Harlem, N. Y. Mr. Frank J. Griffin was elected Grand Knight, and Congressman Fitzgerald of Brooklyn, Corporation Counsel Delaney of New York, and Thomas Kiernan, Esq., of Chicago, delivered notable addresses.

On Sunday, January 26, 1896, the fourth council in New York City and the ninth in the State of New York, was installed at the Grand Opera House,

Council, No. 157, was instituted in New York City. Cornelius J. Collins, a well-known lawyer, was chosen Grand Knight. Fifty-seven candidates were admitted to knighthood, and over five hundred sat down to the banquet.

On Sunday, April 11, Dongan Council, named after the first Governor of New York, was instituted at the Tuxedo Building, New York City. Richard S. Farley was chosen Grand Knight.

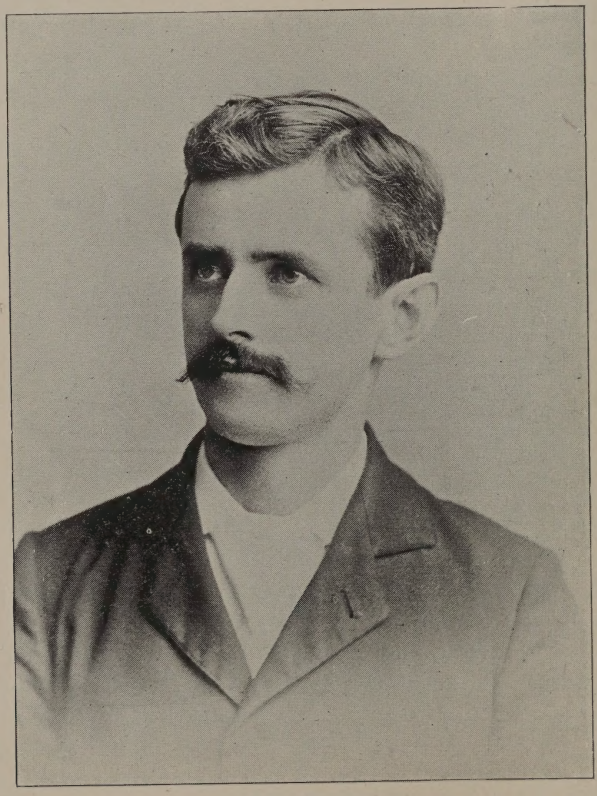
On Sunday, May 3, a new council of seventy five members headed by Judge F. X. Donohoe of the local court was established at Yonkers, New York, with nearly a thousand visiting knights present.

On May 24, a large and flourishing council was initiated at Albany, New York, and on May 30, a new council was instituted at Troy, N. Y., Hon. John T. Norton, one of the leading lawyers of that city, being elected Grand Knight.

On June 2, San Salvador Council was established in New York City.

On June 14, a new council was started in Rochester, N. Y. State Deputy Delaney and the officers of New York Council officiated at the ceremony.

On July 1, 1896, there were 186 councils in the Order with a membership of over 15.000 scattered all over New England and the Middle States. A prairie fire never spread more rapidly than did the Order during this period. It was during the week of the great Democratic Convention of 1896, in Chicago, that nominated William J Bryan for the presidency for the first time, that Chicago Council was instituted. It was on Friday, July 10, that the exercises took place in Washington Hall on Adams St., between State and Dearborn. Large delegations from Boston,



JOHN J. O'CALLAHAN

New York, Albany, Troy, and Rochester N. Y., were present. The degree work was profoundly impressive. Indeed, the far-reaching effect of that institution can never probably be accurately measured. Marquette, La Salle, Lafayette, Illinois, and Englewood, all flourishing councils, sprang up in the great city within a year. Later on the seed was sown all over the states of Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin. The story of the progress of the Order in the Middle West furnishes material for a future chapter in this series.

Meanwhile, the work of organization had been pushed steadily forward in other directions, and new councils had been installed at Philadelphia, Wilmington, Pittsburg, Erie, Buffalo, Syracuse, and Utica, before the close of 1896.

On February 21, 1897, a new council was instituted at Baltimore, Maryland. Grand Knight James A. Flaherty of Philadelphia presided and Hon. John J. Cone of Jersey City conferred the third degree. It seldom falls to the lot of a council to be called upon to institute a new council within ninety days after its own installation. Philadelphia Council, though instituted in November, 1896, was called upon to institute the Baltimore Council in February following. On Sunday, April 25, a new council was established at Washington, D. C., with seventy-two members. The organization of this council brought nearly 1000 visiting knights from the East, over 600 coming from the State of New York, 300 from New England, and a large delegation from New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The ceremonies were held in the Washington Light Infantry armory, the degree being in charge of Tremont Council of Boston. A special feature of the day's work was the music by a chorus of twenty-five picked voices from Boston, under the direction of Prof. James McLaughlin, director of music in the Boston schools. The first degree was conferred by John T. Wogan, Grand Knight, and Chancellor M. T. Callahan, both of Boston. The second degree was in charge of Edward T. Ford of Robert Fulton Council. Past State Deputy John J. Delaney of New York conferred the third. Another pleasant feature of the occasion was the presentation of over 1200 Knights and their ladies to President McKinley at the White House.

By the middle of June 1897, the record gain for growth had been reached. Although at a season of the year when popular interest is supposed to flag, in society matters, the extraordinary growth and development of the Order during this month, was well calculated to attract attention. The following is a list of the new councils whose papers had been forwarded and were passed upon by the final examining board during this month:

Council No. 230, Adams, Mass.; Council No. 231, Newburyport, Mass.; Council No. 232, Rutland, Vt.; Council No. 233, Courtlandt, N. Y.; Council No. 234, Boston, Mass.; Council No. 235, Orange, N. J.; Council No. 236, Philadelphia, Pa.; Council No. 237, Waterford, N. Y.; Council No. 238, N. Easton, Mass.; Council No. 239, Johnstown, N. Y.; Council No. 240, Patterson, N. J.; Council No. 241, New York City, N. Y.; Council No. 242, Chester, Pa.; Council No. 243, Hornellsville, N. Y.; Council No. 244, Chicago, Ill.; Council No. 245, Ridgefield, Conn.; Council No. 246, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Council No. 247, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Council No.

248, Lansingburg, N. Y.; Council No. 249, Bath, Me.; Council No. 250, Amesbury, Mass.

As will be seen New York State leads the list with eight new councils to her credit. Massachussetts follows a close second with five more added to her ranks. New Jersey and Pennsylvania follow with two apiece, and Connecticut, Illinois, Maine and Vermont have each added a single council making a grand total of twenty-one new councils for the single month of June.

The record is a remarkable one, surpassing that of any similar period within the history of the organization, and reflects much credit upon the state officers of these various localities. The total membership in the Order on July 1, 1897, was now over 20,000 strong.

In concluding this paper it is interesting to note some of the objections raised by those who sought to place obstacles in the way of the Order's growth and development. The principal objection was that we limited our possibilities for good by confining the membership to Catholics exclusively. In answer to this, Organizer Cummings replied that the Order's only right to exist lay in the fact that it furnished an asylum for those who were barred by ecclesiastical law from joining the most successful fraternities of the world. Catholics are forbidden to join Freemasonry and Odd Fellowship, yet they have the same craving for congenial association as their Protestant fellow-citizens, and it is not unlawful to satisfy this desire within the limits prescribed by the Church. It is the bann set on these societies just named that vindicates to us the right to live. This, with the natural desire for companionship, creates the necessity for a fraternity among Catholics that shall be without the evil of prohibited membership. Furthermore, there is nothing of a proscriptive character about our society. We are followers of Him Who taught us "to do unto others as we would be done by."

We discriminate against no man because he differs from us in religion. Our society teaches us to love our neighbor as ourselves and mankind is our neighbor. We follow the apostle's injunction "to be just and charitable to all, but especially to 'those of the household of faith.'" Finally, there is a value in the common bond of our religious faith, because faith is the mother of all incentive. If we are to fall asleep tomorrow and wake nevermore, then it matters little what we do today. But, if we are to live forever, and what we do today will result in good or ill tomorrow, then we have a motive which, like the steam in the boiler, sets the whole machinery agoing and keeps it going incessantly. Such is the purpose of the Order of the Knights of Columbus, as planned by its founders.

(To be continued.)

THE AUTHOR OF "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND."

Colonel James Ryder Randall, author of "Maryland, My Maryland" died at Augusta, Ga., on January 14, after a brief illness. While attending Mass Mr. Randall contracted a severe cold that developed into congestion of the lungs.

Born in Baltimore, January 1, 1839, Colonel Randall was sixty-nine years old on New Year's Day. He was the eldest child of John K. Randall and Ruth M. Hooper. When ten years old he was sent to Georgetown University, and soon distinguished himself by his proficiency in certain studies. An incident of those early college days was recalled by Mr. Randall some years ago, when a touching little story about a watch owned by His Holiness, Pius X., was going the rounds of the press:

"When I was about fifteen years old, at Georgetown, D. C., College," said he, "the silver medal for excellence in English composition, prose and poetry was awarded to me. I was probably at that period the youngest student who ever won the prize. My dear mother was in the audience at commencement, and well do I remember how proud she was of her little boy. She gave me an expensive gold watch which I wore through all vicissitudes of peace and war. No privation or poverty ever induced me to pawn or sell it. I took for granted that it would outlast me, but, some years ago, its mechanical motion was pronounced beyond repair, and so I outlasted it, in that way. I replaced it with an old and tough silver timepiece, hoping some day to get new modern works for my mother's gift, retaining the case. But I have never done so, for one reason or another. So I can understand how the Holy Father clings to his mother's watch, and I trust that, more fortunate than myself, in this and in other things, he may never have to lament its silence and decrepitude."

Ill-health compelled the promising student to leave college when he was in the graduating class, and later his war career was interrupted by hemorrhages of the lungs.

Probably the aptitude for English composition that young Randall had manifested in his college days led to his identifying himself with the press of the South, and even his brief period of service in a book and type foundry may have helped to mould his destiny. From Maryland he went to Florida, and later to Louisiana, where his famous poem was written, under circumstances that Mr. Randall himself described to an audience in Baltimore, one year ago. The occasion was the celebration of the birthday of General Robert E. Lee, January 20, and the poet was an honored guest. At the request of the Baltimore Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy he narrated the story of the writing of "Maryland, My Maryland." Mrs. Wright, the president of the Chapter, in presenting Mr. Randall said that as long as the State of Maryland endured the lyric would be associated with its history.

"Though long a resident of the State of Georgia" said Mr. Randall, in reply, "I have never ceased to love my native commonwealth, and its name is written on my heart. Perchance, when looking for the last time upon this world, and on the threshold of eternal existence,

I may exclaim, as did the venerable Archbishop Elder: 'I am going home to Maryland.'"

Excusing himself from extended remarks, owing to the lengthy programme, he then briefly recited the following story:

"In the parish of Pointe Coupee, La., on the Fausse Riviere,—about 120 miles above New Orleans,—so called because it was once the pathway of the mighty Mississippi, I was dwelling as a professor at Poydras College. A peaceful, limpid lake remained where once the turbulent "Father of Waters" poured its flood into the Gulf of Mexico. On one side of the lake were sugar and cotton plantations, the college, and a modest Catholic church. On the other side, called the island, was a settlement of Acadians, the people of Evangeline, from whom, I am, in part, descended. I was twenty-two years old, full of poetry and romance, disturbed by the storms prophetic of war to come.

"One day in April, 1861, I rode to the river postoffice, seven miles away, and procured a copy of the *New Orleans Delta*, containing an account of the passage of a Massachusetts regiment through Baltimore, the tremendous excitement it fomented, and the sanguinary scenes of attempted frustration. I will not try to describe my emotions further than to say that after a vain effort to sleep I rose from my bed, lit a candle, grasped writing material, and, with a soul kindled into song wrote the first verses of 'My Maryland.' On the following morning it was completed, and I read it to the pupils at the college. They applauded it vehemently. It was promptly sent to the *Delta*, published with commendation, and another morning I awoke and found myself—what shall I say?—not famous, perchance, but a young poet who had found an audience. More than this I am not disposed to utter.

"This recital is a compact response to the query as to how and where and when I wrote 'My Maryland.'

"I want to add, for I may never again have such an opportunity of so stating, that nothing has happened in the flight of time, to change my conviction as to the justice of the Confederate cause. To quote the late Gov. Wise of Virginia: 'If the cause be lost then the Union is lost, the Constitution is lost, the whole fabric that made that Union and Constitution is lost.' But principles live, though men die, and the principles of local self-government and constitutional liberty—for which the youth in the forum of reason and on the battlefield, contended—are still vital and deathless somewhere in the world.

"As Owen Meredith exclaimed in his 'Song of the Vanquished':

> "Be it so, though Right Trampled be counted as Wrong,
> And that be called Right which is Evil Victorious;
> Here where Virtue is feeble and villainy strong—
> 'Tis the Cause, not the fate of the Cause, that is glorious.'"

At the close of his address Mr. Randall read the poem, first expressing his regret that his daughter, who is named Maryland, could not take his place, thereby doing fuller justice to the spirit of the lines. But the audience was well content to have the author read the poem himself; and as his enthusiasm increased with each stanza the listeners were deeply stirred. He read the poem to the end, and the autograph copy which he used he gave to the Chapter, to be placed with other Maryland relics in the memorial room

in the Confederate Museum in Richmond. The authorized words are as follows, this copy being published with the poet's address to the Baltimore assembly.

MARYLAND.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State: to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
Remember Howard's war-like thrust;
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain!
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain;
Sic Semper, 'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
Stalking with Liberty along,
And give a new Key to thy song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The old Line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! she burns! she'll come, she'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

For twenty years Colonel Randall served on the staff of the *Augusta Chronicle*; later he became connected with the Baltimore papers and his last editorial work was done on the *Morning Star*, of New Orleans, La., a representative Catholic weekly, which gained added fame under his skilful direction. His contributions to various publications were eagerly read, and his letters to the Catholic *Columbian* were a notable feature of that journal. Writing in the *Columbian*, January, 1907, Colonel Randall penned a tribute to the Hon. Frank Hurd, that may fittingly be quoted here—it has a pathetic interest now, revealing the thoughts of the gifted writer, whose own great merit was never rewarded as it should have been.

"Somebody has purloined my old prayer-book from my pew in church. It was the one in honor of the 'Little Jesus of Prague,' almost dilapidated, but cherished from long use and some special enclosures. A much more costly book, right alongside, was not touched or, at any rate,

appropriated." Writing of the late Hon. Frank Hurd, congressman and practical Catholic, in the same issue of *The Columbian*, Mr. Randall said: "I am getting in the mood of Hon. Frank Hurd, whom I knew well during his congressional career and admired intensely. He was a noble character and one of the most truly eloquent of mortals. When his public career had ended and he felt that his days were to be not long in the land, he wisely turned his attention very seriously to a preparation for his eternal home, disregarding the vanities of this existence. His pastor remarked that he never used a prayer-book or very casually. Asked about it, he substantially replied: 'My professional training has fitted me for meditation and my religious habit to aspiration. We are apt, depending upon prayer books, to become perfunctory and given to lip-service. So, I have virtually discarded them and call upon the spirituality of my heart, soul and intellect.' Besides he had his rosary at hand. Dear, noble Frank Hurd! The ambitious world neglected you, as it has so many gifted spirits, but it was for you an everlasting gain and I feel confident that you met with unspeakable reward in the Better Land."

The *Baltimore Sun* recently asked this pertinent question:

"Is it better to wait until a man is dead, or is it better to recognize in a substantial manner his services to his kind, his contribution to art, literature or science while he is living, and able to appreciate and enjoy the recognition?"

Without waiting for a reply from others, the *Sun* thus answered its own question, improving the opportunity to point out that Mr. Randall's service to the South should be fittingly recognized.

"A fund is being raised in Alabama for a monument to Rev. A. J. Ryan. The *Mobile Register* states that a not inconsiderable sum has been subscribed already, although the plan for a memorial of this singularly gifted poet is yet in its infancy. Father Ryan, as he was known to the Southern people and to the literary world, had unusual qualities as a poet. Many of his verses breathe the purest spirituality, while some of his war poems stir the heart of the reader as deeply now as in the old days, when they voiced a living sentiment. Scarcely a generation ago Father Ryan's name was a household word in the South. It is not strange, therefore, that in Mobile, where years of his life were spent in religious work, there should be a movement to erect a monument to him. He was one of the poets who put the sentiment of the South of his day into verses that ought to live forever.

"Another Southern poet, whose thrilling lines —'Maryland, My Maryland'—wedded to music worthy of such a theme, make one of the most striking of American war songs, is Mr. James R. Randall, now living in New Orleans. 'Dixie' has a bright, 'catchy' air, which rings with the spirit of jollity and optimism. But in no respect is it comparable to Mr. Randall's fine poem and the admirable German air to which his verses were set. The interest of the Southern man or woman in 'Dixie' is largely sentimental and is based upon association chiefly. It is recognized, of course, that 'Dixie' has a certain ring in which it sets one's feet marking time and tempts him to take part in the chorus. But 'Dixie' would scarcely have more than the fleeting popularity of a negro minstrel song if it had not been adopted as a sort of war hymn and set to an inspiring tune. Despite its comic quality and the seeming incongruity of its use as a battle hymn, it has lived nearly half a century. He would be a bold prophet who would venture to prophesy the time when 'Dixie will no more be heard in the land. But speaking with respect to the relative merits of 'Maryland, My Maryland,' and 'Dixie,' it does seem that the former is entitled to live as long as men's hearts respond to stirring appeals to patriotism, to pride and to valor. Mr. Randall's poem has intrinsic merits which entitle it to a place in American literature. The music to which it has been set is vastly superior to that of any other of the songs of the Civil War period. The greatest of all battle hymns is the 'Marsellaise.' Its music appeals to almost every emotion. The air of 'Maryland, My Maryland,' expresses perfectly the spirit of Mr. Randall's fine lines, and the effect in a way is that of an American 'Marsellaise.'

"It is eminently proper that Alabama should raise a monument to Father Ryan, whose poems were a valuable and permanent addition to Southern as well as religious literature. Due recognition should also be awarded to Mr. Randall, whose 'Maryland, My Maryland,' is really the classic war song of the South. It has carried Maryland's name to the uttermost parts of the world, for wherever songs of battle are remembered 'Maryland, My Maryland,' claims immediate recognition for the beauty of its words and of its air. It is in order to suggest that the South should not wait for the death of the author of 'Maryland, My Maryland,' to express its appreciation of his immortal lines. What could be more appropriate than a testimonial to Mr. Randall, who has written other poems of unusual grace and beauty, and who is still in literary harness, after many years of patient and unobtrusive service? A heartfelt tribute during life is worth more to the recipient than all the flowers that can be placed upon his grave or all the monuments that can be erected in his memory."

About the same time a correspondent

of the *Catholic Record*, London, Ontario, in correcting a statement that Mr. Randall was a convert, said of him:

"Mr. Randall is not a convert to the Church, but a Catholic born and bred. It may interest your readers to know that, through his mother, he is descended from an old Acadian family, whose expulsion with so many others of the race from their native soil is one of the darkest blots on English colonial policy. As you state, Mr. Randall is now editor of the *Morning Star*, a Catholic paper published in New Orleans. His fame as a poet is almost wholly associated with 'Maryland,' for the simple reason that his poems, many of them of great merit, have never been collected, but are scattered through the files of Southern newspapers. His genius, like that of many other poets, has never been appreciated, and he has suffered all his life from the neglect of his contemporaries. His merit has been recognized, however, by the few, able thoroughly to appreciate the nature of his gifts, and it is pleasing to note that in his old age there is evidence of the dawning of a better day.

The Hon. William Pinckney White, U. S. Senator from Maryland, has inaugurated a movement to honor the poet while life yet remains to him, and he is to be the guest of the State on Maryland Day, at the Jamestown Exposition. At the same time, a testimonial of a more substantial nature, the form of which has not yet been fully determined, is to be tendered him. It is hardly necessary to say that in so honoring her son, Maryland will honor herself, and it is gratifying to Mr. Randall's friends to be assured that in his old age the neglect from which he has so long suffered will cease. In a recent letter which I had from him, he says: 'It has pleased God to afflict me with poverty almost all my life, yet I am thankful to say I still retain a cheerful and buoyant disposition.' It may not be amiss to add that Mr. Randall is a devout and enthusiastic son of the Church, and finds no greater happiness than in serving her in the useful, if not always appreciated, field of journalism!"

It is to be regretted that the testimonial did not take form during the poet's lifetime. His case furnishes another instance of recognition deferred until the heart and brain spent in noble service are forever still. "Those most intimate with Colonel Randall declare he was heartbroken, says the *Catholic Standard and Times*, Philadelphia, "because his native Maryland failed to recognize his work in some substantial manner, as he was given reason to expect, and a pathetic coincidence is the fact that his death occurred at a time when there was a movement on foot to raise a fund or create an office which might enable him to spend his last days in comfort in the State he glorified. Now that he is dead a movement has been started to have him interred in Maryland soil and have the Legislature provide for the erection of a fitting shaft to his memory."

This is surely belated appreciation of James Ryder Randall, of whom Oliver Wendell Holmes said "My only regret is that I could not do for Massachussetts what Randall did for Maryland."

No more impressive funeral ceremony was ever held in Augusta than that over the remains of James Ryder Randall, January 16. "Augusta was in every sense represented at the services," says the *Augusta Chronicle*, (January 17). "Augusta and all the Southland were honoring a hero who had fought his fight for the land he loved, with his pen, when an immense congregation with bowed heads breathed a silent 'Thy will be done' as the casket containing James R. Randall's remains was borne up the aisle of the Sacred Heart church, at 10.30 o'clock, between a double line of the Knights of Columbus, and was placed at the foot of the altar where for so many years he had worshipped his God."

The Requiem Mass was celebrated by Father Macready, S. J., assisted by Father Lonergan, S. J., Very Rev. Father Bazin, Vicar General, and Father P. H. McMahon of Albany. The Rev. John Kenny, S. J., delivered the eulogy, paying tribute to the patriot, the poet, and the man, but more than all to James Ryder Randall the Catholic. Speaking of the Christian example set to his fellow-

men by this practical son of the Church, Father Kenny said:

"When St. Paul was nearing the end of his heroic service, he strengthened his hope with the thought. 'I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith.' When the great pontiff, Gregory the VII., was dying, a persecuted exile, he consoled himself with the words of David: 'I have loved justice; I have hated iniquity.' And another great soul made his rule of life the words of Ethai: 'Wheresoe'er thou art, my Lord, my King, in death or in life, there I shall also be.' These words occur to me as the best expression of the life and principles and hopes of him who now lies there, mourned by his family and friends, mourned by this city and this state, mourned by the Southland and the nation.

"Our love and reverence is the measure of our sorrow. We were stupefied at the suddenness of the awesome mystery of death. But yesterday aglow with health and vigor; inert and cold today. Cold the heart that pulsed warm to every noble thought and generous impulse; limb and cell and vein and artery, all that marvelous organism that holds and hides the web of mysteries called life, now broken and rent forever. The kindly eye will light no more; no more that voice will throb with love.

"The pagan poet said: 'Non omnis moriar'—'Not all of me shall die;' our Christian poet would say: 'I shall not die.' There is more in the human frame than limb and artery and cell, more than the matter of brain and heart. There is that which vitalizes and utilizes the convolutions of the brain, and drives and guides the throbbing engine of the heart. There is that which gathers the reports of eye and ear and sense and coins them into thought. It is the intellect of man. There is that which rules and dominates frame and sense and even sways the intellect itself. It is the unfettered will of man, the moral motor of the soul. There is that within which cries: There is a law of right and wrong; there is a God from whom I come and to whom I go. There is that in me that matter cannot soil and time cannot destroy; that which thinks and knows and feels and loves a spiritual principle which will not die with the organs that it vitalizes, but will some day return to its native spirit home; it is the immortal soul of man.

"And therefore I say James Ryder Randall has not died. He went softly to sleep and awakened to a higher, a better, to the only true and perfect life, the life for which he lived and yearned and toiled.

Love of God and Country.

"There is a law which God has written with the pens of men; there is a law that God uttered with His own voice, and which His church preserves and guards; there is a law that He has inscribed on every human heart; and all these form one grand constitution, which reads: 'Love thy God with all thy heart and all thy soul and all thy mind and all thy strength. This do and thou shalt live.' To this law, the soul that vitalized the frame which now lies here, was ever loyal; and therefore, could he look calm in the face of death and cry triumphant: 'Death where is thy victory? Death where is thy sting?'"

"He loved his country with a passionate love. He loved the Southland with an intensity that few, even of the South, had heart to feel or mind to compass. He loved his fellow-man, and heart and voice and potent pen were generous and prompt to every need. But country, Southland, all, he loved, because with all his soul and heart and mind and strength he loved his God. He loved them because he saw God's law written in the soul of man, written in the constitution of our land, written in letters of gold on the generous heart of the South.

"He loved the church of God, the Catholic church, in the ardor of his youth; and the experience, thought, reflection and research of riper years but intensified the adhesion of his intellect and the devotion of his heart. He was no Catholic by theory, no Catholic by mere profession. He was scrupulously and conspicuously faithful to all the laws of the Catholic church, for in them he recognized the law of God to man. He lived up to his creed. He was clean of tongue and clean of thought. He was gentle and kind and true. He loved and helped his fellows. Fame often shone around his brow, but left his heart still humble. His words to Maryland apply to him:

> " 'I see the blush upon thy cheek
> For thou wert ever bravely meek.' "

Perfect Faith and Trust.

"'The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' were often aimed at him and often struck, but left him not embittered. In all his trials and disappointments, and they were numerous and sore, he never lost his hope in God. No grief ever wrung his soul but found his heart resigned. And when sorrows crowded on him thick and fast, he came to this church and laid them all at the altar of God, saying: 'Thy will be done!' and he was comforted. Taking him all in all, I can fearlessly adapt the words of the poet, and say of him before you who knew him: 'His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that his church may stand up and say before all the world: this was a Christian man.'

"True to God, he was true to country and to principle. He never pandered to power. He never sacrificed his soul at the shrine of the wealthy and the mighty. He loved God rather than Mammon. It was said of him that he was an unreconstructed Rebel. It was not true, for he was loyal to his country's laws. But his principles were not reconstructed.

Founded on justice and truth they needed not readjustment. His brilliant tribute to Maryland was woven from the fibers of his own heart:

"'He would not yield the Vandal toll;
He would not crook to his control;
Better the fire upon him roll;
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl
Than crucifixion of the soul!'"

"His was not a spirit that trimmed to every popular breeze; and hence he found not wealth and distinction of office; but he did find, what he cherished more, the sanction of his own soul, and the respect of every honest man. He, if any, could say to the Southland:

"'I had not loved thee dear, so well
Loved I not honor more.'"

"His devotion to our land and people, touched by his youthful genius, gave voice to the soul of the South, a voice that pealed when her guns were silent, and will still ring true when the men who manned her guns have mouldered into dust.

The Song that Inspired Heroes.

"True poets do not die. Sparta is no more, but Tyrtaeus is remembered. Guelph and Ghibilline are gone, but Dante's fame still grows. When the last Confederate veteran is heaving his last sigh, he will be cheered by the thought that the sentiments he cherished and the principles he fought for will live in his posterity as long as they have hearts to feel and voice to sing, 'Maryland, My Maryland.' And when the tooth of time shall have gnawed away the inscriptions on every Confederate monument, the song that inspired her heroes will still thrill the souls of men.

"It has been said of him whom now we mourn: 'He lived neglected. When he dies we will give him a monument, and weep regretful tears when we realize that a radiant spirit has passed from our midst.' Neglect is indeed the portion of the truly great. But whatever neglect was his, he suffered with resignation. He knew that the Saviour he adored was neglected in life and dishonored in death. He knew that the Mother of that Saviour, whom he dearly loved, to whom God's angel said, 'Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women,' was neglected by the world. He knew that God chastens whom He loves; and, therefore, with Christian humility and Christian wisdom, he regarded the world's neglect as a sign of God's predilection.

"He knew that 'fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,' but that—

"'God pronounces lastly on each deed
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed,'

and he is, I believe, rejoicing now that those who loved him and whom he loved have gathered in God's church to wish his soul God-speed.

"The South, that his song has immortalized; this city, to which his presence added lustre, unite to do him reverence today. The Catholic church, whose principles he cherished in thought and illustrated in deed, now sings his requiem, pours her richest blessings on his dust and, in her most solemn service, offers for his soul the sacred sacrifice of the Mass, at which he was daily wont to kneel.

His Life an Example and an Impulse.

"But there is none that owe or, I think, feel more sympathy than the worshippers of this Church of the Sacred Heart. He was to them an example and an impulse. Here for many years he knelt and prayed at morn and eve. He felt at home in God's house, for there, at least, he knew he was a welcome guest. He believed that the Holy Mass is the sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ, and therefore he arose every morn, in cold or heat or storm to share in that holy mystery. It was his adherence to this custom that intensified the illness which culminated in his death; and, therefore, I feel assured, the God whom he served unto death, will give him life.

"'He loved justice and he hated iniquity,' and therefore, the God of all justice will repay him. 'He fought the good fight and kept the faith,' and therefore the most faithful God will receive him into the blessed haven of His promise. His life realized the declaration of Ethai: 'Wherever thou art, my Lord, my King either in death or in life, there I shall also be.' He was with God in life. Twice last week he received at these altar rails his eucharistic God, the Bread of Life. Therefore will he be with Him in life eternal. 'He who eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day.' These are the words of God.

"Therefore, mourn not his soul, nor mourn yet the body he has left. God's angel shall guard his dust; and one day, at the final trumpet, his soul will resume that dust, and he will rise revivified, spiritualized, glorified, 'and in his flesh he will see God.' Then, immersed in the ocean of God's love, drinking of the torrent of his pleasure, will he realize to the full the ideals his song had tried to utter.

"May God give us men like him! May his soul rest in peace!"

THE LATE RT. REV. FREDERICK Z. ROOKER, D.D.

*The news despatches received in Albany, announcing the death and funeral of the Rt. Rev. Frederick Z. Rooker, D.D., were very meagre and unsatisfactory. Private cables to the Bishop's relatives confirmed the news of his decease, but gave no details as to time or manner of death or his surroundings when the summons came. It was therefore comforting to his family to receive—in the latter part of September—letters from the ecclesiastical authorities in the Philippines, giving a full account of the Bishop's last hours.

The people of Albany claimed Monsignor Rooker as their own, though he had been born in New York. He began his education in the public schools of Albany, where his boyhood passed and where he made many warm friendships before his departure for Rome. It was natural, therefore, that the Albanians should wish to know more about the Bishop's labors in his far-off mission. Recognizing this kindly interest the family of the Bishop felt that it was only right to make public the correspondence, and the *Sunday Press* of Albany (November 24) reproduced the letters in a handsome supplement, illustrated by photographs, of the prelates in the Philippines and scenes attending the burial of the late Bishop of Jaro. There are also numerous extracts from the Philippine press reports, and letters from Bishop Rooker to his relatives, setting forth his varied experiences and unconsciously revealing the extreme hardship of the life he had entered on so hopefully, and in which he persevered unto the end.

*Through the courtesy of Mr. J. McCarthy, a brother-in-law of Monsignor Rooker and manager of the *Sunday Press*, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is enabled to give to its readers this interesting account of the last hours of Bishop Rooker, who sacrificed even life itself in the pursuit of his apostolic mission in the Philippines.

To better understand the magnitude of the work undertaken by the devoted prelate and the difficulties with which he was obliged to contend, it may be well to recall some facts relating to the Philippines. Bishop Rooker's diocese is vast in extent, taking in the islands of Panay, Occidental Negros, and other smaller islands, more than two hundred in all, comprising a territory greater than New York State, and having a Catholic population of two millions. The diocese was called Jaro, the seat being the village of Jaro, six miles from the City of Iloilo, a seaport ranking next to Manila in importance. Iloilo is distant 350 miles from Manila by water, and the trip is two days. Mails to the United States take from five to seven weeks, and sometimes a week's delay takes place at Manila. It was from Jaro that Bishop Rooker directed his extensive diocese, and it is here that the cathedral and seminary are located.

The islands of Panay and Negros—like most Philippine territory—are divided into small towns and villages, many miles apart. The principal means of communication is horseback, boat, or on foot, and by these means Bishop Rooker made his visitations to his flock. He had been known to confirm as many as 20,000 children on one of those pastoral visits; his own letters to his relatives in Albany best tell how so much was accomplished. The testimony of the high ecclesiastics of the Church in the Islands, the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Archbishop Agius, the Archbishop of Manila, and the Bishop of Cebu do the great work performed by Monsignor Rooker in his diocese full measure of justice.

About a year ago the seminary of the diocese of Jaro was totally destroyed by

fire, and this loss was regarded by the Bishop as one of the greatest set-backs he had experienced; he was sorely in need of priests for the work of the diocese, and the destruction of the institution on which his hopes were centered was a blow from which he never fully recovered, though he set to work bravely to rebuild, and his last official act was the dedication of the new seminary, completed at an outlay of eighty thousand dollars, and dedicated on September 17th, the day preceding the Bishop's death.

The Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor A. Agius, writing to Mr. McCarthy, thus expresses his profound sorrow and his keen regret for the loss of his devoted associate:

Apostolic Delegation,
Philippine Islands.

Manila, 27th September, 1907

Dear Mr. McCarthy,

In Bishop Rooker I have lost a brother; stronger ties than friendship bound us together these last three years. God's ways are hidden, but at this moment the dear Bishop's help was essential to me. Most heartily I sympathize with you, his sister and all his relations in the United States. The work done by him during his four years in Jaro will be a lasting monument to his energy, religion and fatherly love.

He improved his diocese in a way which astonished all; he had won the heart of his flock. People of all shades, creeds and nationalities, even those who showed themselves unfriendly during his life, accompanied him to the grave and mourn for him now. The funeral services were most imposing. I am sending you the description in the Spanish papers and some photos.

Your cable expressing your willingness to allow the body to remain for the present in Jaro has duly reached me. It has been placed in a new vault close to the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, a spot he chose himself. His flock love to have him amongst them, they kneel and pray for him daily.

Archbishop Harty has taken charge of Jaro and all the Bishop's belongings. He will stay there until the successor is appointed and will communicate with you.

Very devotedly yours,

A. AMBROSE AGIUS,
Archbishop, Apostolic Delegate.

The Archbishop of Manila, touched to the soul by the life of abnegation, describes to the dead prelate's sister the closing days of the Bishop's apostolate, and tells of his persistence in working to the end.

"The doctors begged him to give up all work, to seek repose, and to follow a strict rule of diet. The Bishop laughed at their fears, paid no attention to the order for repose, but labored vigorously preparing for the opening of the new seminary. On the 17th inst. he solemnly blessed the new seminary in the presence of many people, spent the day at the seminary amidst his loved people, seemed to be at the apex of his triumph, for the completion of this beautiful building in such a short time was indeed a signal event. The effort was too much for his poor heart. The following day, the 18th, he arose unwell, and insisted on celebrating Mass in his private chapel. He attempted to dine, but vomited. He returned to bed and kept very quiet. In the meantime two of the best doctors in the place gave him excellent treatment. He seemed to be improved and to be resting. He kept to his bed for the afternoon, was watched tenderly by the Arguelles family and his private secretary, a Lazarist Father from the seminary. No danger seemed imminent. At 9.30 P. M., while the Father was standing at the bed, the Bishop gave a slight sound from the throat and died instantly. In a moment the priest administered the sacrament of Extreme Unction. The Bishop died without a struggle or a convulsion, and a smile seemed to play on his calm features. The following day his body was embalmed and was laid in state. The people gave the most extraordinary signs of grief, for he was truly loved. Clad in his pontifical garments, the multitude pressed around his body all the day and in the night up to ten o'clock. It was a privilege to kiss his soutane or to touch his hands. The children, whom the Bishop loved so much, were in evidence in great numbers.

On Friday morning early it became evident that the embalming was not a success and it was then decided upon to seal up the remains in a metallic casket. This was done. The funeral took place on Sunday in the presence of Mgr. Agius, Mgr. Hendrick and myself.

The grief of the people was genuine and intense. Your cablegram to send the remains to Albany was received on Sunday. The Bishops held a conference over it, and concluded that it would be better to write you about the condition of the body. In the Tropics decomposition sets in with rapidity. Even the metallic casket was not proof against the odor. The body was interred at the side of the altar of the Blessed Mother where the Bishop loved to pray in his own Cathedral church. Throngs continue to visit the spot. My counsel is that

you permit the body to remain here for at least two years. It could then be sent to Albany if you desire.

I am profoundly moved by the death of the Bishop, as I was touched to the depth of my soul by his life of abnegation and sacrifice in his diocese. He wore himself out in work, had won all hearts, even those of the enemy when the summons came to go up higher. It would not become me to offer sympathy. I am unable to do so. My prayers indeed you have in this terrible affliction.

There is also a lengthy account of the funeral ceremonies by the Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick, D.D., Bishop of Cebu, who tells with pathos of the brave efforts Bishop Rooker made to keep up, though he knew that his llfe must be forfeited if he did not abate the strain and take a temporary rest in America.

Obispado de Cebu,
Cebu, P. I.

September 24, 1907.

My dear Mrs. McCarthy:

Having just now returned from the funeral of Bishop Rooker, I feel it to be my very sad duty to tell you more of the details concerning his death. From my own observation he had been, for more than a year, failing under the immense strain which finally crushed out his life. The doctor who attended him says that he was failing for eighteen months. You know, probably, that several months ago he began to suffer from what, for lack of more accurate knowledge, I should call a partial paralysis of one of his legs. He suffered no pain, but he was weak, and unable to stay on his feet for any great length of time. Perceiving, from a letter which I received from him, that his unusually brave spirit was depressed, I visited him on May 27, and found him much reduced in weight and strength. Evidently my visit, and the cheerful spirit of Father Rawlinson, who was with me, had an encouraging effect, and before we left, two days later, he was much better. His trouble was altogether with his nervous system, and as I knew that he used no stimulant whatever, and was regular in his habits, I was forced to the conclusion that mental strain, always great from his arrival here, and greatly increased by the burning of the seminary, by the difficulties of more than four hundred church cases, every one of which needed his constant attention, and the rebuilding of his seminary, was too much for his weak system. The doctor's opinion was that, judging from his history, as drawn out in many talks with him, he never was strong enough to sustain even one of the many burdens upon him. The fatigue of visitations, the hostility of the natives, and finally, when it began to appear that he would win in the fight for the property, the burning down of several churches, all together killed him. If he could have had six months of absolute quiet at home, he might have lived many years longer. About a week before his death he had an attack of "angina pectoris," soon followed by two others. The doctor forbade him to attend the opening ceremonies of the seminary, but he was so much overjoyed by its completion that he insisted on attending. The next morning he had an attack of indigestion, which the doctor succeeded in relieving, and he was around part of the the day, and part of the time in bed. He was talking cheerfully to his priests, who were in constant attendance, and shortly after nine o'clock in the evening he dropped asleep and seemed to be resting easily. Suddenly he gave an easy gasp, soon succeeded by another, and died at once. I received the news about eight o'clock next morning, and supposing that he died that morning, at once telegraphed Bishop Burke. Fortunately I was able to secure transportation that afternoon, and that evening sailed for Iloilo, arriving next day about two o'clock in the afternoon, and went at once to the cathedral in Jaro. I could see at once every manifestation of sorrow. The American doctors had endeavored to embalm the body but, as it was seen that they had failed, the remains were inclosed in a hermetically sealed steel coffin when I arrived. The Apostolic Delegate and Archbishop Harty were enabled to arrive next morning through the great kindness of General Leonard Wood, who intending to make a visit a week later, hastened his trip, and took them to Iloilo in his cutter, the Mindanao. The poor people and the priests were busy doing what they could to prepare for the funeral, and the next day, Sunday morning, the funeral Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Harty, Mgr. Agius, and I assisting. Whilst the poor cathedral was destitute of more than the necessary vestments, having been pillaged in time of war, still a beautiful catafalque was prepared, which, with the coffin, was almost hidden by the wreaths offered by the people. There was a procession, around the plaza, from the convento to the cathedral. Then the Mass was sung.

The cathedral was filled and a great crowd of people stood outside in the hot sun during the long ceremony. The Augustinians and Mission Fathers of the seminary and the Superior of the Mill Hill Fathers, and numerous members of the clergy, were present. The fact that the funeral was at the time for parish Mass on Sunday prevented a large number of the clergy being present. Still the ceremonies were, considering all the difficulties, most impressive and becoming. The casket of pressed steel although plain was finished in mahogany and was rich in appearance. This was the gift of Brigadier General A. L. Mills. The American colony was most sympathetic and

wished to do far more than opportunity allowed to show their feelings. At the funeral were Major-General Leonard Wood, who was most kind and helpful, with aids; Brigadier-General A. L. Mills, commanding the division of Visayas, with aides; Colonel Rivers, commanding the constabulary of Visayas; Judge Norris of the Court of First Instance, and numerous others, officials of the government and non-official Americans. After the funeral we returned to the beautiful seminary. Alas! its first use was to house the funeral guests of the builder who rejoiced so much at its completion.

I said Mass for Bishop Rooker every day since his funeral, except Sunday, and will sing Pontifical Mass next Monday. Personally I never knew your brother well until I came here. He was so devoted to the cause for which he came that had he served less devotedly he might have lived many years longer. He gave his life to his work. He knew that he was wearing his life out and hoped for the time to come when we could go to America together. He would there need months of rest, but his plan was to labor in America for his stricken diocese, hoping to recuperate his health on the voyage to America. He was the bravest of men with a tender heart, sympathetic and generous to the poor, and won the hearts of all who met him, even among his enemies.

For my own part you know that I need not assure you of my deep sympathy. As the Delegate said: "He was a providential man for the work he undertook." No one else could have done it so well. Our loss is inestimable but his gain is greater than we can imagine.

The Libertas, a Catholic newspaper published in Spanish, in Manila, deplored the loss of the prelate at a time when his knowledge of the necessities of his diocese and of the difficulties that he had to encounter would have helped him to accomplish great things for the Church.

In less than four years Monsignor Rooker had visited every part of his immense diocese notwithstanding the fact that it was the most rough, uneven and irregular of the Philippine Islands. (It was here the Aglipayans, schismatics, had obtained their strongest foothold). The hardships and labor of every kind which Monsignor Rooker went through in his pastoral visits, what he had to suffer during those painful visitations, are now only known to God, and He will reward His Apostle according to his merits. Neither the inconveniences of a primitive manner of traveling, every rod of which was a hardship, the scarcity and poverty of food, nor the persecution nor intrigue of the enemies of the Church ever deterred him. He counted all for nothing when there were questions of the honor and rights of the Church, the preservation of the faith, the increase and advancement of religion and solid piety among his dear flock. Monsignor Rooker had worked and obtained great results for the prosperity of the diocese of Jaro, but the diocese had founded hopes for much greater things from the wonderful talent, unlimited zeal and indefatigable activity of their beloved pastor.

A later issue contains a tribute from an Iloilo correspondent:

Monsignor Rooker came to these shores in 1903 with a vigorous constitution and enviable health. His physical strength kept up quite well. The cause of the great change during these last months was due to nothing else but the hard labors which the care of his diocese exacted of him and which he fulfilled to excess until the last days of his life. Thus that naturally strong temperament began little by little to fail, until came the fatal catastrophe that we deplore to-day.

Commending the dead prelate for his wisdom, learning and faithful discharge of the duties of the episcopate this correspondent eulogizes him also for taking advantage of every opportunity of doing good to his enemies, even while he kept them in bounds, and secured for his church the possessions which had been stolen from it. Through his exertions the impious Aglipayans were driven almost entirely from his territory. He personally visited the most distant points of his vast diocese. When there were no other means of transport Bishop Rooker traveled on foot and even barefooted; other times in small boats, or dugouts, and very often on horseback. Most of the towns and villages of his diocese have the satisfaction of having known their dear pastor and heard from his lips words of paternal consolation.

The *New Herald* of Manila contains a lengthy description of the funeral, with an eloquent tribute to the honored dead.

In his letters home Bishop Rooker invariably referred to two things—the affection of his people and the vast amount

of work he was called upon to perform. Abstracts from letters written during his first year in his diocese show the condition of religion as he found it, and the stubborn hostility of the natives which almost went as far as personal violence. While ever striving to make the most of his environment, there were times when the Bishop unburdening his heart to his sister permitted her to know something of the trying conditions against which he struggled. Here are some selections from this correspondence:

Jaro, Nov. 16, 1903.

My Dear Sister: * * I certainly do not find things better than I thought. In fact the whole situation seems every day to grow worse and more hopeless. So far as my actual work is concerned, I am accomplishing something, it is true. They all seem to be understanding more and more every day that so long as I am here I am going to be the head of this outfit, and no one is going to prevent it. But the state of the diocese is one of perfect chaos, and there is no material with which to work to bring any sort of order out of it. Then the political conditions complicate my work. In fact there is no really religious question here at all. The whole thing is a political question. The people have taken a stubborn idea that they want no white rule of any kind here and all they do and plan is simply to that one end. They have submitted to my authority because I acted quickly, but there is no sincerity in their submission. They don't want me, nor any other white man.

The government is in the same boat. By "they" I mean first of all a few native leaders. If the government would round up about five hundred men throughout the Islands and hang them there would be little or no more trouble. The great mass of the people hate the Americans simply because their leaders tell them they must. My work is one continual struggle against deceit, hypocrisy, insincerity and stubborn hatred. That I can succeed in maintaining the appearance of my authority I do not doubt; but that I can do anything for the progress of religion I do not hope. The hardest part of this whole difficult situation is in the awful realization that I am so far from you..

F. Z. R.

"THESE NATIVES DON'T WANT ME."

Jaro, Nov. 23, 1903.

My Dear Sister:

* * One thing is sure, these natives don't want me any more than they wanted the Spanish friars. Little by little I am getting authority fixed here, but it is against terrible odds and in the face of stubborn opposition. I firmly believe they would gladly put me out of the way once for all if they dared do it. The whole situation is very trying. The place religiously is practically ruined and God only knows how it can possibly be saved. I am well but very nervous. This trying work makes me so.

F. Z. R.

NOT A DAY FREE FROM WORRY.

Jaro, Feb. 13, 1904.

My Dear Sister:

* * Things go on as usual, but as usual means very badly. There is not a single day that I do not have a good big worry, caused by bad news of the way things are going. It is more and more evident every day that these people are dead set against the presence of any white faces in the Islands as holding authority of any kind. The very fact that I have succeeded in bringing some order out of the chaos which existed here is making them more and more angry and they are at work in every possible way to annoy me and to make my work impossible of success. There is a very strong and a sufficiently large element here which is determined to drive the Catholic religion and its representatives out of the Islands; for that religion represents law and order and submission to constituted authority. Nearly every day I hear of a new attempt on the part of local authorities in some remote town to seize the church property and hand it over to the Aglipayans. If I only had this property in my hands, I see how something could be done, but without that I can do nothing nor could anyone else. Maybe God sees how religion is to be saved here. I do not. Ah well, I suppose there is nothing to do but work on even though there be no hope.

F. Z. R.

INSULTED BY FILIPINO POLICEMAN.

Jaro, Feb. 21, 1904.

My Dear Sister:

Things have gone on about as usual with every day bringing me some new displeasure and trial. These enemies of the Church here are not quiet for one minute and it is impossible to tell at any moment from what quarter they will make their next attack. The day before yesterday I was driving in to Iloilo and as I got near the town I met three policemen evidently out for a walk. As I passed one of them called out in a sneering tone, "Hello, Obispo," Obispo meaning Bishop. I had my driver turn back and I went up to the fellow and asked his number. He wanted to know why I wanted it. He was aggressive and impudent. I got the number and told him that when I got through with him he would probably know better than to insult people who were passing along the road. I drove straight to the chief of police, who is one of the head Aglipayans here and an

impudent fellow. I reported the affair and told him I expected something done about it. He began to explain in an insulting manner that he would look into it and see if what I said were true and if so he would punish the man. I told him I did not care about how he did it, but that the man would be punished either by him or from Manila. The fellow was most impudent. I saw though by yesterday's paper that they put the policeman under five days' arrest. I thought it just as well to nip any such manifestations as that in the bud.

F. Z. R.

BORROWED PRIESTS TO AID HIM.

April 8, 1904.

My Dear Sister:

You will be surprised to get this letter with the Cebu postmark, as it probably will have. I have been satisfied that one of the first things I shall have to do will be to try to find some more priests. Without them I can hope to make little more progress for a long time. If I can get them I may be able to put things in order in a year or two. I have decided to make an appeal to Bishop Hendrick who has a great plenty of priests and a number of students ready for ordination, to loan some to my diocese so as to help out for a time until the diocese can begin to produce its own.

F. Z. R.

SUFFERED TORTURES FROM HEAT.

San Carlos, Negros, May 20, 1904.

My Dear Sister:

I got here about ten o'clock Sunday morning and was well received, this being an entirely Catholic town. I have been confirming children morning and afternoon ever since and have confirmed 1,140 so far. To day is expected the boat which will take me on to Dumaquete. Goodness knows if it will come. That is the awful difficulty here. You can never tell when you can get to or from a place. I ought to have left here three days ago but could not. This is the hottest place I have struck yet. Such heat you would never begin to imagine. I am suffering tortures because of it. I don't know where I'll be this time next week and don't know when I'll get back. I'm at the mercy of these dreadful communications. Boats run when they feel like it and there are no roads.

F. Z. R.

IN THE HEART OF THE ENEMY.

Bego, Negros, Occidental, March 5, 1904.

My Dear Sister:

I can't write but a word, for I am rushed to death with the work of this visitation. I have visited Silay, Talisay, Bacolod and Surnag, and am now in Bego. I have confirmed 5,500 children. Here I am in the heart of the enemy. They hold my church and residence. I am staying with a good faithful private family. So far no one has ventured any violence. Since reaching Bacolod I have had evidence of bad feeling, but it limits itself to insulting cries under my window at night and to posting insulting posters likewise during the night. Until I got here yesterday evening, I was passing through country where the great masses of the people are Catholics and only five or six in each town are Aglipayans, who are tyrannizing over all the rest. Here about two-thirds are Aglipayans, if they know what that means. I am having lots of experience and collecting lots of information. It is terrible hot and the travel is horrible. So far I have kept well, but this morning I feel unwell, and I am sorry I forgot to bring with me that medicine that did me so much good heretofore, but I will be careful and hope it will not amount to much. The havoc that has been made here of religion is something awful."

But there was also a bright side, and that was shown when the Bishop wrote of the splendid results won for the Church through his efforts, despite the almost hopeless religious and political situation, coupled with the natives' hatred and stubborn opposition.

Though always in danger, Bishop Rooker kept up his pastoral visits. The following letter describes a tour through his territory:

Bacolod, Negros, Feb. 29, 1904.

My Dear Sister:

Here I am in the capital of Occidental Negros on the fifth day of my visit to this part of the diocese. So far things have not gone very badly, but it is when I get through here that I shall have the fun as I go further South. I got to Silay Wednesday. I began to confirm Wednesday afternoon in Silay and continued Thursday morning and afternoon and Fr iday morning, confirming 1,300 children. Then I came on South to Talisay and confirmed there in the afternoon and again Saturday morning and afternoon and Sunday morning, giving the sacrament to 1,600 children. Saturday evening I went from the pastor's house to a beautiful residence of one of the Lacson family and spent the night and Sunday there except that I went back to Talisay Sunday morning to finish confirming. The same afternoon, yesterday, I came here and this morning have begun confirming again. In less than five days I have confirmed 3,000 children and with the inspection of the churches and receiving the visits of the people you can imagine that I am pretty busy. So far the people have received

me well and in some cases even enthusiastically. I shall leave here Wednesday afternoon and go straight into the enemy's country, for south of here the opposition to the Church is very violent. I expect almost anything in the way of insulting treatment, but there is no danger, I am pretty sure. My reputation for not allowing insult to go too far has preceded me and they know that I carry a revolver under my cassock and would go to heaven with company if it entered their heads to send me there. So you needn't worry. Indeed, long before you get this the danger will be all past and I'll be back again probably safe and sound in Jaro.

F. Z. R.

Later in the same year he writes of his enthusiastic reception in every town on his trip to Dumaquete: "I confirmed nearly fifteen hundred children, and with the heat and awful inconveniences of travel that meant very trying and tiresome work."

Still later comes this cheerful message:

Pontevedia, Province of Capiz, Nov. 14, 1904.

My Dear Sister:

We are having a pleasant trip so far as treatment is concerned, because here the people are good and Aglipay has not got his foot in. We are received and treated everywhere with cordial affection. I have visited Carles, Balasan, Casanayan, Pilar and this place and this afternoon go to Panay. There we strike inland to Loctugan, Panitan, Dao, Dumalog, Dumarao, Sapian, Ivasam and other towns coming out at Capiz for the eighth of December. I have confirmed 2,000. The roads are horrible and I have been carried thirty miles in a sedan chair. From Cazanoyan to Pilar we went by boat, more like a gondola than anything else. I am keeping well and things could be a lot worse. I enclose you letters from two little girls ten years old. You see they show a kindly feeling which represents the feeling of the community, as they are too little to have any notions of their own.

F. Z. R.

In April, 1905, he writes of another pastoral tour, with the hardships of bad traveling lessened by the hospitality of his people:

Pandau, Province of Antique, April 10, 1905.

My Dear Sister:

I have just returned from a trip to the interior where I have been since 17th of Feb., visiting Arevalo, Otou, Tigbanan, Leon, Geimbal, Tubungan, Igbarao, Miagao, San Jose, San Joaquin, Lauigan, Casay, Magdalena, Aninii, Dao, Antique, San Jose de Buena Vista, San Pedro, Patnougan, Bugasong, Lauaan, Barbaza, Tibiao, Culasi, Lepata, Sebase and Pandau. Most of the trip has been made in a dugout, sometimes sailing, but most of the time pulled by men along the shore on account of contrary winds and tides. I have spent four nights in such a canoe. You can imagine some of the difficulty when I tell you it has taken twenty-four hours to make a little over twenty miles. In some places I have had to take off my cassock and shoes and stockings and walk along the shore myself. Only in a few of these towns are we in possession of the Church property. So in most of them I have had to stop in private houses, most of them ordinary palm leaf huts of the natives. This is probably the worst province I have. The hatred of the whites here is probably more widespread and the tendency to rebel against American rule greater than in any other province. That is among the leaders. The people are not half bad, though poor and indolent. My treatment has been upon the whole good. In fact in the greater part of the towns my reception has been enthusiastic and touching. North of Bugasong I have met with a good deal of coldness, but no violent demonstration has been made until last night here, when stones were thrown at the house. I have confirmed over 19,000 children and expect in the next three days to reach 20,000.

F. Z. R.

A communication dated from Jaro, October 10, 1906, tells in a few simple words of the great blow that swept away in a night the labor of years:

Jaro, Oct. 10, 1906.

My Dear Sister:

It is two months since I wrote you and I have made the hardest trip I have had to make yet. I was in parts from which it was impossible to mail letters. The people here received me most affectionately and I was happy to get back. I was in sparsely settled parts and only had about 3,500 confirmations. I found religion all right, but everybody and everything wretchedly poor. Sunday the 7th I was indeed most happy and satisfied. Everyone was lovely to me and there were 400 communions at my Mass. But Sunday night came the hardest blow I have had yet. At a little after one Monday morning my seminary took fire. When a building gets on fire here it goes. Everything is of wood and no fire department. I saw the whole place disappear in the most awful fire I ever saw. Fortunately no lives were lost, but everything was destroyed, even the clothing of professors and students. The loss is fully $75,000 and God only knows how it is going to be met. I see nothing but blackness ahead. I am in an awful muss and have a terrible amount of work, but I am well and

RT. REV. FREDERICK ZADOK ROOKER, D.D.
In Pontifical robes just prior to his departure for the Philippines.

The Funeral Procession to the Cathedral, Jaro.

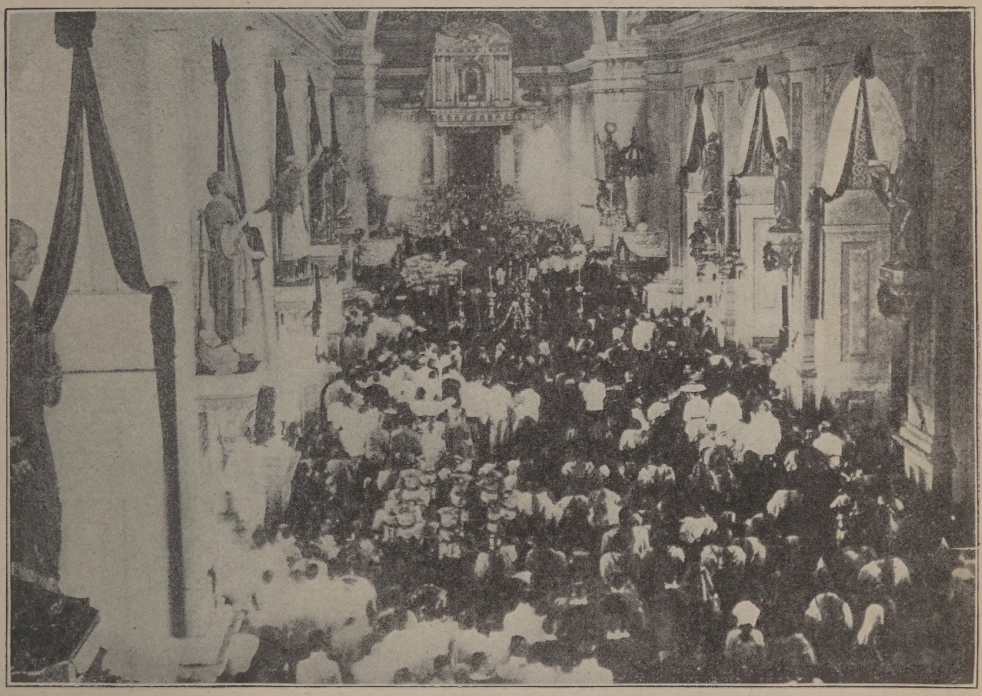
The Funeral Procession entering the Cathedral.

I shall go at it and try and pull through with the help of God.

F. Z. R.

On St. Patrick's Day, 1907, writing to his sister, he tells of confirming 23,500 children, sixteen per cent. of the total population. It was on this occasion that he fell from his horse, being thrown with great force, but he disposed of the accident with brief mention. "My whole visit was most satisfactory," he concluded. "We were enthusiastically received in every place but one, and I found the public most devout and affectionate. I must stop now, for I have a great heap of work."

The anniversary of Bishop Rooker's appointment brought to him great spiritual consolation. Nearly every letter contains some reference to the love of his people, that seems to have comforted him so during all the vicissitudes of his labors in the Philippines. In July he predicted that he would be "worried and busy until the new seminary is finished." "I have piles of work, and am right well," he wrote on July 29th, and little more than a month later he wrote his last letter home, with the new seminary very much in evidence.



The Mass in the Cathedral of Jaro. The Apostolic Delegate in the pulpit delivering the eulogy.

Jaro, Sept. 9, 1907.

My Dear Sister:

Here there is no startling news. I got the students transferred to the new seminary two days ago and now I am busy as I can be getting them settled. The work on the new place is not quite finished, but it is in good enough condition to be used and even with the lack of a few conveniences yet to be provided, they are infinitely better fixed than they have been for eleven months since the fire.

Love to all. F. Z. R.

A letter written in July to a child, a little niece, gives a pretty picture of the relations between prelate and people. It testifies in the Bishop's own language to the love of his flock for him.:

The people here love me very much. Last Thursday was St. Frederick's Day. I never would remember the date, but the dear people managed to find it out, and you ought to have seen how they treated me. They prepared a beautiful big surprise party for me. The day before while I was out making a little visit with one of the families, some of the others came here to my house and in a couple of hours had it all beautifully decorated with lace curtains, lambrequins, plants, flowers, etc. On my return I asked Father Tonto Trono, the rector of the cathedral, what it all meant, and he had to tell me that the people were going to take possession of the house the next day, and give me a feast. He told me I must say Mass down in the cathedral the next morning, with which the feast was to begin. I did so at seven, and notwithstanding an awful rain between six and seven there were hundreds of people present. After Mass they all came up here into the house to offer me their congratulations for my name's day. Two little girls made addresses to me in Spanish, and the people all stayed talking and visiting till after nine. Then most of them left, but all the principal families remained —the fathers and mothers, the young people, boys and girls, and even the babies. Then they began to get the dining-room ready for dinner. They arranged great long tables, set them beautifully, and brought in from their houses all the eatables for a fine banquet. At noon fifty sat down to as handsome a dinner as you could wish to see. How I wish you could have been here and mixed with the blessed, sweet little girls, who were all dressed so prettily and looked as sweet as anything you ever saw. The dinner lasted till half past one and then, after amusing themselves for awhile, they began to go to their houses, but it was three o'clock before all had left. So you see I had a beautiful festivity from seven in the morning till three in the afternoon. All the while, too, there was an orchestra on the landing of the stairs below which played almost continuously. Now, don't you think that was sweet of the dear people, and that it showed they loved me?

Catafalque upon which reposed the remains of Bishop Rooker in the Mortuary Chapel

PRINCE CHARLES OF BOURBON SICILY.

PRINCESS LOUISE OF FRANCE.

CATHOLIC ROYALTIES.

BY BEN HURST.

XI.

The House of France.

While a dozen or so of avowed monarchists in the Chamber de Deputés no more represents the proportion of the Duke of Orleans' adherents than does the iniquitous Government in Paris the wishes of the people of France, the probability of yet another Restoration remains nevertheless a matter for conjecture. Duke Philippe is meanwhile a keen student of politics, alive to the hindrances and possibilities of the situation. The word "Pretender" is an ungracious one at most, and the position of him to whom it is applied is both difficult and painful. Should he appear to slight the great heritage bequeathed by his forefathers he is styled a dastard; should he emphasize his acceptance of its obligations by the trammels and outward show of a state he does not mean to renounce he is accused of bombast and made a subject of cheap sneers. A dethroned king is considered strangely enough a fair target for mockery. More respect is usually forthcoming for a bankrupt millionaire. It would be interesting to know whether those who profess contemptuous amusement at the pretensions of a man who bears the name of Bourbon would themselves part lightly with any honorable birthright, or disassociate themselves altogether from an ancestry—if they possessed one?

The head of the House of France lives mostly in seclusion at Wood Norton, in the Vale of Evesham, Worcestershire, a beautiful retreat, where the English county families are not of course admitted, but where the Duke is visited by his peers,—members of various Euro-

THE COUNTESS DE PARIS AND HER DAUGHTERS,
The Duchess of Guise, The Queen of Portugal, and Princess Louise.

pean reigning families. The estate, in the lovely valley of the Avon, comprises several thousand acres, and its margin is so thickly wooded that the ordinary passer-by can forget that it contains a Court, since his eye does not penetrate beyond the leafy veil. The illustrious inmates are little seen in public. Solitude is the penalty of their exalted state, which explains why Duke Philippe, a man of lively temperament, has spent a considerable part of his youth in hunting and exploring expeditions from African jungles to polar seas.

At "home," in Evesham, the traditional etiquette of the French Court, criterion of all modern civilized usage, is strictly maintained. Old customs are in honor, such as summoning the household to lunch by three blasts from the romantic *corne de chasse*, a relic of Henri IV. The banquet-hall is hung with Gobelin tapestry which once made a background for the stately figures of the martyred Louis XVI. and his Queen.

Reminders of the glories of the old régime are present everywhere, from the great iron gates whereon is wrought the miraculous device—constant herald of victory—*Mount-joye et Saint-Denis!* to the chapel roof where gleam in gold the lilies of France above images of saints and heroes that flourished when the eldest daughter of the Church was a mighty kingdom.

The names alone of the privileged *habitues* of the royal retreat must thrill the most indifferent student of history. Here they are, arousing an echo of chivalry and immortality: De Luynes, De Gramont, De Noailles, Sabran-Pontéves, De Mun, Decazes, and others not less illustrious, representatives of a race whose blood watered the scaffolds of the Revolution. A great vision is always before their minds' eye, and again—could it be otherwise for true men of their caste who are still in touch with the descendants of Saint Louis? In this land of exile they may pay the obeisance they owe to Philippe of France and his immediate relatives, bearers of such magic titles as Ducs de Guise, de Monpensier, de Chartres, d'Alencon, de Vendome.

Nor has the Duke of Orleans held aloof from current events in France. He is

WOOD-NORTON: THE SCENE OF THE ORLEANS-BOURBON WEDDING.
The English Home of the Duke of Orleans.

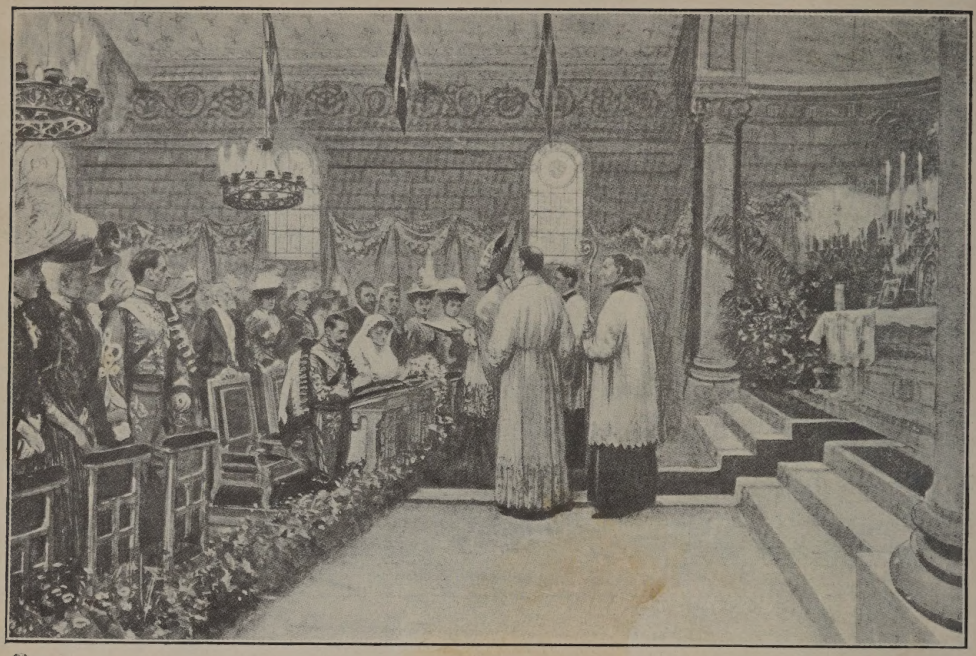
a generous patron of literature, and his vast wealth is expended in coming to the aid of humanitarian movements, in fostering religion, and furthering every worthy national enterprise. Debarred from participation in active politics, he never forgets that he is heir to the throne of France and, as such, deponent of a most sacred charge. In one of his public letters to a monarchist deputy of the French Chamber, the following passage occurs:

"It is my duty to affirm once more that, for the Church as for the army, and for all the great interests of the country, the indispensable condition for every reform is the restoration of the Monarchy of France. . . . I am proud of the fidelity of my friends, and inspired by remembrance of a glorious past look forward with confidence to the future . . . The number of disabused Republicans is daily growing . . . The land is weary of tentatives and desirous of peace."

Whether these words be too optimistic or not they can only do honor to him who penned them.

Since the death of the Comte de Chambord, uncrowned Henri V., the Legiti-

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.
Brother of the Bride.



THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE CHARLES OF BOURBON AND PRINCESS LOUISE OF FRANCE.

Queen of Spain | King of Spain | Duke of Orleans Bridegroom | Bride | Queen of Portugal | Bishop Father d' Armaillacq

mists of France have ceased to hold the descendants of Philippe-Egalité and Louis-Philippe responsible for the crimes and wiles that ousted the elder branch. Their allegiance has been necessarily transferred to one who now unites in his person all the rights of a great line.

The *de jure* King of France is tall, with a blond beard, and of fine, stately presence. In England he is less popular than were his parents, the Comte and Comtesse of Paris, owing to his sympathy with the Boers in the late war, and his encouragement of the French volunteers who went to their aid. He had overrated the tolerance of English hospitality; but his successful Arctic expedition brought him again into favor with a people ever disposed to honor grit and enterprise. The record of his voyage in the "Belgica" is written in a charming, simple style that reveals the patriotic zeal and kindly nature of the author. His description of the crew's landing on unknown soil, hoisting the tricolor and naming the country "Ile de France," is touchingly pathetic. Of hair-breadth adventures and perilous privations there are none; but the book has won eulogy from various geographical bodies as giving a fund of new information on those unknown regions.

The Duke's consort, "Queen Maria-Dorothea," is a born Archduchess of Austria, and takes pride in the fact that she is a grand-niece of Maria-Antoinette. The prohibition of exile not extending to female members of the House of Orleans, the Duchess is not unknown in Paris where crowds of Royalists flock to do her homage as soon as she arrives. She is president of a score of benevolent societies, and gave large succor to the expelled religious communities who turned to her, naturally, for aid. The Duke's marriage with a Hapsburg prin-

cess caused consternation at the time in French Government circles. Until the banns were proclaimed it was not believed that Kaiser Franz-Josef would consent to an alliance calculated to offend the Republic. But the work of centuries is not so lightly obliterated; and the House of France still holds such a great place in Europe, its ramifications are so puissant, its prestige so far-reaching, that no reigning house can afford to belittle or ignore it. Even the cynical spoliators of the poor, the mendacious advocates of "free thought," still tremble at the name of Bourbon.

If proof were needed that royalty in the minds of a large section of humanity is inherent and inalienable, independent of worldly vicissitudes, this proof was given at the recent wedding of Princess Louise of Orleans. The words "fallen from their high estate," seemed indeed inappropriate to a family who can welcome to their home reigning sovereigns of Spain and Portugal, members of the Imperial House of Russia and Austria, and of the Royal Houses of Italy, Belgium and Bavaria, besides representatives of every European state except France. The marvelous line that had so much to do with the shaping of the entire modern world—governing at one time in France, Naples and Spain,—has sadly declined since the cataclysm of 1789; but it is still too closely allied by marriage with the dynasties of Spain, Austria, Portugal, Denmark, Saxony, Bavaria, Italy and even Bulgaria to be a negligable quantity for the rabid republican.

Duke Philippe's natural reluctance to consider his residence in England as a permanent abode necessitated the erection of temporary buildings for the reception of his guests. Forty princes and princesses of the blood royal had to be accommodated, and therefore the contingent of French nobles summoned to assist at the wedding ceremony was forcedly restricted. Hitherto, Royalists reunions in England have been mostly associated with requiems and memorial services. Every year, on the anniversary of the death of the late Comte de Paris, a Mass is said in the little church of St. Charles Borromeo at Weybridge, which is well attended by sympathizers from the other side of the Channel. Queen Victoria and her daughters made a point of seeing to the preservation of the exiles' tomb; but the family burial place of the Orleans family is in Dreux, where the remains of the "King of the French" and his Queen were long since removed.

At the marriage which put all England astir lately the legal status of Duke Philippe was very evident. The Duc de Luynes, Master of Ceremonies, upheld the time-consecrated formalities of the French Court. All the *gentilshommes* in attendance on the Duke observed the strict etiquette of their service, and were attired in coats faced with *bleu du roi* silk, the gilt buttons being engraved with a crown.

Everything had been done to efface the impression that the festivities were being held in a strange village instead of in Versailles or Fontainebleau. Certainly the assembly could nowhere have been more courtly; and surrounded by his peers the uncrowned King of France could for a moment believe that the Capetians had come to their own again. As an equal was he greeted after the prescribed fashion between monarchs—a kiss on both cheeks—by Alfonso of Spain. As a brother in rank was he embraced by Queen Victoria-Eugénie, and

with the same deference as they would have shown where he resident in the Tuileries, a grand-duchess of Russia and a princess of Great Britain rose at his entrance. Courtesying low, the ladies of French nobility put the Duke's hand to their lips, as did many others in attendance on foreign princesses when admitted to "the presence."

The banqueting hall was draped in golden damask, studded, as well as the carpet, with fleur-de-lys; the royal arms and crown of France were repeated through all the decorations; the unexampled splendor of the uniforms and dresses could only enhance the illusion. No wonder the Jesuit preacher exclaimed: "Is it a dream? Are we in France, welcoming this assemblage of the great ones of the earth?"

No, the past cannot be wiped out; tradition cannot be put aside like the claims of an ephemeral Bonaparte; an unholy clique may triumph to-day, but yesterday still governs to-morrow.

Princess Louise, or, as her rightful title should be, Madame Louise of France, is the youngest daughter of the late Comte de Paris, and is less known to the world at large than her sisters, Queen Amelia, Duchess Helena of Aosta and Isabella Duchess of Guise. She has had, however, the same thorough education peculiar to the daughters of the energetic Comtesse de Paris. She is a tall, queenly girl, with blond hair, blue eyes, and the decided features of her race. Through long residence at Villamanrique she is already half a Spaniard, and well calculated to be a fitting mother to the children of Don Carlos, himself a naturalized Spaniard through his first marriage with the Infanta Mercedes. The eldest of these children, it will be remembered, was heir to his uncle, King Alfonso, until the birth of the little Prince of the Asturias.

Don Carlos is the second son of the Count of Caserta, ex-king of the two Sicilies, and head of the Italian branch of the Bourbons. He has been a widower for three years, during which time he still further endeared himself to the family of his adoption by devotion to his motherless children, and to the numerous charitable behests of his sainted wife. Queen Christina herself encouraged the notion of his second marriage, and, as we have seen, King Alfonso assisted at it, making a delicate allusion to the sister he had lost and who had been so happy in her wedded life, while welcoming the lady so pre-eminently suited to supply her place. Surely fraternity and magnanimity could no further go, and all augurs for the thorough identification of Princess Louise of France with the family of which she is now a member.

It is interesting to note that the French Bourbons, so haughtily exclusive in their alliances, have not disdained to be united to a scion of old Irish nobility through the marriage of Princess Margaret, daughter of the Duke of Chartres, to Patrick MacMahon, Duke of Magenta.

Two interesting incidents marked the Queen of Portugal's sojourn at her brother's during the preparations for the wedding of Princess Louise. A workman fell from the scaffolding of the new buildings and sustained serious injuries, whereupon Queen Amelia with the bride-elect motored at once to the hospital and assisted in setting the fractured limb. She afterwards made the patient's bed with her own practised hands, and took down a list of things for his comfort to be sent from Wood Norton.

Some days later, when making the

round of the wards the chagrined face of a little patient did not escape her keen observation. Its cause was found to be the non-arrival of a bunch of violets meant to be offered to herself. "My dear little girl," said the good-natured Queen, "when the flowers arrive you shall arrange them and I will leave orders that they be sent to me. I promise you that I will wear them in my corsage to-night."

The Duke, less expansive than his sisters, is nevertheless beloved as well as respected by his dependents. His marriage being childless the succession will pass to his brother the Duc de Monpensier who inhabits Villamanrique in Spain. Both princes live in the halo of melancholy caused by nostalgia for the land of their ancestors. The Duke himself alludes to it in his latest book: "Oh, this eternal wound that cannot heal! . . . In the wilds of Asia, or among the Arctic glaciers it was with me . . . . . Twenty years of torture, of exile from France, with this cruel longing always at one's heart!"

In the combat of Christianity with Freemasonry, in the cause of religious tolerance as opposed to persecution, fair-minded men the world over will echo the wish of France's best citizens and say heartily and hopefully: Vive Philippe VII!

LOVE.

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Love is a volume in a word,
  Love is a June-month lived in a day,
Love is a garden in one flow'r,
  Love is the heart's sweet say,
Love is the blossom to life's green leaf,
  Love is the wing for flight,
Love is the soul of heaven and earth,
  Love is the absence of night.

THE DIARY OF AN EXILED NUN.

TRANSLATED BY DANIEL F. DESMOND.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

And the world goes on as peaceably as ever; the wicked prosper; the indifferent, if they concern themselves that much with the matter, stupidly say: "Oh these religious are not so vexed because of their release from jail." Others tell us to have hope—"They will never go that far." But our parents and friends say to us simply and sadly: "Poor, poor Sisters, be courageous, prepare yourselves for the crisis."

Saturday, July 2.

Feast of the Visitation of Our Lady.

What a sad celebration of a feast ever so bright before! High Mass without our organ and a procession without garland or banner along the bare cloisters! All is gone from us now.

Sunday, July 3.

The weary travelers came home to us last evening at six o'clock.

The property at C— is the most suitable. It is composed of two houses; the residence itself, which would do well for a small academy, and the farm-house where ten or twelve religious with a little good-will could make a home. The kitchen garden is very productive and just now has a harvest of products. In fact, everything is well, except the price. To make the cash payment of even a thousand dollars is no easy matter for us. We have been able to save some money for our taxes—although we have lost that which is taxed, and of course we are not going to give those fellows such a gift. Then we have the product of our recent sale of furniture, etc. But in all there is not half the necessary amount. A loan we must make, and a loan is a serious responsibility for us at least.

Monday, July 4.

As the senators are despatching the law we must keep apace. We have decided to buy the estate at C—. As soon as the law is passed, our business agent, Mr. G—, will go to Belgium and close the bargain. But even then only some will be able to go, and among that some I am not included. Last evening a council was held, and this morning a meeting was called in the chapter hall. The die is now cast.

Our work will be carried on by the following Mothers and Sisters, exiles indeed, but nevertheless religious: Assistant Mother Superior, Sister of Ligouri, Sister of the Assumption, Sister Francis Regis and Sister Saint Andrew. The lay Sisters, Sister Veronica, Sister Rosalie and Sister Celestine will also go.

With Sister Saint Peter and Sister Saint John at Bethany in Belgium, Sister Mary Eulalia in Germany, and Sister Saint Michael in Austria, dispersion becomes a reality

Sister Mary Louise remains here for our alumnæ; Sister John of the Cross in her hired apartment will give lessons in design; gentle Sister Joseph Mary will go to the suffering that she must find at her father's house; my dear Sister Mary Elizabeth will go off at once to institute her course at Paris; Sister Mary Kostka will join her family; my dearly loved elder sister, Sister Mary Bernard, is to begin a work of love and consolation for her

father; she will bring him into Christ's fold; Sister Mary Antoinette must go to her mother; Sister Margaret Mary, like Sister Mary Elizabeth, will be among the first to leave the priory; she is to establish a course; the two novices, courageous Sister of the Nativity and inconsolable Sister Mary Agnes, will go back to their parents.

And I? All along I cherished the hope of being a member of the community about to form in Belgium. Only yesterday I repeated my supplication to Mother Superior. "My poor child," she said, "as it is, even now, I do not see how we are to supply the wants of the Sisters of C—. You must embrace the sacrifice and go to your family. For how long? God alone can say." Between my tears I could see that Mother was weeping.

There you have the work of Combes the renegade! Dispersion, exile, poverty, tears, suffering!

Tuesday, July 5.

The scholastic year was brought to a sorry close in our large empty house—empty indeed, for in most of the rooms there remains nothing but the bare walls. From our cells the furniture, the books, and even the holy pictures, are gone. Many of the nuns passed the night on straw mattresses and mats arranged on the floor. When this was learned by our pupils they desired to do the same ,but we did not permit it. During the last few months, these children have manifested an affection, a respect, an attachment that has consoled us. Many of them earnestly besought their parents to allow them to continue their school work with us in exile but in vain. We who already feel the pain of heart at being cut off from our work and our children understand well why their parents refuse.

CHAPTER VI.

The End. Departure Begun—Visit of the Liquidator — The Inventory — The Officers—The Final Splutter—Our Last Day at the Priory.

Sunday, July 24.

The end has come!

Lord! Lord, why has Thou forsaken us? But let Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven!

. . . . . .

How was it possible for me to write during the past few days? Between the visits to the parlor, the affairs of the children and the partings, I had time only to pour out my sorrow before the tabernacle, and that briefly.

To-day I would like to resume the account of our history. The month of July found us in this long bitter agony. Before us, as now, we saw the inevitable; each day Mother read to us the debates, or rather the decisions of the Senate. One afternoon, it was the sixth of July, Mother came to us at recreation and said these words: "Dear Sisters, the end is here. Last evening the law was passed. May the good Lord assist you. He will be always with you." What a heavy blow at our already aching hearts! We were frightened and dismayed; but we knew that in all the holy will of God was at work and so we said not a word, nor did we even murmur.

It is impossible as I said before to give a clear idea of our distress. My words, nay, rather no words, can represent the lingering sorrow of these dark days. On the eighth of July the law was promulgated and three days later the name of our community appeared with the others in the fatal list of the "Official." This crushing news was read in the refectory

after grace by Mother, — news, indeed, although expected. We understood all at the first words, but we heard it through with a painful silence and then knelt down to accept from God our affliction. If tears and sobbing can become prayer, we prayed. Now, indeed, had the end come. Some of our old Mothers who clung to their straw of hope used to hold up to us in their own naive manner that useless straw, "Why will they drive us off? We did nothing to them"; but when the eleventh of July brought its unhappy message their poor hearts were pierced. They shed tears of sorrow which wrung from us all tears of pity. Those venerable lips which tried so hard to express a word, a prayer, could only give forth moanings. Oh! to see those wrinkled hands now clasped in anguish and now extended to us as if to beg some solace. Alas! what could we offer but the sympathy of tears? There is the work of our France, not for one house alone, but for thousands. These sufferings, these tears, have not escaped God. He has heard our sighs and our prayers, but, cruel persecutors, take courage, our cry has not been "Vengeance," but rather an earnest "Pardon them, oh Lord!"

The hour for parting came. It was necessary to send several of the young religious to accompany the aged and infirm Mothers and Sisters to Belgium. Besides, others had to go in order to get our new house in readiness. Some others, too, were called for by their parents, impatient perhaps to give their daughters the affectionate care of love.

And each day the convent becomes bigger, more silent, dismal. The vacant places in the refectory, at recreation, and in the choir are suggestions of sorrow for those who remain. While we are not at the foot of the altar we wander through the deserted academy, filling the place with the doleful echoes of our steps. What else can we do? There is no work to be done, and all the books are gone. There is nothing to distract us in our unhappy solitude, nothing except the thought that they who have left us are even more unhappy.

Oh these departures! There stands the poor, sobbing religious, surrounded by the Mothers and Sisters, as if, in tears themselves, they could console this unhappy creature. There she stands too full of sorrow to speak. The others press her hands; they embrace her; they, too, have their burden of sorrow, but sympathy is strong and they say to her, "Good-bye. May God bring you to us again. Be courageous." There at the end of the cloister is a group of girls weeping and praying. Presently the large door of the cloister opens and the poor portress is there, she, too, giving a tearful expression of her position; never before had she to perform such a task. Close to the gate stands Mother Superior. She is pale, she attempts an encouraging composure but her emotion betrays the affliction of her heart. Before her comes the parting one, who kneels to receive from her Superior, her mother in Christ, a last sad benediction; she rises now, and seeks support from her Mother. And so she is led to the gate, a weakened Mother leading her broken-hearted child to the threshold she hoped never to cross. There is a pause, one sees the exile look back, she is tempted to turn to run back, but it is too late! The great door is abruptly closed, the lock snaps, and the end has come. What an instant! Lord have pity on us; restore our life, give back those children to us; return to us our habit and our cloister. Pity us, oh Lord, and have mercy on France!

Tuesday, July 26.

I lack the courage to take in hand again my diary; but duty supplies the deficiency. I am going to set down in a precise manner certain details, the painful memory of which I wish to preserve. And besides what is there to do here in this empty Priory? I have plenty of time, to be sure.

On July 5, the law passed the Senate.

On July 8, the text of the law appeared in the "Official."

On July 11, the "Official" published the news of our death; the convent of Notre Dame du Prieuré must cease to exist.

On July 12, our little novice, our much loved Sister of the Nativity, departed from us.

On July 13, at ten o'clock, the superintendent of police paid us a visit. He brought to Mother Superior the special notification which the superiors of all the doomed communities were to receive from him. Reverend Mother signed three papers which are now officially stamped, and posted up at the town hall side by side with the other obituaries. The superintendent was accompanied by a clerk. They presented themselves in as coarse and discourteous a manner as possible. When Mother entered the parlor they neither arose from their places nor removed their hats. After a few minutes of business the clerk was sent to the town hall to stamp the documents. As soon as he left the room the superintendent became, to all appearances, a new man; he removed his hat, became very polite, very kind and very gracious; he was pained, so he said, to fulfil the unpleasant mission which duty put upon him; he gave Mother all the information she desired and then—in an instant all was changed! The clerk entered, the previous uncivil attitude came back and the hat, too. Then the two went off without a word or a nod.

It was on this 13th of July or the day after that Mother told us that the liquidator, Mr. X—, would soon be on hand. As soon as he would arrive an immediate warning would be given us by twenty-one strokes of the bell.

On the 15th of July, Mr. G—, our business agent, went to Belgium. At Brussells he met, by appointment, the proprietor of the realty at C—. After much wrangling an agreement was made. Mr. G— signed at $7,000.

We had two departures on that day. In the morning, our sweet-tempered Sister Mary Agnes went off with her parents and her young brother, Benjamin. It was painful to witness the—shall I say despair? of this tender soul. What will ever become of her? God, indeed, tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, but she is such a sweet thing and so timid, too. As we both live in the same quarter I may see her by and by. In the evening we parted with Sister Margaret Mary.

On July 16 the final reception of the Children of Mary was held at the academy. On that day Sister Mary Eulalia started for Germany. Sister's parents are still alive but their ideas on religious life are so perverted—and it would not be safe to tamper with them—that she must paddle her own canoe. Besides they have none too much for themselves.

Two days later, I parted with my very dear Sister Mary Elizabeth. It affected all to witness such a scene. She who was ever so full of energy, so self-possessed, had reached the crucial test of her courage and she quailed under the ordeal. At the last moment she had so lost her

strength that Mother thought of postponing the separation. But her father was waiting in the parlor and so we parted with her. My poor beloved Sister will be very lonely. Even her correspondence with us will be most difficult, so certain is it that she will be dogged by those police officials.

Oh Lord, look upon our tears, our distress, and have pity on us!

The distribution of prizes and the departure of our children took place on the 19th of July. The exercises were held in our (?) unfurnished, undecorated reception hall—no curtains, no flowers, none of the old-time fixtures, but only some old wooden benches and a solitary chair for M. l'Abbé D—, our chaplain, who presided at this ceremony.

The finale was a discourse pronounced by the Abbé on the "Last Class" of Alphonse Daudet, to which we gave a generous applause of tears. Then the sorrowing children went away, sobbing as though all that was near and dear to them was being taken from them; but some were so set on foregoing this pain of departure that their astonished parents had to tear them from us.

In the evening Sister St. Michael departed for Austria, where she will join some of the exiles of August, 1903.

On the 20th of July the Assistant Mother Superior, Sister of Ligouri, Sister Veronica, Sister Rosalie and Sister Celestine took their leave. They go to arrange our exported furniture in the house of exile.

On the next day, July 21, the free classes had their distribution of prizes. These poor children, too, had a tearful ceremony. Their parents besought us to remain, to continue our work for their girls. They do not understand that we have no choice in the matter. Despite our poverty we will take three orphans with us to C—, counting on Providence for the means of keeping them. If it is necessary we will sacrifice our own bread for these unfortunate ones.

That same evening our lately professed Sister St. Andrew left the Priory. Mrs. A—, a relative of hers, a very poor woman, but, for all that, one rich in virtuous qualities, will keep her in the country for a fortnight. Sister needs the rest. After that Mrs. A— will accompany her to C—, calling here on the way for Sister Alexis.

Each day we expect the liquidator, and each day our expectations are where they were the day before. But he will come.

Thursday, July 28.

The days hang heavily upon us.

Sadness is mistress of the house. If we had not Jesus in the tabernacle living with us I would say that dejection and despair had usurped the seat of government in the Priory. Nothing to do; nothing to say. What is the use of talking? This always begets tears, in these days at least.

Monday, August 1.

To-day they took Sister St. Ann to a sanatorium. She is wasting away with her horrid disease and we can no longer give her the care she needs. Poor dear Sister, she kept her usual gentleness and patience up to the last moment. What a courageous soul! The two Mothers who accompanied her to the institution say that she was duly installed.

These days we receive gratifying news from our exiles at C— but Sister Mary Elizabeth has been unable to send us any word.

Wednesday, August 3.

This morning an officer came to collect our taxes.

He avers that if we do not produce the money within eight days a raid will be in order. Otherwise, he has been very decent to us. He whispered to us that in these eight days we could send off our personal property. Our personal property? There's none left! The raiders may come when they please.

Something else has turned up. Bishop —— under whose jurisdiction we shall be while at C— will not permit us to keep any pupils, not even the French. Our dismayed Mother has written to our own Bishop, asking him to intercede for us.

Thursday, August 4.

Last evening that much expected, much dreaded, visit of Mr. X—, the liquidator, took place.

He called for Mother Superior and politely announced to her that he would make his official visit at 4 P. M., on the eighth of August. Duty enforces him to take account of our bedding, but on leaving we are going to have our beds. He deigns to allow us to have our beds. This because we are women. What a manly condescension for our government. There's nobility of character for you! Witness the big-heartedness of that vampire, that government which preys upon its own, pillages their lands, robs them of their houses and in a magnanimous spirit offers to each one of us (offers, mind you,) our own bed—our own bed!

Monday, August 8.

The official visit of the liquidator! There were five in the party, Mr. X— himself, an obliging notary and his clerk, an appraiser, and a laborer. Our attorney was also on hand with our ever-faithful notary, Mr. G—. All these officials were received in the outer parlor, and there in the presence of Mother Superior, Mother Stephana, and Sister of the Assumption, our attorney read in behalf of the Superior of Notre Dame du Prieuré the act of protestation. There was a statement of Mother's refusal to abide by the decision of the Government in regard to the Priory,—it was a protest against the violation of her home, against its sale by the liquidator, against the inventory of personal property, etc. Mr. X— affecting a heavy drowsiness, sat through it all with a far-away look just as if he did not hear, and when the attorney had finished the reading he signed the act with the same indifference.

An agreement was made that the inventory begin at nine o'clock on Wednesday, August tenth. The business thus ended they all retired, each with a polite courtesy. Mother detained Mr. X— to ask some further explanations. To these the liquidator was more willing to give answer. Mother spoke to him of the pensions due us from the Government. These would be appreciated now. Mr. X— protested that he would do his utmost for us, adding that without delay he would forward us some hundred francs. Mr. G—, our business agent, who stood by, asked the official if he did not fear the auction of our place would entail his excommunication from the Church.

"Somewhat," replied Mr. X—, "my good pious mother has often brought the matter before me, but lately I had a few words in my private office with a priest from—who said: 'Be as lenient as possible in carrying on that distasteful business with the Congregations; be kind,

and God will take into account the position in which you are placed.' "

That is strange advice!

Before going, the liquidator promised to procure a house of refuge for aged and infirm Sisters. He also said that those who so wished might remain at the Priory.

One must admit that this Mr. X— has the bearing of a polite, sympathetic gentleman. Can it be that he is sugar-coated, that this nice surface will wear off when the time comes, that under all these sweet words lies the bitterness of insincerity? We shall see.

We should have feasted to-day on the diamond wedding of Mother Stephana; but poor old Mother told us to let the day slip by like the rest. At any rate how could we have feasted? Would it not be mockery?

Wednesday, August 10.

At nine o'clock Mr. Liquidator, the appraiser, and a clerk came upon the scene again. They asked permission to begin the inventory. The portress made no reply but opened the large door leading to the cloister. Mother Stephana and Sister of the Assumption received them as they came in, and then followed them at a short distance without saying a word or opening a door before them. When they came to the inner parlor Mr. X— asked for the treasurer's books. Sister of the Assumption opened the chest in which they were kept, the gentlemen looked wisely at the accounts, made a few notes and then passed on to the cloisters. Mounting the staircase they came to the corridor of cells. In the first cell they found a straw mattress and a chair. The appraiser asked if all the cells were like this one, for in that case he would just count the doors without inspecting each room separately

Sister of the Assumption decided to answer; "This is furnished, many are not."

As they went along Mr. X— said, "The beds and personal clothing shall be left."

Then they visited the "Novitiate rooms," the other apartments called "Community rooms," our library, and our linen room, all of them now nothing more than big empty apartments.

The academy was next visited. Here were found the few beds which we had to leave in the dormitories. The gentlemen took account of these as they came under "school furniture."

The liquidator appeared quite surprised on finding a long row of empty rooms on the fourth floor.

"What are all these rooms?" said he.

"They are the music-rooms," said Sister of the Assumption, "our pianos were there."

In the class-rooms there was found but little furniture, four or five little tables, some desks and a few old benches. In the refectory they found nothing except the walls. In the kitchen there were five or six saucepans and some odd dishes. These were put down in the note books.

When the pharmacy was reached they began to count up the vials and bottles of medicine. "It's useless to take account of these," said Sister of the Assumption. "We shall have finished them all before we go."

As they passed the stairway leading to the basement Mr. X— asked a question. "What is there in the cellar?"

"Some rubbish, two empty barrels and the remains of a half empty one."

Without going down to see these valuables, the men noted the information and then passed on to the sacristy. Here no inventory was made. "We have

nothing to do with what pertains to worship," they said.

In the garden they looked about, too.

"Must we count the trees?" asked the clerk.

"Not unless you think they may be taken off," was the appraiser's reply.

As the liquidator approached the door of the cloister he turned to the two religious who had witnessed the inventory and said to them, "I never saw a furnished house so unfurnished as this."

This remark did not make us feel very sad. The officials bowed and went out.

The usual silence now came over our cloisters.

Never before had these sacred places, our cloisters, been violated by strangers. Now it seems as though they have been touched by some unholy beings. We feel bitterly this violation.

Monday, August 15.
Feast of the Assumption.

Sad, sad feast! No High Mass, no hymns, no procession. Instead of our usual program, with all these numbers, our program to-day consisted of long hours kneeling at the feet of Our Lord. We prayed for France, for our work, and for our parents. Yes, I prayed for those dear ones who are awaiting me, who desire that I hasten to receive the tender care they are impatient to give me. Beloved father, dearest mother, my twin brother, my brother the priest, my poor little widowed sister, I am no longer the same active, ardent person that you knew me to be in the past! The sword of affliction has pierced my soul during these past months and now leaves me bereft of that usual energy. But my heart has been impervious to all these cruel inroads of sorrow—I mean to say that my affection for you has its old-time vigor. Already I can feel your tender embrace, your lips pressed to my forehead, to my cheeks; and my joy seeks in vain for expression, now in tears, now in laughter. If I had only several weeks or even months to stay with you I would be glad that God granted me this loving reunion, but to remain in the world a long, long time, perhaps even for the rest of my life! — Oh! that thought makes me tremble. I fear to die away from our cloister. This it is that cools the warmth of reunion. Besides, when our convent is re-established, as I hope it will be, there must be another parting. Bitter parting! It is one for which my soul craves, and which nevertheless I apprehend.

We prayed also for our children. They write us letters that speak their sorrow. Some will go to C— to complete their school training, others will join Sister Margaret Mary whose course is being prudently organized in accordance with the law.

We prayed also for our Sisters, all the exiles from France.

That's not all. We added a supplication for our persecutors.

Tuesday, August 16.

Shocking news: the Reverend Mother Superior of M— has become insane under the strain of persecution. The agony of these past weeks, with the expulsion of her religious, greatly unsettled her, but the visit of the liquidator and the inventory were the master-strokes that left this holy soul a wretched, demented being. She was taken to an asylum.

Bishop —— who refused us the permission to keep pupils at C— has retracted from this position—due to our own Bishop's earnest plea in our behalf,

—and authorizes us to receive ten French pupils. That is something, but not enough—Mother will do her best to get more.

Thursday, August 18.

Mother paid a visit to our poor Sister St. Ann at the hospital of R—; her disease has made great headway, but Sister is very well cared for. Poor old Sister, she wept when she saw her Mother, clasped her hands, kissed them, would not let go. Mother was greatly moved in telling all this.

Saturday, August 20.

Another surprise! This morning three men presented themselves to ask of Mother Superior the permission to take an inventory of our furniture. This it appears is a formality necessitated by our neglect to pay our taxes. When Mother told them that the liquidator had made the inventory they replied contemptuously that they had no business with Mr. X— or the others who were here before. They said they would go back to headquarters for instructions before going any further.

Sunday, August 21.

At length we have news from Sister Mary Elizabeth. Last evening her brother, Mr. N—, came to see Mother Superior and myself. He said that Sister was living temporarily with some Sisters of Charity. As yet she has not succeeded in organizing a course, so great are the difficulties and so meagre the assistance from others. Despite all, our dear Sister Mary Elizabeth is full of confidence and energy.

Thursday, August 25.

The tax agents came again at two o'clock. After much useless parley they were allowed to enter, go through the house, and note down whatever they wished. After all, what matters it to us? The liquidator has already taken all. I hope the two do not come to blows over the rich booty of the Priory.

These tax agents remained in the house three hours. During this time poor Mother Scholastica, already in second childhood, but now utterly unbalanced in mind by the events of these days, kept walking about carrying a basket in one hand, a large bundle in the other, and a number of smaller ones tied here and there to her person. Poor Mother! she was caring for her things "lest these thieves take them away." As she was afraid to remain alone in her cell she went here and there, all excitment in her anxiety to escape the intruders. It was pitiable.

Before going the officials read to us a paper on which it was stated that the sale of our furniture would take place on September 24. Then they went off leaving us absolutely dumfounded. Tomorrow Mother will write to Mr. X—, the liquidator.

Saturday, August, 29.

Mr. X— pays us a visit. He is astonished at the news of our business with the tax agents. This is his own business, and so he will put a stop to any further action.

"So then," he concluded, "you can rest peaceably." Rest peaceably? Nice irony indeed!

"At all events," replied Mother Stephana, "whether it is at your hands, Monsieur, or those of the tax collectors our position remains the same; we are still robbed and exiled."

Mr. X— replied with a shrug of the shoulders, as if to say that he could do nothing though he would like to. Before leaving, he requested that all bills of

account be sent to him, and that he would make payment. Shall we bend so low as to put ourselves in such dependence on our persecutors?

Thursday, September 1.

Mother left us yesterday to go to C— in Belgium. Our Sisters call for her; every day we have been receiving fresh entreaties. They do not know how to organize, and they need encouragement and consolation. Mother, at length giving ear to their earnest prayers, has gone to join them. She will remain there but three days, as her presence here is most urgent. She must be at the Priory where surprises, visits, inventories, continual business with the superintendent of police and the liquidator, etc., are the order of the day. Even to-day Mr. X— sent some persons to visit our academy. He counts on letting out this building, either in part or in whole. In the name of the Government he will receive the rent of our house, our academy built at our expense from our dowries!

Thursday, September 8.
Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

Anniversary of my profession!

Mother was pleased with the condition of affairs at C—. Of course there is no luxury there; but the decent things they have are clean and tidy.

Between the work of putting things in their places, putting down carpets, whitewashing, repairing curtains, etc., etc., our Mothers and Sisters have their hands full.

Saturday, September 17.

To-day Mr. X— came in to decide with Mother Superior on the number of religious who will remain temporarily at the Priory. Unless His Excellency, the Minister of Public Worship, decides otherwise, no one will be allowed to remain at the Priory except the aged or infirm members of the community. It is the number of these privileged ones Mr. X— wants to know.

"Do not let this matter worry you," he said on going, "remember that I feel for you in your misery and I want to make everything as pleasant as possible for you."

This tall, thin, grey-haired liquidator of ours is using cunning and insincerity as means for his ambition. One must admit that his politeness and even sympathetic conduct are exceptional. The future will reveal the man. We shall see if he has been only playing with us or if, as he appears now, he is doing his utmost to make matters well for us.

Here are the names of those who are to remain at the Priory: Mother Stephana and Mother Scholastica and Sister Mary Bridget, their patient and courageous infirmarian. Of the lay Sisters, Sister Ursula, Sister Josephine and Sister Mary Henrietta, portress, will also remain. The housework will be in the hands of Sister Susan and Sister Lucy. Nine in all. Mother Superior wishes to live with the sick religious and be also in touch with the poor religious who will remain in concealment in the city.

And when the first of October comes we will be forced to leave Notre Dame du Prieuré.

Another group will depart immediately for C—: Sister of the Assumption, Sister Francis Regis and Sister Désirée. Then Sister St. Peter and Sister St. John will be off for Bethany. And finally Sister Mary Louise, Sister Melanie, Sister St. John of the Cross, Sister Mary Kostka, Sister Joseph Mary, Sister Mary

Bernard, Sister Mary Antoinette and myself, Sister Mary of Nazereth, will be scattered to the four winds. So also will be Sister Bonaventure, Sister Mary and Sister Clement. We must all go to our families.

I dread to think of October 1st. I know well that my parents, my friends and my little ones will be in the yard to receive me and care for me, but for all that nor the tenderness of my parents, nor the devotedness of my friends nor the gratitude of my children nor the compassion of the onlookers can sweeten the bitterness of that day—the most bitter of all my days.

Saturday, September 24.

Still more bad news! Our academy has been leased by the liquidator. Presently he is going to put up a high wooden fence across our garden; but he tells us in his own sweet way that he will leave us the biggest half of *our* garden.

We are used to his ironies. They are every-day affairs, like our pangs of sadness.

Wednesday, September 28.

Oh! these days! these last days! Courage for writing fails me. Long hours on our knees and the silent walking to and fro telling our beads are our routine.

In three days we are to leave our convent, leave our holy habit. This single thought of leaving our habit makes our heart overflow with sorrow, wherewith it is already full. Leave our cloister, leave this blessed Priory perhaps for ever!— leave our Mothers, our Sisters. Some of them we shall never see again.

Our religious life here is to end. *Fiat!* Be it done unto me according to Thy word!

(To be continued.)

HESTER'S GHOST.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

"Well, I'll begin to believe in ghosts as soon as I see one for myself," Madge Kennedy declared to a couple of bachelor girl friends as they all sat round a blazing log fire in her cosy sitting-room, during the welcome freedom and idleness of the Christmas holidays. "Nor have I ever met anyone else who saw one," she went on, "though I know heaps of people who know *other* people who saw them. Sounds a little mixed, I'm afraid, but it's a simple fact all the same."

"Well," said her friend Hester, "you've advanced one step further this time, dear girl, for I think you know me fairly well, and I've seen a ghost, and that within the last three months too."

Her two companions stared at the speaker with an air of quizzical disbelief not unmingled with surprise and a quite unfeigned interest. That Hetty, the most common-sense, up-to-date, practical and matter-of-fact of these three college chums, should admit having

seen a ghost was a matter truly astonishing. Perhaps she herself felt the incongruity of it, for she regarded them with a half-shy look in her pretty brown eyes and a slightly heightened color in her always rosy cheeks.

Hester was a woman doctor—that product of latter-day civilization—and had been for some years the assistant medical superintendent of a large public institution wherein her thorough capability and whole-hearted kindness had won her golden opinions from the first. She had a certain boyishness, or perhaps one should say manliness of manner—the result of many years of companionship with class-fellows of the opposite sex—that was at once amusing and refreshing; and sometimes in a moment of forgetfulness she would address your outraged femininity in her soft Munster brogue, with sentences like "Oh, man, it was grand!" or "Boys, it was enough to break your heart!" Yet beneath this thin veneer of masculinity Hester was the sweetest, most modest, most womanly woman you might meet with in a day's walk, all softness and kindness, heart and soul, full of loving tenderness towards little children, the old and the ailing, towards all helpless and suffering humanity. She had the virtues of the opposite sex without any of its vices, the virtues of her own without its little faults and pettiness. No one knew this better than these old companions of her school-days, who were wont to say of her "Hetty is good through and through."

"It's a stupid old ghost-story, and I daresay you'll laugh at me, as other people have done; and I'm sure I don't know why the poor man should have chosen to appear to me," she began with a pathetic air of deprecation in answer to her companion's demands. "You remember my telling you some few months ago that our storekeeper in the institution had shot himself, poor chap! No one could even guess why he did it, for his accounts were all right, and he had no worries or troubles that anyone knew of. He wasn't married either—"

"What a cheerful and suggestive comment on matrimony," Eileen Butler interjected with a smile.

"I didn't quite mean it that way," Hester went on, seriously, "but at any rate he had no cares or responsibilities, no one to think of only himself. I knew the poor fellow but very slightly, as he didn't come much in my way; and though I felt very shocked when I heard of his death, the matter, I confess, went out of my mind with an almost callous rapidity.

"But about a month afterwards, I happened to have some friends to tea in my rooms, and we got so interested in some discussion or other that we never felt the time passing till it was nearly midnight. However, although it was the first week in November, it happened to be a very fine night, with a bright moon shining, and when my friends got up to leave I accompanied them as usual as far as the lodge gates.

"It is, as you know, a fairly long walk down to the lower gate-lodge, which took my friends out by the shortest route for them, but as I had so often gone down there at night-time, and besides had my faithful little dog Dandy with me, the bare idea of anything approaching fear never entered my mind; and as for the poor storekeeper, I'm afraid I must be really a very callous person, for I had all but forgotten that the poor man had ever existed.

"Well, I said good-bye to my friends, letting them out and locking the gate,

and then turned back with Dandy, who, delighted at having a scamper in the open, raced to and fro over the lawn in the moonlight, barking with joy and returning every now and again to jump up and lick my hand. I was thinking of nothing in particular, when just as we got to a bend in the avenue facing the late storekeeper's office, Dandy suddenly rushed back to me with a frightened yelp, as though something unseen had struck him. His hair bristled all over, his eyes shone with terror, as he slunk closer and closer to my side, shivering and whimpering, a pitiable object of fear. I stooped and caressed him with my hand, half-scolding, half-reassuring him, and when I looked up I was considerably startled to see a man pass close beside me, coming apparently straight from the storekeeper's office, though the door was shut fast.

"He crossed the roadway before me, and I could see there in the moonlight, that the whole figure, stout, low-set, clad in a reddish-brown suit, was that of the dead storekeeper himself. But his face I could not see, for when I looked closer under the hard felt hat, there was no face there! nothing but a great, gaping wound. And as I stood gazing, grown suddenly cold, and glued to the ground with terror, the whole apparition slowly disappeared, just faded into the moonlight and was gone!"

No one spoke for a moment or two. Then Madge said in a reassuring tone, "You just imagined it, Hetty, my girl. I suppose you saw the poor fellow after death and the horror of the picture fixed itself on your brain."

Hetty shook her head.

"No, I couldn't have imagined it, and besides I hadn't seen the body after death. I happened to be away for a few days at the time, which is possibly why I had thought so little about the occurrence. But supposing that I did imagine it, how could you account for the dog? Dandy was hopelessly, helplessly terrified, and not only then, but I have never been able to induce him to pass that way since. He shivers and whimpers and crouches down whenever I venture near the place, and when he sees I am determined to go on in spite of him, it invariably ends in his bolting away from me altogether. And that is not a bit like you, Dandy, dear, is it?" she asked, addressing the terrier who lay at her feet, blinking with a conscious air of importance into the glowing embers.

"It was certainly very strange," Madge said, musingly.

"Yes, and what made it stranger was that I remembered afterwards that the night was the second of November, All Souls' Night, and the time just 'the witching hour' itself. I did not think of it till the following day. But why the poor soul should have appeared to me rather than to anyone else, I can't even imagine."

"Perhaps he knew what a good kind-hearted nature you have," Eileen said softly.

"And if you happened to be a 'papist' like me, Hetty," Madge interjected, "you might be thinking the poor fellow wanted a Mass or two said for his soul."

A look of enlightenment came into liberal-minded Hester's eyes. "I never thought of that, by Jove! I must make a note of it," she said, as she stirred the blazing log vigorously, the leaping flame revealing the earnest expression in her fine eyes. "Even though I'm not a 'papist'—may I not feel with you that it is a holy and a beautiful practice to pray for the dead?"

LOUIS XVII.

The prisoner of the Temple, where he died in 1795 in the tenth year of his age. His fate was one of the worst features of the Revolution.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

The Church During the Restoration. 1814 to 1830.

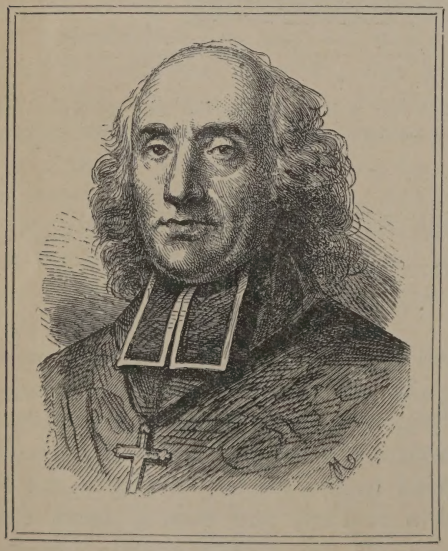
BY THE REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

VI.

The overthrow of Napoleon in 1814 brought to the newly-established throne of France a descendant of the Bourbons, King Louis XVIII. The new monarch, though not impious of character, possessed very little religious sentiment. The times in which he had been educated left in his soul an impression of gloom, and he had not quite learned how to shake off the Voltarian influences of the period. He had witnessed, without profiting thereby, the terrible lessons given to the country during a quarter of a century, and even a harsh exile with all its attendant evils had not succeeded in leading him back to God. He practised, however, the exterior

CHATEAUBRIAND (1768–1848),
Whose classical works, especially his *Genius of Christianity*, did much to win hostile minds to Catholic sentiments.

duties of religion; he still boasted his title as "eldest son of the Church;" he assisted at Mass every day, but there



MGR. FRAYSSINOUS (1765–1841),
Bishop of Hermopolis, Grand Master of the University, and Minister of Public Worship under Louis XVIII. and Charles X.

his devotion ended. Personally his convictions were always wanting in firmness.

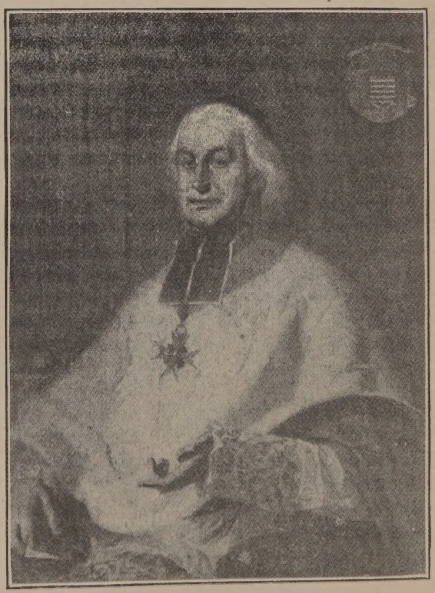
Under such auspices the fortunes of the Church in France would naturally have to depend much upon the force of circumstances. The new regime promised an era of peace with liberty and progress for all, and especially the amelioration of the afflicting conditions which at the time hampered the Church. This liberty and order, however, came only tentatively, and with so many accompaniments of oppression and misunderstanding as to render its exercise and life but precarious. It could hardly be hoped that a State which had so recently emerged from the chaos and anarchy of the Revolution, as well as from the despotism of the Consul and the Emperor, would be able to see clearly under the full blaze of a newly-awakened civilization. Much remained of the old leaven that needed but favoring circumstances to bring it into fermentation and cause disorder in the whole mass of society. It would have been well, indeed, had the newly organized Church in France shaken off forever the cankerous growth of Gallicanism, and taken its stand fearlessly and unitedly by the side of the Roman Pontiff; it preferred to hold fast to the worn-out heresy, squandering thus the opportunities of solidifying itself both before the law and before the people. It would have been well also had the attitude of many in the first flush of triumph assumed less the character of vengeance and repression. True it is, that the incentives to vigorous action were frequent among the Catholic people who with the memories of a generation of indescribable wrongs, of murders, profanations and sacrileges, were ever on the alert to prevent a new

Terror, to repress incipient brigandage, and to stand strongly for their rights. The enemies of the Church have made much of what they call the White Terror, the work of a few fanatics and so very inconsiderable in its extent as hardly to merit mention.

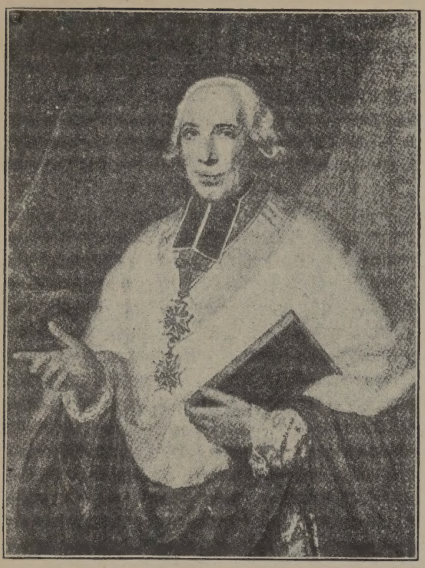
Nevertheless the new regime brought about many laws eminently useful for the welfare of the Church. The Charta of 1814, the constitution upon which the throne was to rest, declared the Catholic religion to be the religion of the State. It conceded moreover to the Church, as well as to Jews and Protestants, full liberty of action in everything pertaining to the spiritual order, and her own disciplinary rules. In virtue of such concessions numerous members of religious orders returned to the country and began their ministry of education and charity. By the year 1825 these religious communities aggregated over 2000, of which more than 1500 received subsidies from the State. Many new laws tending to strengthen the position of the Church were passed during the fifteen years of the regime. The divorce law was abrogated; the Sunday observance was rendered obligatory on all; outrages against religion and morality were declared crimes worthy of legal punishment, especially the case of sacrilegious profanation of holy things. An air of freedom seemed to breathe over all France during the first few years of the Restoration, disturbed only by an occasional sound of opposition, sufficient to indicate that the spirit of revolution with its kindred hatred of Christianity was still alive. Everywhere the voice of the missionary was heard proclaiming the everlasting truths to minds still half dazed by evil influences; from every hillside the brazen

CARDINAL DE BELLOY (1709–1808),
First Bishop of Paris after the Concordat.

tongue of the church-bell called the people to the Holy Sacrifice and to the de-

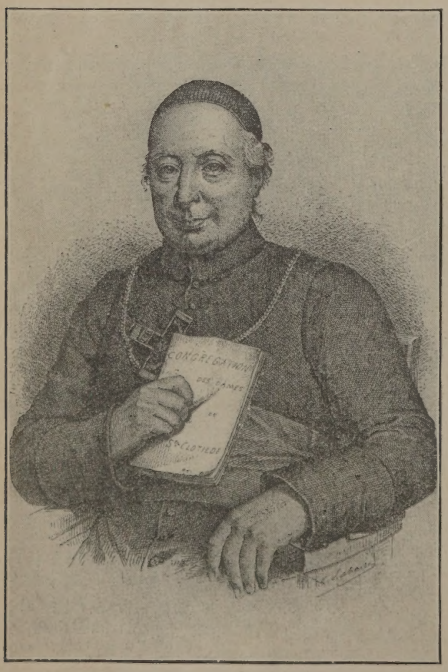


MGR. DE QUELEN,
Third Archbishop of Paris in the XIX. Century.



CARDINAL TALLEYRAND-PERIGORD (1736-1821),

The second Archbishop of Paris in the nineteenth century. After the death of Cardinal de Belloy, Napoleon in defiance of Pope Pius VII. appointed Cardinal Maury Archbishop of Paris. The appointment, however, was repudiated by the Pope, so that Maury has never been considered as the actual incumbent of that See.



PERE R. P. RAUZAN (1757–1847),
The great missionary of France during the Restoration.

votions of the Church; sodalities and confraternities began to multiply, both in numbers and in good works, and many had already begun to prophesy that the Church of France had passed through her last struggle.

In spite, however, of these evidences of Christian progress, there was still much to be desired. The relations of the French hierarchy and clergy with the head and centre in Rome were too greatly hampered by the half concessions of the Concordat, together with its unnatural accompaniment of the Organic Articles, to permit of full assurance of Christian liberty in the future. Accordingly, in the year 1817, a new treaty of concord or Concordat, was framed and was signed by Pope Pius VII. and King Louis XVIII. Its purport was the abrogation of the Concordat of 1801, the revival of that of 1516, and the abolition of the Organic Articles in as far as they conflicted with the doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church. The text of this document is as follows:

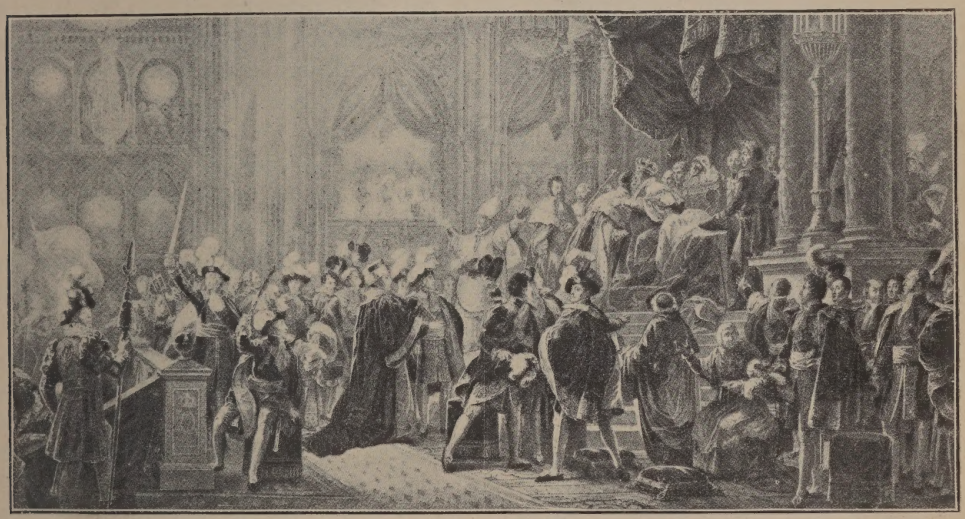
In the name of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity His Holiness, the Sovereign Pontiff Pius VII., and his Most Christian Majesty, animated with the most Christian desire to arrest entirely the evils which have for so many years affected the Church in France, and let religion resume its ancient splendor in the kingdom, since at last the happy return of the descendant of Saint Louis to the throne of his ancestors permits the ecclesiastical regime to be more suitably regulated, have consequently determined to make a solemn convention, reserving the power to provide more amply hereafter, by common consent for the interests of the Catholic religion. In consequence, His Holiness, the Sovereign Pontiff Pius VII., has appointed as his plenipotentiary his eminence Hercules Consalvi, cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, deacon of Saint Agatha ad Suburrum, his Secretary of State; and his majesty the king of France and Navarre, his excellency Peter Louis John Casimir, Count de Blacas, Marquis d'Aulps and des Rolands, peer of France, grand-master of the wardrobe, his minister extraordinary and plenipotentiary, near the Holy See; who, after exchanging their full powers, found in due and good form, have agreed on the following articles:

1. The concordat passed between the Sovereign Pontiff Leo X. and Francis I., king of France, is restored.

2. In consequence of the preceding articles, the concordat of July 15, 1801, ceases to be in force.

3. The articles styled organic, made and published without the knowledge of His Holiness, April 8, 1802, simultaneously with said concordat of July 15, 1801, are abrogated, in that they contain matter contrary to the doctrine and laws of the Church.

4. The Sees suppressed in the kingdom of France, by His Holiness's bull of November 29, 1801, shall be restored in such numbers as shall be mutually agreed as being most advantageous for the good of religion.



THE CROWNING OF CHARLES X. AT RHEIMS, MAY 20, 1825.

This was the last occasion on which a French King acknowledged his allegiance to God and the Church.

5. All archiepiscopal and episcopal churches of the kingdom of France, erected by the said bull of November 29, 1801, are preserved as well as their actual titularies.

6. The disposition of the preceding article touching the preservation of the said actual titularies in the archbishoprics and bishoprics now existing in France, is not to prevent particular exceptions founded on grave and legitimate causes, nor to prevent the transfer to other Sees of some of the said titularies.

7. The dioceses, both of Sees actually existing and of those to be hereafter erected, after soliciting the consent of the actual titularies and the chapters of the vacant Sees, shall be circumscribed in the manner most adapted to their better administration.

8. There shall be assured to the Sees, now or hereafter erected, a suitable income, in funded property and State revenue, as soon as circumstances permit; and meanwhile the pastors shall receive a sufficient salary to improve their lot. Provision shall also be made for the endowment of the chapters, parishes, and seminaries now existing and to be established.

9. His Holiness and his Most Christian Majesty know all the evils which afflict the churches of France; they know, too, how religion will profit by the prompt increase of the now existing Sees. Therefore, not to retard so eminent an advantage, His Holiness will publish a bull to proceed without delay to the erection and new arrangement of dioceses.

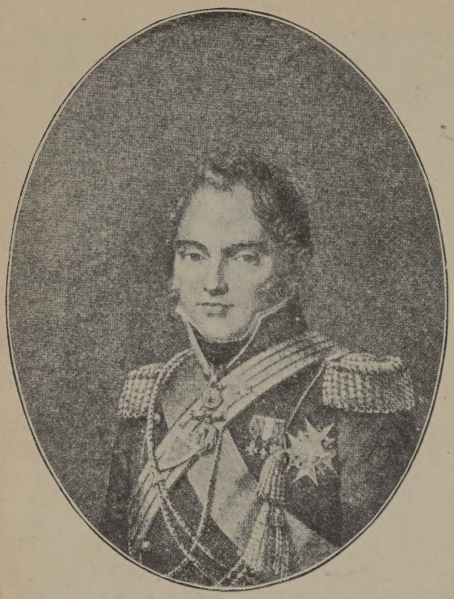
10. His Most Christian Majesty, wishing to give a new testimony of his zeal for religion, will, in concert with the Holy Father, employ all means in his power to arrest, as soon as possible, the disorders and obstacles which oppose the progress of religion, and the execution of the laws of the Church.

11. The territories of the ancient abbeys, called *nullius*, shall be united to the dioceses in the limits of which they may fall by the new circumscription.

12. The restoration of the concordat followed in France till 1789 ((stipulated by article one of this convention) shall not effect the restoration of the abbeys, priories, and other benefices existing at that time. Nevertheless, those to be founded hereafter shall be subject to the regulations prescribed in the said concordat.

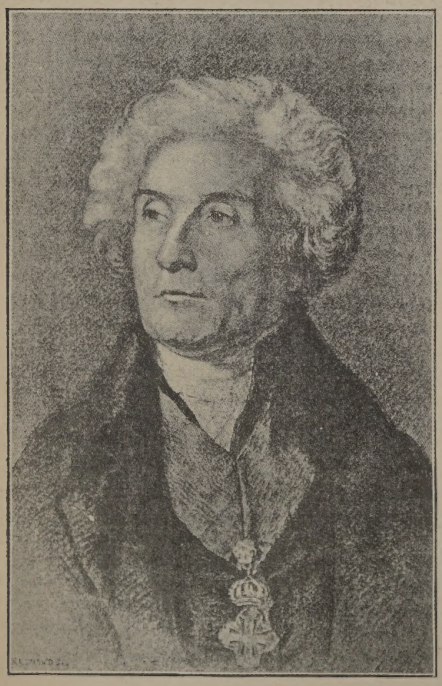
13. The ratifications of the present convention shall be exchanged within a month, or sooner, if possible.

14. As soon as the ratifications are exchanged His Holiness will confirm the present conven-



THE DUKE DE BERRY

Nephew of Charles X., assassinated by the enemies of the Bourbons.



JOSEPH DE MAISTRE. (1751–1821.)

One of the ardent defenders of papal rights during the Revolution and the times of Napoleon. His *Soires de St. Petersburg* and *Le Pape* are still of vital interest.

tion by a bull, and also publish a second bull for the circumscription of the dioceses.

In testimony whereof, the respective plenipotentiaries have signed the present convention, and set thereto the seal of their arms.

Done at Rome, the eleventh day of June, one thousand eight hundred and seventeen.

HERCULES CARDINAL CONSALVI
BLACAS D'AULPS.

This concordat of 1817 was confirmed by a bull of Pope Pius VII. dated July 19, of that year. On the 27th another bull designated the circumscription of ninety-two dioceses. The new convention, however, met with small courtesy when presented to the French Chamber of Deputies. An open hostility to the projected increase in the number of dioceses served as a pretext for rejecting the document, and Portalis was sent to Rome to open negotiations for a new form of treaty. In reality the purpose of the French government was to retain the existing concordat of 1801 whereby the liberties of the Church were more circumscribed than by that of 1817. The Holy Father refused to reconsider a matter that had been settled and concluded in regular and honorable form, and thus the existing concordat of 1801 remained in force throughout the century.

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In the great conflict for the cause of religious liberty throughout the century the claims of freedom in education naturally assumed the greatest part. It was a central question, drawing to itself all others, inasmuch as the instruction of the young contains the elements which go to make up the religious or the un-Christian character of the state. Hence the steady and unceasing war against the religious orders, the limitations of episcopal powers, and the unreasonable restraints put upon the

Catholic clergy and laity in the most ordinary affairs of life.

The University of France, that is, the system by which all educational affairs in the country are subordinated to one political centre in Paris, had its inception in the mind of Napoleon. In 1806 he declared before the Council of State: "Things cannot remain any longer as they are, for any one who wishes may open a school as easily as he might a dry goods store. I would prefer to confine public instruction to a religious order, rather than leave it as it is. However, I will have neither the one nor the other." It was Portalis who had the courage to oppose the Emperor by saying: "The same principles which authorize a father to bring up his children in his own house, guarantee to all fathers the natural right of confiding their children to such institutions as seem best for them." Fontaine, however, seeming to divine the thought of Napoleon, asserted: "After a revolution, after emerging from anarchy, and while we are still in the presence of hostile parties, we should have in education, as in everything else, unity of views and of government. France needs, for the time being, at least one single university, and that university one single head."

CHARLES X.
Brother of Louis XVI. and of Louis XVIII.
Reigned from 1825 to the July Revolution of 1830

PAULINE-MARIE JARICOT (1795–1862).
Founder of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith

The deliberations of the Emperor led him to found, on March 17, 1808, the Monopoly of the Imperial University, a system which has continued to control more or less all educational matters ever since. Thereby he interdicted all

free institutions from giving instruction to the two superior classes; so that all the youth of France should be compelled to seek its education from the state. The end at which Napoleon aimed in such a procedure was that he might thus have a means of controlling the moral and political sentiments of the educated classes. To this end its faculties were to be composed of a lay corporation which could enforce a semi-religious and semi-military discipline. Moreover, no educational establishment could be founded, or, if existing could be continued, except with the approbation of the grand master of the university. To open a school, or to teach science, letters or arts, it was necessary to be a member of the University. All bishops having seminaries should respect the ordinances of the head of the State in all educational affairs. In the four faculties of theology in France, and in all seminaries, the professors should be chosen in the first instance by the grand master of the University, and thereafter by concursus. All seminaries were to teach the Gallican articles of 1682. The Minister of Worship, Bigot de Preamenau, decreed on April 24, 1809, in

LOUIS XVIII.

regard to seminaries, which were termed by him "secondary schools of students preparing for the ecclesiastical state," that "it would suffice for their conservation that the bishop obtain for the director whom he should nominate the diploma or brevet of a member of the university." In all cities containing a secular college or lyceum it was obligatory for the students of seminaries or private establishments to attend the classes of the state school. Moreover, the university tax was imposed upon all such private schools, amounting to five per cent. of the yearly pension of each student whether the latter should pay wholly or partly, or not at all.

The efforts of the Emperor met with but little success. The State schools showed only a slight progress in numbers, while the private establishments were filled to overflowing. In his anger he ordered the suppression of the latter until such time as his own schools should be filled. When families dared to retain their children at home to give them private instruction at the fireside the Emperor caused the gendarmes to bring them by force to the lyceums. By the decree of November 11, 1811, he closed and confiscated the lower grade seminaries, while at the same time he opened numerous lyceums.

In the advent of the Bourbons to the throne, the monopoly of the University retained its ascendency in the sphere of public education, though it must be confessed that the king made laudable if ineffective efforts to modify its tendencies and to give it a more Christian direction. In the hope that this result would best be effected by placing a bishop at the head of that system he nominated for that purpose, in 1822, Mgr. Frayssinous, the celebrated *Conferencier*, titular Bishop of Hermopolis. The effect of such an action was only to give to the discredited institution the prestige of an honored name, and to conceal from the eyes of parents, under the mantle of a bishop, the abuses which, in the existing state of things, it seemed utterly impossible to destroy. It was generally conceded among loyal Catholics that, in order to efficaciously eradicate the evils of immorality and atheism with which the State schools were infected, it would be necessary to accord full liberty of teaching to all, and to permit the congregations and the clergy to rebuild those magnificent establishments of learning which had been the glory of old France. In the impossibility of arriving at an early consummation of such desire, it was found necessary to give to the existing order of public instruction all aid of which the Church was capable.

Mgr. Frayssinous entered upon his duties with prudence and vigor. He was careful to preserve all those elements in the University which seemed best calculated to promote the essential conditions of morality and learning; he chose ecclesiastics of eminent virtue and capacity as rectors of academies, as provisors or censors of colleges, or as chaplains. Retreats were instituted in the lyceums by the Abbé de Scorbiac; he addressed important circulars to all principals and teachers in the State schools, established a course of conferences on the principal doctrines of Christianity, and in general set in motion all those activities which could lead to a solid regeneration in public instruction. His solicitude for the efficiency of all teachers was marked

by constant vigilance; from his professors he exacted a behavior beyond reproach in all matters of religion and morality, and punished all recalcitrants with dismissal. Not even the genius of Guizot, then professing modern history in the Faculty of Letters in Paris, could mitigate the severity of the grand master who, because of the savant's proselytizing influence over his Catholic students, obliged him to vacate his chair. Through the zeal of the bishop chaplains were placed in all establishments of learning, charged with the duty of explaining the Catechism, as an indispensable basis of all serious education. Until then the study of religion had been almost completely abandoned, so that it is not surprising that questions of faith were everywhere held in very light esteem.

The efforts of the grand master were not carried out without great difficulty. The rancor of the irreligious party, aroused at the spectacle of his influence, broke out into violent tempests. A cry went up against ultramontanism and the Society of Jesus, as if the educational system were doomed to destruction by falling into the hands of the clergy. On the other hand the ultramontanes, *i. e.*, the party of strict loyalty to the Pope, complained bitterly of the extreme immorality and impiety which infected the schools subject to the administration of Bishop Frayssinous, a complaint which was grounded in the truth and which continued to go up from eminent educators and statesmen during all the forty years in which the University retained its power.

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In 1823 the Abbé de Lamennais, then in the freshness and ardor of strong and loyal faith, launched a cry of indignant protest in the *Drapeau Blanc:*

"There exists in France certain establishments subject more or less directly to the University, and in which the young are brought up in practical atheism and hatred of Christianity. In one of these horrible nesting places of vice and irreligion the spectacle was seen of thirty pupils who while at the Communion rail, took away the consecrated Host, and by a sacrilege which was formerly punishable by law, used It as a seal upon the letters which they were sending to their relatives. A sort of exterior regularity, of certain religious exercises exacted by the rules, serve to conceal the real state of things from some confiding persons who do not know that these hypocritical actions are often only the signs of profanation. In spite of these obligatory appearances it sometimes happens that pupils are even prevented from fulfilling their religious duties. Thus, the principal of a certain college had fixed the number of children whose confessions the chaplain should hear within the space of an hour. One of them having gone beyond the time allotted, and desirous of finishing his confession, was forcibly dragged out of the confessional by a school teacher. In many establishments—and the evidence of it is not wanting—the directors not only close their eyes to the most enormous excesses, but they even excuse and justify them, or at least tolerate them as inevitable."

These exposures of de Lamennais aroused for the time being a fever of public interest. Their author was dragged before the civil tribunal and subjected to a fine which he gladly paid considering that his words had served to awaken the conscience of the people. Representations of a like character followed, producing a feeling of hostility towards the official system, and drawing upon the grand master the reproaches of alarmed parents and a warning word from Mgr. de Quelen, the Archbishop of Paris.

The sentiments of Montalembert, describing his own school days which were passed during this period at the College of Sainte-Barbe, justify those of the learned Abbé. He says: "In the conversation of my young companions, and they are the best, there reigns an impiety and an impurity which frightens me." Afterwards he wrote: "I shall

never forget the frightful proposals, the monstrous blasphemies which circulated along the benches at the approach of the Easter confession and Communion. I shall not repeat all the indecencies observable in the language and behavior of these young people. If I were a father I would rather see my children wasting their whole lives in ignorance and idleness than expose them to the horrible danger I have run of buying a little science at the price of the faith of their fathers, at the price of all that is pure and sweet in their souls, of the honor and virtue of their hearts."

While Lacordaire, in the first years of his priesthood, was acting as chaplain in the College of Henry IV., a commission was instituted to inquire into the religious and moral condition of the University establishments. A portion of Lacordaire's report, signed by nine college chaplains of Paris, indicates the discouraging condition of state education at the time.

"The chaplain of the college assists, as a witness of heaven, at the corruption of that which is most worthy of love in the world, and if by chance he saves from vice some more fortunate child, he sees him disappear in a few days, nor does he regret his departure, for innocence has no place there. People are astonished that the University still finds priests capable of bearing with its injuries, and who will not abandon to their weaknesses a shameless race of men who repay sacrifices made for them only by affronts. We cannot throw the veil of eternal oblivion over the corruption of twenty years. We cannot deceive the families that confide in us. And when at length the course of studies is completed how many of those who leave from rhetoric and philosophy preserve their faith or put it into practice? It is the duty of the authorities to see if, after so many fruitless efforts, the most efficacious method would not be that emancipation of education so often demanded and which seems to be slipping away naturally from institutions in France founded by the wisdom of the royal colleges of the kings."

The Abbé Combalot echoes the same sentiments when he exclaimed: "What is the mission of the chaplain? He celebrates the Holy Sacrifice upon an altar that is sneered at; he teaches the elements of faith to children whom scandal has corrupted to the very marrow of their bones; he is granted hardly an hour a week to speak of religion to reasoners of fifteen who no longer believe in God or priests. He is the witness, a powerless witness, of the spirit of insubordination, libertinage and blasphemy." Still further, Alfred de Musset speaks of the lyceums wherein young people commit crimes that would make the groves of Versailles tremble, and where children profane the Bread of God. Paul Bourget describes "that horrible world of ignominy and baseness where old age is eighteen and youth eight," and he adds: "I would astonish no one who has passed through the studies of our lyceums, in saying that the precocious impiety of the young free-thinkers has its beginning in some weakness of the flesh accompanied by the fear of its avowal in confession."

If such were the conditions in the public instruction, in the university of France with its dependent colleges and schools, at a time when the influence of the Church could enter in some manner therein, what could be said of such institutions when everything that makes for religion and morality has been thrown aside, and when men and women whose writings display the muddy state of their consciences are given as the instructors of the future men and women of France.

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Despite, however, of the opposition of irreligion, the Catholic party had, by the year 1824, gained so great a preponderance in the national life that the Government of the time felt it incum-

bent upon them to conciliate as far as possible the Christian sentiment. The opposition had striven to gain the Catholics to their side by pointing out the indifference with which the Government was treating all matters that tended to their interest. The Government, sensible of the justice of such accusations, and foreseeing their consequences, endeavored to forestall the issue by placing all Catholic affairs upon a stable foundation. To this end it created the ministry of ecclesiastical affairs, and placed at its head the grand master of the University, Mgr. Frayssinous (Aug. 24, 1824).

Before the new ministry had time to impress its personality upon the office Louis XVIII. died (Sept. 16, 1824). He was succeeded by his brother, the Count d' Artois, who ascended the throne under the name of Charles X. The latter monarch, at his coronation, pronounced a very significant oath, the last of its kind that has come from the lips of a French king: "In the presence of God, I promise my people to maintain and honor our holy religion, as becomes a truly Christian king, and the eldest son of the Church."

Mgr. Frayssinous retained his post at the head of ecclesiastical affairs during the three following years. He was compelled to contend against a very powerful liberal opposition and the newly aroused anti-religious passions of the factions. It was unfortunate, indeed, that this otherwise great and good man, occupying a position of so much trust and responsibility, had not learned to shake off the evil incubus of that Gallicanism which even yet hovered over the Church in France, a relic of her enslaved condition under the Empire. More than other bishops of his time, he not only held these doctrines in the privacy of his life, but he took occasion to publish the praises of Gallicanism, and impressed as far as he was able, the disloyal declarations of 1682 upon his colleagues. Despite, however, of this want of doctrinal loyalty to the great head of the Church, it must be said that the Bishop effected much good in the matter of religious teaching and in the general freedom of Catholic worship in France. His timidity in the face of overwhelming opposition told greatly against his later influence, and gradually so undermined his courage that, on March 3, 1828, he resigned his position, leaving as his successor Mgr. Feutrier, Bishop of Beauvais, under whose ministry the affairs of the Church in France were destined to meet with most unfortunate reverses.

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During the administration of Mgr. Frayssinous the forces of impiety were already bringing together all their resources for a decisive assault upon the Church. The growing influence of the religious orders formed the special grievance which called forth their activity, and in the campaign which ensued the standard bearer of the Christian cause was the saintly Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. de Quelen. One of the first cares of the latter, after his consecration in 1821, was to institute a series of missions to embrace the whole city of Paris. The success of the missions hitherto given in all parts of France, despite the obstacles thrown in their way by a hostile infidelity, promised much for the upbuilding of a strong Catholic sentiment in the capital itself, where irreligion was still marked with very much of its old-time virus. To effect this end the Archbishop called to his aid the cele-

brated Peré Rauzan with his band of missionaries. It proved to be the first skirmish of the newly-awakened Christianity with the forces of the enemy. The missions began in the fall of 1821, and met everywhere with immense success, consoling alike to the zeal of the missionaries and to the heart of the prelate.

The revolutionary spirit could not look with tranquillity upon such happy results. It resolved to raise up obstacles in the pathway of the Fathers. At the beginning of Lent, 1822, the mission was to open in the Third Arrondissement, when a placard was seen affixed to the walls of the Law School. It was an invitation to the students and all factious characters to react by every means against "this religious fanaticism which threatens to invade every place." The plans took some days to mature, but were eventually brought into execution one evening at the church of Notre Dame des Victoires. While the sermon of the mission was being preached the church was suddenly invaded by a mob of young men who delivered themselves up to the most scandalous acts of rowdyism. The preacher was obliged to abandon his sermon and to descend from the pulpit.

Other placards appeared announcing further disturbances for the following night. On Feb. 27, Mgr. de Quelen himself mounted the pulpit. He was calm and collected, with a countenance full of peace and serenity. Without bitterness, but with all energy, he complained of the outrages perpetrated against men whose only offence was the fulfilment of their sacred duty in preaching the word of God. The voice of the Archbishop was soon drowned by a chorus of cat-calls, obscene songs, and the cries of wild beasts. Offensive objects were hurled at his person. A horrible disorder followed in which two priests almost lost their lives. The prelate calmly descended from the pulpit and contrived, though with great difficulty, to regain his carriage. The religious exercises were suspended until the Government thought proper to take active measures for the prevention of such outrages in the future. The mission was then continued, its success being all the greater because of the opposition of anti-Christianism.

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These attempts to prevent the reorganization of Christian society in France were but indications of the spirit that prevailed in the social gatherings of the irreligious world. If Christianity itself was awakening to a new life under the timid encouragement of the royal Government, it must be acknowledged that impiety and revolution were also coming back after the almost fatal blow of Waterloo. Every day its forces were becoming more powerful; the absolute freedom of the press made it possible for infidel proselytizers to instil their poison into the minds of a careless populace. Catholic France had allowed itself to rest too soon after victory; she reposed in a sense of false security that permitted all the greater freedom to the activity of the impious. This was the time when in the space of eight years the people used up fully twelve editions of Voltaire; it was the time when George Sand, Victor Hugo and Balzac were beginning their brilliant but demoralizing literary career: it was the time when Socialism and its kindred theories began to be spoken of; it was the time, in a word, when the first seeds were being sown of that deadly hostility which has

at length grown into the open and bitter war of this twentieth century.

During the reign of Charles X. the anti-Christian spirit manifested an extreme hatred towards the religious orders and towards the Jesuits in particular. The simple and unpretentious work of these good Fathers had produced its fruits in France to such an extent as to cause alarm in the camp of the enemy. It was then that the air became charged with the ghosts and hobgoblins of imaginary forces working for the destruction of France and the social order. One of these phantoms, a ghost that seems even in this twentieth century to haunt the minds of the anti-clericals, as may be observed by a glance at the works of Faquet and Lanessan, was that of the "Congregation." The extent of the terror inspired by the "Congregation" may be judged from an extract taken from the latter author (*l'Etat et les Eglises en France*—1906):

"The society of the Rue de Bac, which contemporaries called 'The Congregation' was formed during the Consulate with the design of injecting the ultramontane spirit into the public administrations and even into the Government. . . . By reason of its real influence over all the personnel of the administration it represented from 1820 to 1828 the greatest power of the kingdom As it was well known above all for its ultramontanism, the employees of the different administrations rivaled each other in clericalism and in pious practices in order to obtain its favors. It was besides kept informed in regard to the act and deeds of everyone, by means of secret agents which it maintained everywhere. The fear which it inspired and the desire of gaining its favor, soon determined in all the administrations and in the army a code of Christian sentiments and of ultramontane opinions which constitutes one of the most profound lessons of our history. . . . Well understood all the intriguers rivaled each other in religious zeal and imposed it in all circumstances upon honest people who had remained faithful to liberal convictions, or who were simply desirous of not debasing themselves to the condition of spies, or courtezans of the congregalion."

Now what in reality, was this terrible spectre of "The Congregation?" It was simply the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin instituted in Paris, Feb. 2, 1801, by Peré Delpuits, an aged priest, a member of the suppressed Society of Jesus. It was begun by associating six young men together for offices of piety and charity under the protection of the Blessed Mother of God. It was just such a sodality as you may find in almost any Catholic church throughout the world, with the same little office to recite, the same prayers and the same pious intentions in view. It made, moreover, an act of consecration, the same that you may have made in your own church in America, and this very act of consecration has been dignified by the anti-Christians into a blood-curdling oath. This is the wording of the "act:"

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, I (name) choose you this day for my mistress, my patron and my advocate, and I propose firmly and I promise never to abandon you, and never to say or do anything contrary to your honor or that of your divine Son, nor to permit that anything be said or done contrary to that same honor by those dependent on me; I supplicate you then to receive me as your servant for ever; be with me in all my actions, and above all do not abandon me in the hour of my death. Amen."

The Sodality, or as it was known, the "Congregation," swelled into large membership as the years went on, especially during the reign of Louis XVIII. when the Society of Jesus had obtained some degree of liberty in France and could thus devote itself more freely to the diffusion of good works. During the reign of Charles X. many members of the "Congregation" arose through their innate ability to positions of great importance in the kingdom, and as a natural course thereby displaced others, not sodalists, who had aspired to such positions. The growing feeling of hostility to the Jesuits offered to these disappointed office-seekers a plausible explanation of their defeat. Then it was that the "Congre-

gation" was looked upon as the great dispenser of political favors, and being a foundation of the Jesuits, its discredit fell upon the Society of Jesus in a special manner.

A system of espionage began to be exerted over all the words and actions of the Jesuits. From time to time petitions went up to the Chamber of Deputies demanding that summary treatment be accorded them. At length an investigation was ordered to determine the extent of their influence, revealing the fact of their presence in only eight houses. Nevertheless the spirit of persecution would not be quieted, and M. de Martignac, the minister of the time (1828), fearing an overthrow of his ministry, laid the case before the king, who could not but resent this new form of proscription, violating as it did the rights of parents who might, according to the Charta, entrust their children to whomsoever they pleased, while at the same time it was an assault upon men who were at least as good citizens as the best. Despite the wise counsels of Mgr. de Quelen, the Government yielded and an ordinance appeared, June 16, 1828, declaring that "no one could be or remain charged either with direction or instruction in any of the houses of education dependent upon the University, or in any of the secondary ecclesiastical schools unless he should affirm in writing that he did not belong to any religious congregation not legally established in France." At the same time another ordinance countersigned by the Bishop of Beauvais, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, declared that the number of seminaries should be restricted, the number of ecclesiastical students should not exceed 20,000; into the Catholic schools no externes should be admitted; they could confer no degrees, the latter being the prerogative of the University alone; moreover, all students of Catholic schools should wear the clerical garb.

At the appearance of the ordinances the sorrow of the Catholics was equaled by the joy of the anti-Christians. Since the Civil Constitution of the Clergy no more vexatious measure had been launched against the Church in France. The times, however, were ripe for the event. The religious spirit was as yet too vague and devoid of solid influence to arrest the encroachments of impiety. The absurd ideas of St. Simon and Fourier were meeting with success; Lamennais in his ardor to overthrow the aggressive forces of irreligion was already stirring up a fever of revolt; Guizot, Cousin, Jouffroy and Villemain were spreading in their lectures and journals desolating maxims whose tendency was to prevent the return of the Catholic faith. Out of all the noisy discussion thus raised the people could gather and retain only what was most likely to sanction license and passion.

Scarcely had the obnoxious decrees been passed than Mgr. de Quelen brought together at his palace all the bishops then present in Paris. A memorial was drawn up which when finished was placed in the hands of the king, demanding a revocation of the act. Charles X. in his desperation found himself at a loss to know how to proceed; already he began to feel the royal power vacillating in his feeble hands. He made an appeal to the Pope, begging the Holy Father not to oppose the sad measures which circumstances beyond his control had imposed upon his Government. Leo XII. out of regard for the general welfare of

the Church, acceded to the request of the King, and the French episcopate bowed with sorrow to the exigency of the situation.

The victory of the liberals opened the way to other and more important aggressions. The ministry of Martignac was dismissed for that of de Polignac. The famous ordinances of July 26, 1830, appeared, suspending the liberty of the press, dissolving the Chamber of Deputies, changing the electoral system, and convoking the electors for the 13th September. Before that date the revolution of July had broken out and after raging for three days, succeeded in overthrowing the throne of Charles X. and setting up in its place that of Louis Philippe.

(To be continued.)

ST.-MARY-OF-THE-WOODS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER, PH.D.

The October sky reflected the mellow light of autumn upon an Indiana landscape. Hard by, in the hollow, slept the straggling village of St. Mary's, with its modest church, and its diminutive post-office. A small, insignificant and hidden-away village that, though only a few miles distant from the important city of Terre Haute. As you walk along its main street clouds of dust rise up menacingly, as though to ward off the intruder who ventures to break in upon the quiet of the place, apparently so far removed from twentieth century noise and bustle. What care the peaceful villagers for the hum and the life of the town which disturbs not the uneventful monotony of their existence, though only a short run in the electric cars might bring them to the noises of factory and locomotive and the pleasures of the theatre and the moving picture machine! Even that memorable day the village of St. Mary's was hardly awake, although not far away there was evidence of unusual life, for there was "something doing" in the neighborhood. The electric cars from Terre Haute were running at more frequent intervals than those of their one hour schedule, and they were filled to their utmost capacity by eager crowds which alighted at the little station of St. Mary's not far from the village. A large number of these people seemed to have come from a distance. Many of them were ecclesiastics, some of high dignity.

In the evening, a carriage drove up toward the village, bearing no less distinguished a personage than the representative of the Holy Father, His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, who

THE FRONT AVENUE FROM THE ENTRANCE

ACADEMY, MAIN BUILDING.

had just alighted from the railway train at Terre Haute. What had all these people to do in this dust-ridden and obscure village of Indiana? They were not bound for the village, but for a spot near it which forms a striking contrast to the settlement in the valley. As the end of the journey drew near suddenly a vision of beauty burst upon one, rising like a fairy scene, above the woodland. A group of buildings; but what buildings! A towering steeple, a sacred edifice, classic outlines, domestic architecture,—all this impresses itself upon you as you alight from the car. Proceeding up the beautiful road, shaded with majestic trees with their leaves turning to gold, you note the details of the picture; they come out one by one from the confused splendor which at first dazzled you.

Sixty-seven years ago this land reposed beneath the virgin growth of the many forests that covered the territory of the United States. Hither came, at that period, under the intrepid leadership of Mother Theodore, a little band of consecrated souls from far-off France, to devote themselves to the education of youth mid the forests of the New World, in the diocese of Vincennes,—a region sanctified by the labors of that apostolic man, Bishop Bruté, and by his illustrious successors. Poor and lowly was their beginning, like the beginnings of all religious institutions. But the mustard-seed developed, and to-day St. Mary-of-the-Woods is one of the most important of our Catholic educational establishments in America. The Congregation of the Sisters of Providence is one of those religious institutions which belong to the revival of religion in France. The furious tempest of the French Revolution had spent itself; but the blood of martyrs had not been shed in vain.

"Though crushed to earth, it rose again," that religion which thrives on martyrdom. One hundred years ago, the zealous Abbé Dujarié, seconded by Josephine Zoé du Roscöat, daughter of the Count Rolland du Roscöat, brought this institution into existence. Its home was on the banks of the Loire, the peaceful river so famous in French story, meandering through La Touraine with its chateaux of the *ancien regime*, and its more thrilling memories of the early days of monasticism, when Martin governed the church of Tours from his grotto of Marmoutier, and Gregory wrote for the instruction of posterity.

CONVENTUAL CHURCH—ST. MARY-OF-THE-WOODS.

It was from Ruillé-sur-Loire that the little band of Sisters went out, to found St.-Mary-of-the-Woods in America. On October 23, 1907, the Sisters of Providence celebrated the centenary jubilee of their Congregation, by the consecration of their beautiful church. You now understand, why the electric cars from Terre Haute brought so many people to St. Mary's, and why the occasion was graced by the presence of the Apostolic Delegate who consecrated the church.

Let us recall the scene that lay before us as we advanced while the golden rays of the October sun imparted their last kiss to the dying day.

The spacious house on the right is intended for the accommodation of guests, visitors to the Sisters, and their pupils. Farther on is the residence of the chaplains and the house intended for the use of the visiting clergy. Directly in front, as you look through the perspective formed by the trees, stands the academy proper. It is a beautiful building, with the elegant lines of classic

A VIEW OF THE GROUNDS.

architecture in white stone. From this main building an intermediate one leads to the convent on the right, while the church rises between them, with its steeple towering heavenward, pointing to the ultimate goal of all human education. Over the entire group of buildings, the Renaissance has cast its mantle, carrying the mind back to the sixteenth century and beyond to classic Greece and Rome. The church is divided into two portions, an upper and lower church, or crypt. The gallery in the upper church, the main outlines of which remind one of the style of the Roman basilicas, is superb. The frescoes, just completed, are original in design and perfect in execution. Any monastic congregation might be proud of such a church.

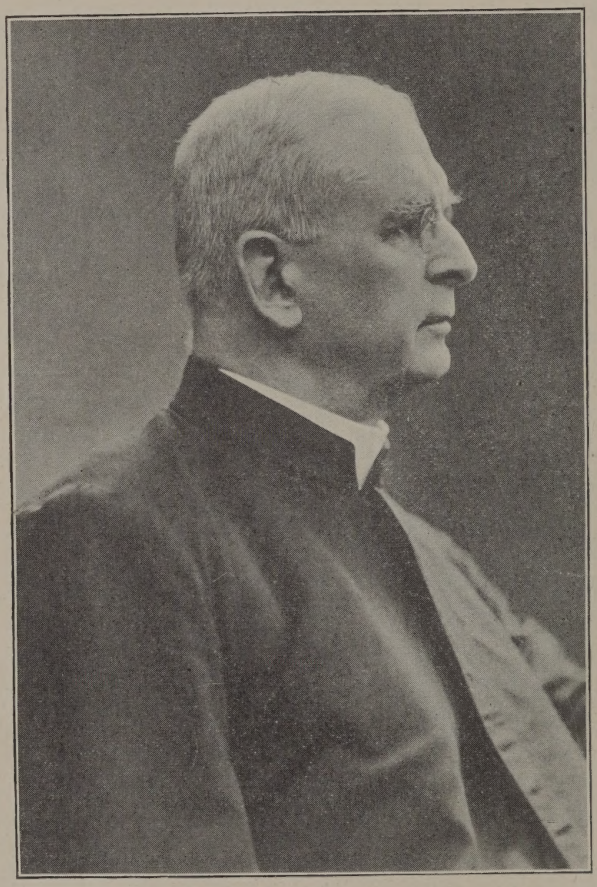
If today the little band of pioneers could rise from their graves in the adjacent cemetery, they would scarcely believe their eyes. St.-Mary-of-the-Woods has grown to be a little town, in fact the village down in the vale owes its origin to the community. Two chaplains minister to the spiritual needs of the convent; nor is their life a sinecure with the large number of persons under their direction.

The ceremonies of the centenary began on the evening of October 22, with a musicale given by the pupils in honor of their guests. A hearty welcome was extended to His Excellency, to the visiting prelates, as well as to the clergy and laity.

On the following morning before the sun had risen the ceremonies of the Roman ritual had begun. Monsignor Falconio consecrated the church, while the function of consecrating the altars was performed by Bishop O'Donaghue, Auxiliary Bishop of Indianapolis, Bishop Alerding of Fort Wayne, and by the Abbot of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Meinrad in Indiana. The Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard, Ordinary of the Diocese. The Rev. Father Conway, S.J., of St. Louis, Missouri, delivered a discourse in which a religious education was well and thoroughly contrasted with that in which religion is wanting, or which is hostile to it.

It was late before the functions in the church had come to an end. The visiting clergy, who had gathered from different parts of the country in large numbers, and other guests, were entertained at dinner. In the evening a reception was given by the alumnae of the institution, and the day of the jubilee came to an end.

The statue of Mary Immaculate looked down benignly upon the scene, and she whose name echoes day and night over these Indiana plains—crystalized in the locality, and repeatedly pronounced by the people dwelling in the vicinity by travellers—must have sent special blessings on those who greatly contributed to her ho are the pupils who have gone out St.-Mary-of-the-Woods to spread arou the odor of the virtues acquired in that abode of virtue, and to increase devotion to Mary Immaculate.



REV. THADDEUS HOGAN.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

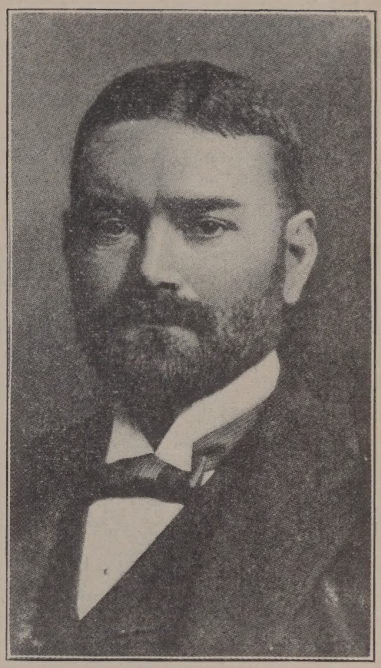
early age of twenty-three, the Rev. ...eus Hogan, Rector of the Church of the ...red Heart, Trenton, N. J., entered on the priestly career which has been so fruitful in noble works. It is impossible for forty-three years of such service as Father Hogan has rendered to pass unnoticed by the outside world, and despite his aversion to publicity his deeds have become known far beyond the borders of the state where so many years of his ministry have been spent. All who have felt his influence, whether still under his spiritual guidance, or removed to other parts, will welcome the appearance of this brief sketch—though it is an all too inadequate attempt to treat even briefly such a lengthy record of devoted effort and achievement.

Father Hogan was born May 17, 1842, in the county of Limerick, about ten miles from Tipperary. He was a precocious child and had inherited much talent from his father, under whom the boy began his English education in the national school of the district. Mr. Hogan was considered to be an able mathematician and surveyor, as well as a successful teacher. When his son Thaddeus was sixteen years of age he sent him to a classical school in Tipperary. The teacher who presided then had trained nearly all the priests in the south of Ireland. During young Hogan's time at this school his

piety and mental powers left no doubt in the minds of his friends as to what his vocation was; and so one year and a half, after leaving the national school, he entered Mount Melleray. Finishing his classical education there he next passed the examinations for philosophy at the Mission College of All Hallows. Here he read for five years—physics, philosophy, theology, Scripture, canon law and church history. His record before entering All Hallows, together with his success as a prize-winner after matriculation, led him to aspire to the doctor's degree, and accordingly in his second year he stood a theological examination that lasted two hours and a half. At its conclusion Archbishop Cullen expressed his great satisfaction and paid a high compliment to the student, who was then in his twenty-second year. He was called to ordination before he could take the final examination for doctor's degree. On June 29, 1865, the dignity of the priesthood was conferred upon him by Dr. Whalen, Bishop of Bombay, and after a few months rest Father Hogan went to Australia to join the mission for which he had been ordained. After eighteen months zealous labor in Australia the young priest came to this country, and, with the exception of two years in Europe, he has been here ever since—greatly to the betterment of his adopted country.

In December, 1870, he became affiliated with the diocese of Newark, then presided over by the late Bishop Bailey. After one year at Camden as assistant Father Hogan went to Mount Holly as pastor. At this mission he found neither house or church worthy of the name, and he had also charge of out-missions in four or five surrounding villages where he said Mass in dwellings. His labors were arduous in the extreme. He drove more than once a month to Atsion Mission, twenty-one miles away, after having said one Mass at Mount Holly, and usually he reached Atsion at 11.30 A.M. Confessions and other matters occupied him until one o'clock, when he began Mass; after Mass came baptisms, etc., and the priest seldom broke his fast until three o'clock; then back to Mount Holly for the evening service.

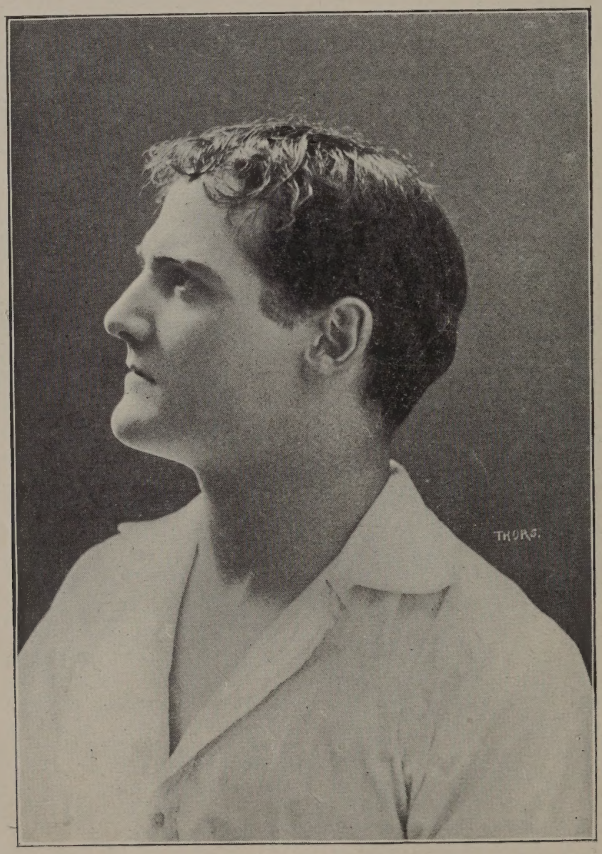
During his first year at Mount Holly from four or five hundred people he collected twelve thousand dollars for a church, being materially assisted in his project by non-Catholics. In two years he had built the church and renovated the old building for a school. Father Hogan believed in and lived up to Bishop Bailey's favorite expression "*No Catholic parish is worthy of the name without a Catholic school.*" He has always had a school in connection with the church over which he had charge, no matter what the other needs of the parish might be. In August, 1873, Bishop Bailey laid the cornerstone of the church at Mount Holly, and recognizing in Father Hogan a priest qualified for more important charges he wished to transfer him, but the importunities of the people pre-



JUSTICE J. A. O'GORMAN.

THE THREE BENSON BROTHERS:
A. C. Benson, E. F. Benson and Father Robert Hugh Benson, the Essayist, the Novelist, and the Ecclesiastic.

vailed for a time. Later, when the Bishop asked him to take charge of Lambertville, Father Hogan himself begged to be permitted to remain and finish the church. His departure was delayed, however, only for a year, for in 1874 he was obliged to leave Mount Holly to assume charge of St. Pius' Church, East Newark, on the death of Father McGahan, the pastor. At Mount Holly by his truly apostolic zeal he had brought back to the Church many who had lost their faith, and in East Newark his labors were no less arduous. For years he had no assistant, and had to do all the work in a parish numbering 2,700 souls, frequently answering fifteen or sixteen sick-calls a day. At East Newark Father Hogan repaired the church and school house, bought a piece of property for twenty-five hundred dollars, upon which he built a convent worth $10,000; and repaired the priest's house at a cost of three thousand. It was only during the last two years at this church that he had an assistant. In 1879 Bishop Corrigan, noticing his success, asked him to take charge of St. John's, the oldest parish in Trenton, and with reluctance Father Hogan accepted, after having twice begged to be excused. At Trenton he found a church debt of $30,000, but he speedily set about adding to and improving the church property, at the same time organizing various associations for the spiritual advancement of his people. Just as affairs were reaching a satisfactory condition, St. John's church was burned to the ground, and Father Hogan had to begin all over again. In August, 1874, Bishop Shanahan laid the corner-stone of the new church, which was dedicated on the feast of the Sacred Heart, 1885, Bishop Farrell celebrating the first Mass, and by December 3, the chapel was fully equipped for service. In June, 1889 the church was dedicated to the Sacred Heart by Bishop O'Farrell. A Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Philadelphia, and the sermon was preached by the Archbishop of New York. A rectory was built at a cost of $20,000.



DENIS O'SULLIVAN AS "SHAMUS O'BRIEN."

An auspicious occasion, and one that must

have filled the heart of the pastor with great joy, was the celebration of his twenty-fifth anniversary as Rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, on November 8, 1903. It was an occasion that did honor not only to the Rector but to his people as well. They expressed their sentiments of affection, esteem and reverence, at the anniversary exercises, and presented Father Hogan with two thousand dollars in gold. The parish was represented by Mr. John J. Cleary who, in his address, summarized the work done in Trenton by Father Hogan in the erection of churches, in promoting forms of devotion and establishing confraternities, societies, Catholic schools and other institutions to safeguard the spiritual interests of his flock.

While immediately concerned with his own charge, Father Hogan was a keen observer of the general progress of events, and was ever energetic in combating the errors and abuses of the times. In his felicitous reply at the jubilee celebration the beloved pastor, with characteristic modesty, refused to accept all the credit, and insisted that the jubilee was for all the parish as well as for him, and that every one who had stood by him in his work was entitled to the same meed of praise. He spoke of the tender and confidential relations between himself and his people and recalled the time when he had come among them, twenty-five years before. He had made up his mind then that if his work for God was not a success he would resign his charge, and he fervently thanked God that that day had never dawned. He dwelt upon the improvements that had been made in the twenty-five years, the closing one finding the parish in possession of property worth fully $400,000 and with a debt of only $30,000 that would be cleared by a policy coming due in 1908. In glowing terms he eulogized his congregation for the spirit of obedience and helpfulness they had shown, and for the affection that prompted the celebration of the silver jubilee of the parish. "I never had money, but I have enough," said Father Hogan, "I look to die without money and without debt," and he concluded with an appeal to his parishioners to hand down the faith to their children as they had received it. "I am pleased with my congregation," he said, "the men are good, the women and girls are good, the boys, some of whom serve God on the altar, are the flower of the parish. And for this we have God to thank. I think I can say since coming here I have not lost one person. My single wish has been to promote God's honor. I have had no other ambition."

Father Hogan expressed the hope that he might live for five years, to see the church consecrated to God, free of all debt; and it is the hope of his multitude of friends that his ministry may be prolonged to his golden jubilee in the priesthood in 1915, and many years beyond it.

The name of Benson has come prominently before the literary public in recent years through the work of three brothers, A. C. Benson, essayist; E. F. Benson, novelist; and the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, who has written a number of notably interesting books. Asked by a London paper for a list of what he considers the ten most successful character creations in English fiction Father Benson gave the following. All lovers of fiction will be interested in the selection made by the convert son of the Archbishop of Canterbury:

1. Thackeray — Colonel Newcome, "The Newcomes."
2. Thackeray — Becky Sharp, "Vanity Fair."
3. Thackeray — Beatrice, "Esmond."
4. Dickens — Mr. Micawber, "David Copperfield."
5. Charles Reade — Robinson, "It's Never too Late to Mend."
6. George Eliot — Mrs. Poyser, "Adam Bede."
7. Henry Kingsley — Charles Ravenshoe, "Ravenshoe."
8. Shorthouse — John Inglesant, "John Inglesant."
9. Stevenson — The Master, "The Master of Ballantrae."
10. Meredith — Diana, "Diana of the Crossways."

Hon. J. A. O'Gorman, of the Supreme Court of New York, has decided that the Sunday show is illegal. Commenting on this decision the *Literary Digest* says:

"The fiat is so comprehensive that so long as the law upon which it is based stands among the city statutes, New York will have a genuinely Puritanical Sunday. Police Commissioner Bingham promises to enforce the law, hence not only the vaudeville entertainments, but operatic concerts, symphony concerts, and shows that rank way down the line to the penny arcade peep-shows are put under the ban. General Bingham is said to be pleased with the lucidity of Justice O'Gorman's decision.

The Interdenominational Committee of Greater New York, formed for the purpose of suppressing Sunday vaudeville, praised Justice O'Gorman's decision; and the Rev. William Sheafe Chase, Rector of Christ Episcopal Church, Williamsburg, is quoted as saying: "Justice O'Gorman's decision was the only opinion an honest judge could give." Mayor McClellan declared that the Supreme Court must be obeyed, and thought that the judge's decision could not be appealed. A new law, however, is hoped for by some who are not in sympathy with Judge O'Gorman and men of his calibre in their efforts to bring about a more fitting observance of Sunday, and to protect the interests of singers, actors and other people, obliged—through these Sunday entertainments —to labor on what should be a day of rest for them.

Denis O'Sullivan, the celebrated Irish-American singer, won new laurels in his first appearance in New York in concert. Those who were fortunate enough to hear him heard

singing of an unusual kind. Mr. O'Sullivan was born in San Francisco in 1868, of Irish parents, and studied singing under Karl Formes, Vannuccini, William Shakespeare, and Sbriglia. He is a singer and actor of wide experience, making his debut as an opera singer in "Trovatore" with the Carl Rosa Company, twelve or more years ago, in Dublin. He has sung in operas, serious and comic; song recitals and concerts; and can go "from grave to gay, from lively to severe" with consummate art, striking responsive chords in the hearts of his listeners. He created the part of *Shamus O'Brien* in Stanford's opera; and in 1898 commenced a series of song recitals in his native California. He then appeared in London in a song recital which was most favorably commented on by all the critics of the London press. He returned to America, created the part of the *Little Corporal*, and in 1901 went to London. Ever since his artistic career has been a veritable triumphal progress.

Mr. O'Sullivan has returned to America in a continuation of his efforts to promote public interest in Irish music of the most truly characteristic kind, and is also to appear in a romantic light opera, Irish in setting and substance. His singing of "The Lark in Clear Air," "Mollie Machree," "Widow Malone," "Owen Roe's Lament," and "The West's Asleep" are never to be forgotten.

THE DEATH OF MR. FELIX CARBRAY.

The death of Mr. Carbray, December 20, 1907, removes from the ranks of the Irish Canadians one of their most honored members. The announcement of his death evoked a feeling of the deepest sadness and regret throughout the city with which he has been so long and so honorably identified. Indeed to few has it been given to enjoy a higher degree of respect and esteem, and his passing away is looked upon as a public loss. But his memory will endure, and his country people will long remember him for the spirited part he took in all movements tending to the betterment of his people. To most, if not to all, of the citizens of Quebec he was personally known; the poor of the city have a special cause to mourn his death for he was their devoted friend, and his many charities gave him a lasting place in their hearts. Born and reared in Quebec, Mr. Carbray had ever the advancement of the old city at heart and it will be long before the place he occupied in public affairs can be filled.

Felix Carbray was born, seventy-two years ago, in the old Holland house on St. Foye Road, Quebec. His parents—Neil Carbray of Tyrone, and Catherine Connolly—left the County Tyrone and settled in Canada in the early thirties. Their son, Felix, being endowed with natural talents of no ordinary character, and having a thirst for knowledge, applied himself earnestly to acquiring a superior education. He excelled in mathematics and English literature and had marked aptitude for foreign languages. He decided to pursue a commercial career, in which he won for himself the reputation of an able, upright business man. After fifteen years spent in the service of some of the leading business houses of his native city he opened an office of his

own in the general commission and shipping business. Two years later he took as his partner Francis Alexander Routh, and soon the necessities of business compelled them to open an office in Montreal. Mr. Carbray was one of the pioneers of the lumber trade between the St. Lawrence and South America.

With his business activities he combined interest in public affairs, and filled several important offices—among others that of Consul for Portugal. In fact, he was the dean of the local consular corps; he was a member of the Quebec Board of Trade and the Quebec Harbor Commission. In 1900 the firm of Carbray and Routh dissolved, the partners entering on new business alliances, Mr. Carbray at Quebec with his son William, and Mr. Routh at Montreal with his son.

A life-long member of St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, Mr. Carbray was honored with repeated re-election as one of the trustees of the church, and was also long a trustee of St. Bridget's Asylum, of Quebec. He took a leading part in all the local national movements of his fellow-countrymen and was at different times President of the St. Patrick's Literary Institute, the Irish National Association and other Irish bodies in Quebec. Indeed he filled so large a place in the hearts of the Irish Catholic population that in 1881 they elected him as the representative of Quebec West in the Local Legislature. At the general elections of 1892 and1897 he was again returned for the same seat. During the period of his service in the Legislature, he was the mover of a resolution in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, which was adopted, and in 1896 he was appointed a delegate to the Irish National Convention in Dublin; in politics he was a Conservative. Though he did not often address the House, he was always listened to with respect, being an equally good speaker in English and French, and never wasting his powder except on serious and interesting subjects with which he was most conversant, such as questions of trade and finance. In fact, so marked a figure was he in this respect that at one time he was seriously spoken of as a coming Minister. He was a life member of the Royal Irish Academy, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Dublin and vice president of the American Irish Historical Society.

Mr. Carbray was twice married. Six children survive him. Of these three are sons, Messrs. Herbert, William and Thomas Carbray; and three daughters, Mrs. T. L. Connor, of Boston; Mrs. Alfred Carroll, of Montreal, and Miss Grace Carbray, of Quebec. Another son, who died some years ago, was the late Rev. Paul Carbray, C. SS. R.

The History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal. By the Reverend Thomas Hughes of the same Society. The Burrows Brothers Company. Cleveland, Ohio. Volume I., price, $4.50 *net.*

The work above named promises to be an enduring monument to the tireless research and ripe scholarship of its author. Father Hughes has been occupied for a dozen years consulting archives, both in the old world and the new, and the volume which he has already published proves beyond a doubt that his time has been well employed. He has copied documents from more than a hundred different sources, one half of which had never been published. These original documents are to be issued in separate volumes distinct from the text; an arrangement which will suit both the general reader and the curious historian. The book is a royal octavo, tastefully bound in maroon cloth, with the insignia of the Society of Jesus stamped in gold on the cover. Volume I. contains about 700 pages, with maps, facsimiles and an exhaustive index. Volume II. will give the original sources from which the text of Volume I. has been drawn. The work is so thorough as to be indispensable to every historical library, and its plan is so up-to-date that it will not be superseded by any other work for many a long generation.

An extract from the Prospectus of Volume I. will serve to show the thoroughness of the work and its comprehensive scope as a whole.

"The present volume describes the first era of North American religious history, after the colonization of Newfoundland, Virginia, New England and Maryland. The central subject is the work and progress of the Jesuit missionaries, who accompanied the Maryland pilgrims to St. Mary's City in 1633. The history continues till 1645.

"After a detailed notice of the sources found in fifty depositories of archives on the Continent, in Great Britain and North America, and an account of the archives and published literature bearing on the subject, the book commences the narration at the year 1580 in England, reviewing the antecedents of Catholic colonization in America. The antecedents thus reviewed are not only the condition of the Jesuits themselves in England, but the general religious difficulties under the reigns of Elizabeth and the first Stuarts. The origin of the first Lord Baltimore's Maryland enterprise, the character of his charter contrasted with other colonial patents, the subject of mortmain which played a large part in the first section of Maryland history, lead to the foundation of the colony. The circumstances attending or following the foundation serve to introduce a description of the Western populations, the progress of Puritans, Huguenots, and Anglicans in North America, and the action of the Roman Congregation de Propaganda Fide in the Western world. After this commences the series of internal difficulties regarding Church and State in Maryland, the history of legislative codes submitted, 1635–1639, and the juridical as well as canonical aspects of the questions involved. Finally, the acute stage of dissension between the second Lord Baltimore and the Jesuits brings the period to a close with the expulsion of both Proprietary and missionaries by the Parliamentarians. Several appendices treat of Indian land titles, and the whole history of mortmain.

"The volume of documents, which is to follow, gives the text of originals in Jesuit and other archives, whence the whole body of this volume is derived. These originals comprise the correspondence of the Jesuit General in Rome, drawn from his own autographic register, letters of papal envoys and others in the Vatican and Propaganda, and other documents of the time in the Jesuit archives of Europe and America."

The Wonder-Worker of Our Days. St. Gerard Majella. Translated from the French of Rev. Edward Saint-Omer, C. SS. R. Mission Church, Boston, Mass. 1907.

After the beatification of St. Gerard, a lay brother of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, his biography appeared in Italian, and Father Saint-Omer translated the beautiful Italian edition into French. To further promote the edifying work of making this life still more widely known the present translator rendered the French translation into English, and amplified it by adding a chapter on the glorification of the saint.

"Read it often and with the greatest attention," enjoined the original translator. "You will find in it strength and consolation. Make it known everywhere. Souls will learn from it that the accursed egoism which at present reigns everywhere must be trodden under foot; and that according to their feeble ability, and under the impulse of divine grace, they must imitate the holy life of St. Gerard."

This is salutary advice, and the Catholic public is indebted to the zealous Redemptorist Fathers for bringing this exquisite recital of deeds of heroism, of sacrifice, and of divine charity, within the reach of all. The great desire of St. Gerard, as expressed in his own words, was to do in all things the will of God. "I want to die under the wine-press of the will of God," he exclaimed in a moment of deepest affliction, and his every act was one of submission and entire effacement of self.

St. Gerard was born at Muro, Naples, in the month of April, 1726, and when scarcely out of his teens was said to rival the ancient hermits in their austerities. So great was his vehement longing for heavenly things that the Divine Redeemer, in the form of a little child, deigned to play with him, and to present him with loaves of heavenly bread. To satisfy the child's longing for the Bread of Life, St. Michael was sent to give him Holy Communion when he was scarcely eight years old, and throughout his existence he had a great devotion to this saint. After living in the world for twenty-

three years, a model of sanctity in his lowly state as school boy, apprentice, tailor and servant, Gerard entered the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, as a lay-brother. There he vowed to do always what was most perfect, and he set such an example of zeal for the salvation of souls that he earned for himself the title of apostle. St. Alphonsus had the greatest admiration for him, especially when St. Gerard was the victim of a base calumny for many months, and endured punishment and disgrace without uttering a single word in his own defence.

It pleased God to ever increase in the humble brother those virtues and supernatural gifts which had been bestowed upon him from his childhood. He was endowed with the spirit of prophesy, of penetrating the hearts of others, of power over devils, grace to convert the most hardened sinner, and wisdom to guide souls to perfection. His gift of working miracles won for him the title of "Thaumaturgus;" and the miracles by which God set His seal upon the sanctity of St. Gerard's life did not cease with his death. Many notable instances of cures wrought through his intervention have been recorded, and so indisputable was the testimony presented that His Holiness, Pius IX., declared him Venerable; Leo XIII. placed him among the number of the Beatified; and further evidences of the graces and miracles wrought through the humble lay-brother led to his solemn canonization by Pius X. on the 11th of December, 1904.

The volume at hand is replete with beautiful incidents in the various stages of St. Gerard's life. Many of them bear on his connection with children, for whom he had a special love. He performed many miracles in favor of mothers, being endowed by God with a special grace of protecting mothers and children in the dangers that accompany maternity. There are some countries where there is not a mother who has not his picture, and who does not devoutly invoke his special protection.

St. Gerard was poor in earthly goods, but his holy career was rich in its influence on other lives, furnishing a great lesson for his own day, and for the present day as well. The reading of this biography will be a most helpful spiritual exercise, and to recommend it to others is to perform a work of zeal, contributing to the revival of purity of morals, the renewal of the bonds of fraternal charity, and the furthering of the heartfelt desire expressed by the Holy Father "to re-establish the reign of Jesus Christ on earth."

Poems of Sister Teresa, Carmelite of Lisieux. Translated by S. L. Emery. Angel Guardian Press, Boston, Mass. 1907.

Marie Francoise-Thérèse Martin was the youngest of nine children, four of whom died in infancy; of the five surviving four became Carmelite nuns. Thérèse, a singularly precocious and beautiful child, set her heart upon entering the convent at the age of fifteen; and she had the happiness of being received into the Carmelite monastery at Lisieux, France, when only a few months past her fifteenth birthday. There she lived for nine years a life of angelic holiness, and there died September 30, 1897. Her name in religion was Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and the Holy Face; and to such a singular degree did she love and serve God during her short life that the Mother Prioress bade her write her memoir. This the little Sister did with entire openness and simple obedience. The exquisite memoir, at first intended only for the edification of her sister Nuns, was published in French, with an appendix with her letters, notes of retreat, counsels, and certain loving remembrances of her life, by those who had watched her daily. Following these came one hundred and fifty poems that she wrote in many instances to certain French airs. She herself tells how she came to express her thoughts in verse; and one turns from these simple and holy songs with a feeling of having been lifted for a brief time between earth and heaven. Two thousand nine hundred copies of the "Life" of this young Carmelite have been sold in France within a few years. A translation under the title of "The Little Flower of Jesus" is known in English; and the "Life" has been translated into Polish, German, Dutch, Italian and Portuguese. The Spanish and Flemish editions are nearing completion. This remarkable appreciation seems almost unprecedented, when it is remembered that little more than ten years have elapsed since the death of Sister Teresa. The interest is indeed universal, and those who are familiar with the "Life" will be interested to read the poems, which were spoken of but not translated in the English edition. The translation has now been done with remarkable facility by Miss Emery, author of "The Inner Life of the Soul," who has retained the versification of the French, and entered so sympathetically into the thoughts of the dear young Carmelite that all evidence of translation has disappeared; one seems to drink at the fountain source the limpid sweetness of the original. On the completion of her labor of love Miss Emery presented the work to the Boston Carmel, for the honor of Sister Teresa and to aid the hoped-for canonization,—a pious intention worthy of the zealous spirit of this indefatigable worker for the Faith.

Repertorium Oratoris Sacri, containing outlines of six hundred sermons for all the Sundays and Holidays of the Ecclesiastical year; also for other solemn occasions. Compiled from the works of distinguished Preachers of different Ages and Nations, by the Rev. Herman Hueser, D.D. 4 Vols. 4th ed. Pustet & Co. New York & Cincinnati. 1907.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of the "Repertorium Oratoris Sacri" a collection of compendious sermons for the Sundays and

feasts of the ecclesiastical year, by the Reverend Herman Hueser, D.D.

The book is a treasure trove of sacred oratory and should have a prominent place in the bookcase of every priest who numbers preaching among the duties of his year. The sermons are gathered and arranged with a taste worthy of the scholarship and literary fame of the compiler and by assuring to the flock of Christ spiritual food from the words of the most gifted and inspired of the preachers of all ages, the work wins for itself apostolic worth in addition to its other merits. Father Hueser's collection, too, may well stand as a protest against the foolish opinion which too often gains a hearing that God's preacher to be effective must be original and seek no support or suggestion from the efforts of others. All that a man says or thinks is largely the effect of other men's thoughts which he has assimilated indeed but often little modified. Is it not wise, at least, that in so important a function as sacred preaching one should hearken to the inspiration and wisdom of utterances which have the sanction not only of success and the approval of ages but also of the saintly life of their authors.

Missa pro Defunctis Toni Communes Missæ necnon modus cantandi alleluja tempore paschali secundum octo tonos quod juxta editionem vaticanam hodiernæ musicaæ signis tradidit Dr. Fr. X. Mathias, organista ecclesiæ argentinensis. Ratisbonæ, Romæ, neo Eboraci et Cincinnati. Sumptibus Friderici Pustet. MCMVII.

The "Missa pro Defunctis" is a compact edition of the music for Requiem Mass together with the Latin text of the liturgy.

It is an effort to render plain and familiar the ancient Gregorian rhythm by the use of modern notation, and will be highly useful in the present movement to spread and popularize plain chant. The little book is also substantially made up and accurately printed and leaves nothing to be desired as a choir manual.

A Synthetical Manual of Liturgy. By Rev. Adrian Vigourel S.S. John Murphy Company, Baltimore, 1907.

With the permission and encouragement of the author, who himself suggested the introduction of certain modifications, this work has been done into English by the Rev. John A. Nainfa, S.S., of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. With a book of this kind at hand students may follow the study of liturgy with ease and interest. It furnishes a framework which the many excellent publications used in seminaries will readily fill in. The reverend translator has availed himself of the most modern works and the most recent decisions in regard to liturgy. Priests will find in this summary a reminder of what they have studied, and a supplement—an outline of instructions to be given in sermons or in catechism. The pious purpose of the translator is not only to furnish students with a useful text book, but to promote through it love for the Church and her admirable institutions.

The Churches Separated from Rome. By Mgr. L. Duchesne. Translated from the French by Arnold Harris Mathew. Benziger Bros., New York. 1907.

This work is a valuable contribution towards the literature dealing with the reunion of separated Christendom. A wider and more accurate knowledge of the causes and results of the principal existing and the dying or already defunct schisms is necessary for all intelligent Catholics and this knowledge is to be found in the more than two hundred pages of the volume at hand. Beginning with the origin of the Anglican Church it passes to the Eastern schisms, the encyclical of the Patriarch Anthimius, the Roman Church before the time of Constantine, the Greek Church and the Greek schism, ecclesiastical Illyria, and the Christian missions south of the Roman Empire. Dealing with the English Church of the time of the great Bishop, Theodore, the author says:

"The Church of England was then a colony of the Church of Rome. This relationship was exhibited even in the architecture and the nomenclature of the churches. In the metropolitan town of Canterbury the principal church was called after the Lateran Church of Rome, St. Saviour's. At a little distance from it one finds, as in Rome, a church erected in honor of the Forty Martyrs. Beyond the walls of the town there was a church, named after the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, which contained the tombs of the archbishops and kings of Kent. Canterbury was a miniature Rome; the English Church a daughter of the Church of Rome—perchance a better-loved one than those already in existence, certainly bearing a nearer resemblance to her and nestling closely under the maternal wings. Such, in rough outline, is undoubtedly the history of the origin of the Christian Church among the Anglo-Saxons."

With equal clearness and directness other points are taken up, and the main facts are placed before the reader in such a way as to enable him to memorize them readily. Or if memory should fail and a mooted question come under discussion the index will lead the enquirer at once to a mine of information.

The Building of the Mountain. By William Seton, LL.D. O'Shea & Co. New York.

The author has given us in the above volume a graceful little nosegay of mingled history and legend with the fragrance of Catholic piety breathing through it. He is addressing himself to a very deep-felt need—the need of high-class Catholic fiction—light fiction—something with the inventiveness of Poe and the sentiment of Page to win it a hearing and which at the same

time sets off and enforces gently the beauty of the Church's teachings and traditions.

If the author has not finally achieved this he has certainly smoothed the way for further efforts, both of his own and other pens.

The Haunters of the Silences. By Charles G. D. Roberts. L. C. Page & Company. Boston.

Mr. Roberts has given us in his "Haunters of the Silences," a remarkable and varied account of animal life. There is undoubtedly much technical knowledge displayed and above all there is his own inimitable thrill in the flash of fin or of wing, or in the poise and spring and grapple which makes his animal drama a thing of breathing life. In a word, there is a splendid pulse of brute life and instinct throughout the book which, if it has no merit but this, is but true to its purpose and name.

We must point out, however, that there is a tendency throughout the anecdotes to attribute to the brutes a rather too high order of knowledge and to explain their actions by motives of foresight which would be nearly equivalent to reason. This all, we might set down merely to an artist's enthusiasm, but when Mr. Roberts plainly and calmly states in his preface that, "the actions of animals are governed not only by instinct but by processes *essentially akin* to human reason," then we must sharply part company with Mr. Roberts and grieve that, in terms at least, he commits himself to an opinion not only unsound but irrational and indefensible.

The author further affirms, presumably in support and security of his opinion, that his belief (i. e., regarding the *essential* kinship of animal intelligence to human) "is shared by such observers as *keepers*, *trainers*, *hunters* and *trappers*." This confirmation of a vital psychological conclusion by the testimonies of unschooled men to whom science and its terms are little *more* than mere words, is, to characterize it mildly, näive in the extreme.

The Curé's Brother. By David Bearne, S.J. Benziger Bros. New York. 1907.

Like all the books that Father Bearne produces "The Curé's Brother" will have an interested following. Boys in particular will be anxious to meet Jacquot, the half-French, half-English, step-brother of M. De Laval, the Curé of Laumant. The boy's mother had disposed of him by sending him in the most offhand manner to the young priest who on the evening of Jacquot's arrival found himself sorely perplexed as to what to do with him. This is how he appeared at Laumant:

"Jacquot had arrived at Laumant with a tall hat and silk umbrella, a hat box, a huge japanned trunk, two big portmanteaus and a dressing case." The unpacking of the trunks increased the Curé's bewilderment. "It is well," said he, "it is very well. During his short stay with me I shall not have to provide him with clothes. But is it possible that Madame can be really poor?" The young priest never dreamed that clothes could be worn without being paid for, but he was soon to learn more about his stepmother and her ideas of training her young son. He found that the boy had no knowledge of his own religion, and that he had been for several years at a Protestant preparatory boarding-school. The seeds of evil had been thickly sown, and the task of reforming Jacquot was one of great magnitude. How the Curé accomplished it makes absorbing reading, and often the reader is moved to tears by the patient, unselfish love of the devoted elder brother for the uncouth, unlovable, and wayward charge thrust upon him. Jacquot's character, however, has some redeeming traits, and in the end he rewards his guardian for the care bestowed upon him. There are other boys in the book, and they take a wholesome part in the remaking of the youth who arrived dressed like a prince, but who later assumed with humility the garb of a peasant school-boy in France, and grew to a manhood that gladdened the heart of the devoted Curé of Laumant.

A Review of Hamlet. By George Henry Miles. Longmans, Green & Company. New York 1907. $1.00.

This review was first published in 1870, and attracted much attention by its entirely novel and original interpretation of the character of Hamlet. Edwin Booth adopted this interpretation, and wrote to Mr. Miles, thanking him for giving it to the public.

When only twenty-four years old the author of this work won, against one hundred competitors, a prize of $1,000, offered by Edwin Forrest, for the best tragedy in five acts by an American writer. Five years later his tragedy, "De Soto," was produced by James E. Murdock, and was performed in nearly all parts of the United States. After some years of literary work, Mr. Miles accepted the professorship of English literature at Mt. St. Mary's, Maryland.

The "Review" was originally intended to be a lecture, to be delivered by Edwin Forrest, and was afterwards amplified and brought out in book form. It was also intended to serve as a text-book for advanced students in English Literature, and the purpose of the author was to bring out a series of Shakespearian essays—Macbeth, Lear, Othello and Henry IV., but death intervened. "Hamlet" is the only finished essay from his pen. The present edition contains also a fragment on Macbeth.

An English critic thus comments on the Review:

"What strikes us most in the essay is not only the intensity of the critic's sympathetic appreciation of the poet's work but his penetrative insight into its essence. Whatever may be the thought of its main thesis and of some of its minor contentions, no more vigorous, subtle and original contribution to American Shakespearian criticism has been made."

The Bond of Perfection. By P. M. Northcote, O. S. M. Burns & Oates. London, England. 1907.

The title of this short treatise on charity is derived from St. Paul's descriptive definition of the great virtue; and it would be hard to find a description more accurate. Animated by the desire to incite others to a diligent quest for the divine gift of charity the author prepared this little book. And in it he puts before us charity towards our neighbor, the specialities of charity, the practice of virtues, the overcoming of certain natural propensities towards pride, envy, selfishness, etc.; the appreciation of the good and true; and the cultivation of the spirit of charity "which alone remains unaltered and is the measure of our beatitude."

Eucharistic Soul Elevations. By Rev. Wm. F. Stadelman, C.S.Sp. Benziger Bros, New York. 50 cents.

These thoughts and texts, gleaned from Holy Writ and the Roman Missal and methodically arranged as preparations and thanksgiving for Holy Communion will prove helpful, particularly to those whose thoughts are apt to wander, and who find it difficult to meditate without having in hand a manual of this nature. It is dedicated to Mother Mary Katharine Drexel and to the work of the missions for the Indians and colored people. A very useful chapter is that which deals with the various reasons given for not reciving Communion frequently.

The Emancipation of Miss Susana. By Margaret Hannis. Funk & Wagnalls Company. New York. 1907. 40 cents.

A recital of the plans of a lonely woman to change the dull routine of her life which will serve to entertain the reader. Imposed upon by her married relatives, and expected to assume all the burdens that come unexpectedly, because she is not married, Miss Susana rises in revolt, and, driven by her feelings, perpetrates a fraud that, however, brings only a reward to the culprit. For unlike real life, her plans come to a successful issue and the emancipated Susana is no longer the victim of her relatives' selfish schemes.

St. Michael's Almanac for 1908. Printed and Published for the benefit of St. Joseph's Technical School. Techny, Ill. By the Society of the Divine Word.

Printed in both English and German, this almanac should reach many readers and it certainly deserves to receive their approval for the valuable articles it contains, the stories, illustrations, and the ecclesiastical calendar, to say nothing of the good purpose the publishers have in view.

Penance in the Early Church. By Rev. M. J. O'Donnell. M. H. Gill & Son. Dublin, Ireland. 1907.

This book was originally prepared as a thesis to be presented to the faculty of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, for the degree of Doctor of Divinity. "Penance in the Early Church" has as its aim not merely to vindicate the sacramental character of penance but to give a description of the early discipline associated with its administration. The evidence adduced must bring conviction to the impartial reader that the doctrine at the end of the second century was the doctrine at the end of the first and that, while Catholics have merely modified the early discipline in order to bring it into harmony with the various influences brought to bear on the Church for nineteen centuries, Protestants, on the other hand, have, by the involuntary breach with the ancient faith, rejected a fundamental doctrine of early Christian belief and thereby renounced one of the most precious portions of the Redeemer's legacy of mercy.

Little Folks' Annual. Benziger Bros. New York. 10 cents.

The numerous pictures, stories, and poems, suitable for young readers will aid them to appreciate the calendar information carefully prepared for this Annual.

The Secret of the Green Vase. By Frances Cooke. Benziger Bros. New York. 1907.

A story with an element of mystery centering in the green vase which gives the title to the novel. Stories with a mystery will always be popular, and Hildegarde's brave efforts to recover for her mother the property rightfully hers make very entertaining reading—so entertaining that few will pause to question the probability of some of the happenings.

Ailey Moore. By Richard B. O'Brien. Fr. Pustet & Company. New York. 1907.

Times have changed so since Ailey Moore was written that this fourth edition of a once much read tale will scarcely find as interested a reading public as did the first edition. Its purpose is "to show how evictions, murders and such like pastimes are managed and justice administered in Ireland, together with many stirring incidents in other lands." With such a theme the story is not altogether pleasant reading. Though doubtless a faithful picture of the Ireland of the time when it was written, many changes have taken place during the lapse of years and present day conditions would make a story of more interest to the new generation.

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"Hail, flow'ring staff of Joseph!
All hail, the Virgin's spouse!"

"Thou wert guardian of Our Lord,
Foster-father of the Word."

Donahoe's Magazine

VOL. LIX. MARCH, 1908. No. 3

ST. JOSEPH IN ART.

BY AGNES BYRNE.

St. Joseph, protector of Jesus in His home at Nazareth, and lover of all children for the sake of the Holy Child, is an inspiring theme for sculptor, painter, and poet. His conversation was with angels rather than with men; and he was innocent and pure, gentle and tender; humble of occupation and yet descended from the royal house of David. Many are the traditions that cluster around this dearly-loved saint who "was incomparably more than an angel to Mary, hedging her about with tender care." The grave, wise, kindly face is one of the most familiar in Christian art, and even in their earliest years children recognize the foster-father of the Child of Bethlehem.

The full-blown lily, or the flowering staff, so often seen in pictures of St. Joseph, plays an important part in a beautiful legend, which has been told repeatedly in picture and poem. Giotto found it inspiration for a series of frescoes, in the Arena Chapel, Padua, the four scenes depicting the bringing of the rods to the high priest by St. Joseph and the other suitors; the watching of the rods in the temple; the marriage ceremony; and the return of the newly-wedded pair to Mary's home at Nazareth.

The story of the blossoming of the rod is narrated in "The Legend of St. Joseph's Staff" in Eleanor C. Donnelly's latest collection of verse, "The Secret of the Statue." It would be difficult to tell it with greater charm:

I.

It grows in a village garden,
A village by the sea;
Its graceful bell-shaped lilies
Of snow-white purity.

Crowning with clinging clusters
The long green leafless stem—
My heart goes back thro' the ages
As I, dreaming, gaze on them.

Goes back to the golden porches
Of Judah's Temple gray,
Where our Lady's suitors gather'd
On her blest Espousal-day.

II.

I see the young men thronging
The courts, as for a feast;
A wand to each is given
By the silver-hair'd high priest,

Who silent prays Jehovah:
"Make clear this mystery!
O flower of God, bud from *his* rod
Who Mary's spouse shall be!"

And lo! in the hands of Joseph
(The eldest suitor there),
The staff begins to burgeon,
To blossom at the prayer;

Till graceful, bell-shap'd lilies
(Strange to Jerusalem!)
Crown with their clinging clusters
The long green leafless stem!

III.

Kneeling the youths salute it—
The token sent of God
As Israel's princes yielded
Homage to Aaron's rod.

And Mary, veiled and trembling,
Hears thro' the silent house:
"Hail, flow'ring staff of Joseph!
All hail, the Virgin's spouse!"

"Dare I to call her mine
Whom Thou hast chosen for Thine?"

Another Catholic poet, Susan L. Emery, also weaves the legend into tender verse, St. Joseph himself being the narrator of the incident of the flowering staff:

They bade me bring my rod,
And lay it in the temple's hallowed shade,
That they might know if I were chosen to win
The fairest maiden there,
Spotless beyond compare,
In whom was never found one taint of sin.
Blossomed it then,—could this have been thy prayer?
In lilies pure as thou, O lily maid!
And then I thought how God's own love-song says
He feeds among the lilies all the days,
And unto them comes down,
To seek and find His own.

Come, O thou North wind, come!
Thou South wind! through my garden softly blow.
Winds of the Holy Ghost! come swift to me.
Dare I to call her mine,
Whom Thou hast chosen for Thine?
How shall our virgin-souls espoused be?
Behold! Thy seven-fold flame of Love Divine
Shall be the only love our lives shall know.
Thy arms, my Bride! the Son of God embrace;
I see the world's Redeemer face to face!
All that thou hast, I own,
We being God's alone.

Fra Angelico's "Marriage of the Virgin" depicts St. Joseph as a handsome man in his prime and Mary a maiden of about sixteen. This artist suggests the music of trumpets; and Ghirlandjo introduces into his interpretation of the scene musicians playing on pipes and tabors. He makes St. Joseph an elderly man, but another artist, Luini, portrays him as in the prime of life, with beautiful features. There are two fine frescoes in the Brera Gallery, Milan, representing the "Choosing of the Bridegroom," and the "Return home of the Newly Wedded Pair."

Lo Spagna painted for the altar of the Sacrament in the Cathedral of Perugia a betrothal, showing the ceremony as taking place in the portico of the Temple. This artist's conception

(Concluded on Page 239.)

A SCENE IN MAYO.

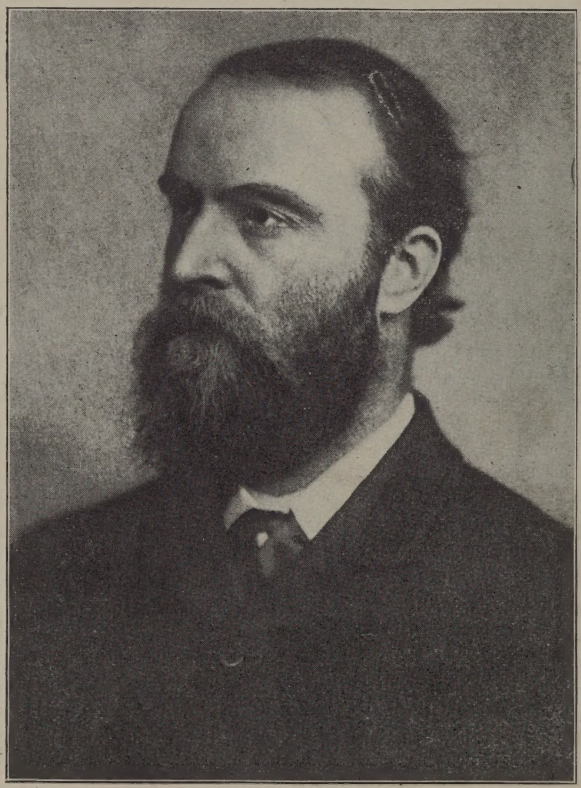
MODERN IRISH HISTORY FOR SCOTTISH READERS.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

It is a pity to find the staid and venerable "Blackwood's Magazine" allowing itself to be utilized by Unionist politicians for the base purpose of working up prejudice against the unfortunate Irish farmers and peasantry generally in the interest of Irish landlords. It is still more pitiable to behold it made likewise the vehicle of infusing the *odium theologicum* into a political struggle, by endeavoring to sustain the abominable calumny that Protestants are persecuted in the Roman Catholic districts of Ireland. This is an artifice now being resorted to by the association of which Lord Ashtown is at once the worthy head and type. "Blackwood's" is a fine literary publication although inveterately Tory. Still true Toryism has a tradition of respectability about it which ought to operate to save it from the slur which the publication of mendacious and defamatory articles against the victims of landlord oppression in a miserably misgoverned and helpless country must certainly bring upon it, when their slanderous character is discovered and brought to the knowledge of the impartial reading public.

DONAHOE'S is not a political maga-

zine, all its readers know. But that circumstance will not deter it from assisting in the defence of a maligned people and showing the animus of those who resort to poisoned weapons in the battle of party politics for the most selfish ends of an unscrupulous and effete clique—



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

a caste which in its decay and desperation acquire, like perishing mosquitoes a fresh venom as they inflict their moribund stings.

In a recent issue of this old Edinburgh magazine is given a short paper headed "Personal Reminiscences of the Reign of Terror in Ireland," signed "M. N. H." The writer would appear to have been either a land-agent or a person connected with either an agent's office or the constabulary force, and to have spent considerable time in Ireland during the stormy period of the Land League and "Buckshot" Forster. His communication is briefly a repetition of the slanders of Pigott and the London *Times*, with the addition of Lord Ashtown's fables imputing a system of religious persecution to a purely agrarian and political propaganda.

The assassination of the Secretaries in the Phœnix Park, outside Dublin, on the 6th of May, 1882, forms the principal piece in his lurid pyrotechnic display.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

He repeats what the *Times* failed to prove and what caused its wretched informant, Pigott, to risk his immortal soul in the endeavor to prove that there was a connection between the Parliamentary party led by Mr. Parnell and the series of outrages which followed on the introduction of coercion and the imprisonment of the leading members of that party, in the usual relation of cause and effect. These outrages culminated when these leaders were sent to prison and there

THE SQUARE, WESTPORT.

was none left to control a peasantry driven to desperation by the wholesale evictions carried out by Lord Lansdowne, Lord Clanricarde, Mr. Burke Roche, Mr. Scully, and other members of the heartless landlord coalition.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Inasmuch as I was actively engaged in following the bitter struggle as a public journalist in Dublin, and knew many of the public men concerned in it, I have some claim, I believe, to be heard in refutation of some of the fiction with which "M. N. H." attempts to arouse the prejudices of a Scotch, a British, and an American audience. I can show some of the means resorted to by *The Times* in confederacy with Scotland Yard and the British Home Office, to procure the commission of outrages in Ireland and get up the "reign of terror" which "M. N. H." so lugubriously depicts. And what I state can be supported by the evidence of living members of the British Parliament and other witnesses convers-

ant with these infamous transactions.

Before I proceed to contribute my "personal reminiscences," which begin with the period of the Fenian movement, it is proper to recall the means taken at the close of the eighteenth century, by the Prime Minister, William Pitt, to break up the independent Irish Nation and convert the country into a British province. We get the facts from Sir Jonah Barrington's invaluable history of the "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation." The author was a principal figure and actor in the melancholy episodes which culminated in the destruction of a National Parliament and the obliteration of the name of Ireland from the list of independent States. He shows the tortuous policy of Pitt in sowing division in the Irish camp, in breaking up the Volunteers, in fostering the scheme for a rebellion, allowing it to ripen, getting his emissaries into the councils of the United Irishmen to keep him informed of the progress of his plan and to enroll as many dupes as each one could find, at the same time starting the Orange Society in order to feed the witches' cauldron with the poisonous bane of religious hate. He shows how, at the same time, this political gambler gave full facilities to the agents of the French Revolution to move around in Ireland and scatter the seeds of Jacobin principles among an eager and impulsive people panting for release from tyranny and vengeance on the tyrants. He then shows how when all was in readiness, the army was let loose to torture the people into the madness of despair by "a rigor beyond the law," as a defender of the villainy mildly described it, and how at last the fire which had been prepared flamed forth in the bloody insurrection of 1798 in Wexford and Antrim, which cleared the way for the introduction of the project of a Parliamentary Union—in other words, an absorption of the political system of Ireland in the larger one of Great Britain.

The State papers since given to the public prove the design, show the methods used to accomplish it, the names of the tools who connived at the murder of their country and their fellow-countrymen—every particular, in short, of one of the most ghastly and gigantic of political crimes.

Similar methods, though on a smaller scale, were adopted when the Dublin Castle authorities were called upon to deal with the formidable movement of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, more familiarly known as the Fenian Society. Men were sent out to penetrate into the Fenian councils, note the proceedings, help on the enrollment of members, and all the time keep the Government well posted as to the progress of the movement and the intended military operations.

One of the most daring of these spies was a police officer named Talbot. He threw off his uniform, donned the guise of a peasant, went through the South, fraternizing with the people, swearing men in as Fenians, going to Mass and even receiving the sacraments, though he was a Protestant, in order to disarm suspicion. This daring and sacrilegious conduct in due time met its reward. After the wretch had sent many of his victims to penal servitude, he was shot in the streets of Dublin one night, by a brother of one of the convicted prisoners, Five minutes before the shot was fired

I happened to pass the spot where he fell, the opening of a laneway that runs between Hardwicke street and Dorset street. This was his usual route homeward, for he avoided the wider thoroughfares for fear of recognition. The assassin had discovered this, and taken his measures accordingly. Talbot did not die at once, but lingered for a couple of weeks. This fact enabled his assailant to escape conviction for murder, because the renowned anatomist, Dr. O'Leary, was enabled to convince a jury that unskilful surgical treatment was at least the secondary cause of death, and the evidence as to malice was confused and imperfect.

There were others engaged in the same nefarious work as well as Talbot—that is, men who were in the Government's service, in the army and the police, and went among the people in disguise to swear them into the proscribed organization for the purpose of betraying them to the authorities at the desired moment. An artillery sergeant, named Warner, was conspicuous for his activity and success in this diabolical treachery. The two civilian informers, Pierce Nagle and Corydon, werein the conspiracy from the beginning, keeping Dublin Castle closely conversant with every hope and every intended movement of the revolutionary chiefs.

These explanations are necessary to an understanding of the present situation and the character of the charges now being launched against the Irish peasantry and tenant farmers by the anonymous writer in "Blackwood's." Detached from their accompanying verbiage, mostly bombastical and denunciatory, these charges are mainly concerned with the period which he calls the "reign of terror," coincident with the beginning of the Land League. Reminding the readers that another such reign is quite possible in the immediate future, he goes on to say:

> But for one black crime which sent a thrill of horror through the world, even that reign of terror would find apologists. Modern memories are short-lived, and a whole generation has since grown to manhood. Much of the misery then endured lies buried in oblivion: the sufferings of the obscure might easily be ignored. Some of the deeds, however, cannot be so treated. The threatening letter and the murderer's dagger were rife in the metropolis as well as in the hamlet. It is not possible to explain away the terror of a rule which planned and carried out the assassination of the Chief Secretary of Ireland within sight of the Viceregal Lodge . . . . . Murder was not only connived at—it was approved. Public opinion shielded, instead of exposing, the assassin. So universal was the sympathy with agrarian crime that often no evidence was strong enough to lead jurors to convict. Until Mr. Balfour took charge, and by his firmness and invincible tenacity made government a reality, Ireland was in chaos; men were beginning to believe that the forces of law and order were permanently paralysed.

An attempt is made in some passages to show that religious prejudices had something to do with the uprising of the agrarian population. It is a palpable trick, resorted to for the purpose of inflaming Scottish bigotry. Many members of the Parliamentary party were Protestants, chosen to represent Catholic constituencies for the very purpose of showing to the world that there was no question of religion in the movement for land emancipation—men like Mr. Jordan, who long represented Clare, and Mr. Douglas Pyne of Waterford, an Englishman and brother of a resident Protestant clergyman; Mr. Alfred Webb, a Quaker; the Hon. Edward Blake, a Canadian Protestant—and many others. Many Protestant farmers were to be found among the members of the League.

The great leader of the movement, Mr. Parnell, it need hardly be said, was not of the popular faith. But these little bits of misrepresentation make only a minor detail in a grand scheme of historical inversion designed to produce a particular impression and effect.

The real "reign of terror" began in Ireland when Mr. Forster, unable to grapple with an impalpable moral force, began to lay about him with his coercion club. Public meetings were forcibly dispersed by the armed constabulary; those who attended were either batoned or shot if they showed any hesitation about giving up their citizen rights; the jails were choked with men arrested and flung into prison without any legal process or without any charge against them save that of "reasonable suspicion." No reference to these outrageous proceedings is made by the writer in "Blackwood's." He would have his readers believe that there may be an effect without a cause, evidently. The Scotch may be bigoted, but they are not altogether such idiots as he seems to take them to be.

Again, as to the boycotting movement, concerning which he is bitterly lachrymose, he suppresses the fact that in its origin it was entirely spontaneous and begun without any preconcerted action. It began with the tyranny of a Western land agent, Captain Boycott, towards a wretchedly impoverished tenantry and the laborers on the estate. These were so exasperated at his overbearing attitude, at a time of famine, that they refused to work for him, and the idea of a general strike spread like wildfire. It was so successful that Captain Boycott would have had to quit the place were it not that Mr. Robinson, an attorney who owned the *Daily Express*, an Orange newspaper in Dublin, got up a subscription and enrolled a troop of Orangemen to go to Lough Mask, where Captain Boycott was engaged surveying his rotting crops, and got the harvest saved under the shelter of British bayonets. So much for the story that the Land League incited to boycotting. The League was not in existence at all at the time, nor for a couple of years afterwards.

There was no violence during the campaign begun against Captain Boycott. The people seemed to have felt instinctively that a resort to violence in any shape would mean the losing of the fierce trial of skill they had entered upon. Captain Boycott's harvest was not lost, but neither was the tenant's fight for relief from tyranny. The attention of the whole country was riveted on the unequal struggle, and the spread of the Land League all over Ireland was the immediate outcome of the struggle begun on the shores of Lough Mask. The landlords saw the battle was on, and they easily got a champion in the person of the degenerate Quaker known to fame by the sinister *sobriquet* of "Buckshot" Forster. This epithet he acquired by reason of an order which he caused to be issued to the Irish constabulary that they should fire buckshot when dispersing crowds, instead of regular rifle balls as previously was the custom. This merciful expedient was not appreciated by the people for whose benefit it was intended, because there was less hesitation on the part of magistrates to order a fusilade on an assemblage than there would have been when death was almost certain from every wound inflicted.

Coercion quickly followed the formation of the League, and the spirit the

landlords needed was soon aroused. Desperate men do not easily listen to the voice of reason when they are fighting for their own lives and those of their flesh and blood. Every fresh batch of eviction notices served by the cold-blooded landlords brought its crop of moonlight outrages in the wild and isolated West. The mysterious murders of herdsmen in the mountain regions of Maam caused wholesale arrests and the introduction of jury-packing in order to obtain convictions "by hook or crook," as a popular pamphlet circulated in England described it. The result was a foregone conclusion. Several men from the wild Irish-speaking district were sent to the gallows. Two of these, Francis Hynes and Myles Joyce, on the scaffold, as the bolt was about to be drawn, protested their innocence in the most solemn form of adjuration. The death of these men added fuel to an already devouring flame; and many more points were scored to the terrible moonlighters' credit as the game of coercion went nervously on.

Mr. Gladstone allowed his tenderly stern colleague, Chief Secretary Forster, full play until the situation became desperate, and there were rumors that he, Forster, intended to resign. At that time I was on the staff of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, editor of the *Weekly Freeman* and the *Evening Telegraph*. On seeing these rumors published in the daily papers, I wrote a polite note to the Chief Secretary to ask him if they were well founded, and dispatched it by a messenger to his office in Dublin Castle. He sent by another messenger a reply, through his private secretary, Mr. Jephson, saying that though it was not his practice to take note of such rumors, my courtesy in the public interest should not be disregarded. He wished it to be understood that he had no intention of resigning, he said. Nevertheless he did resign ere long, for the tension was too great for the Ministry, and Mr. Gladstone brought into Parliament his first Land Bill for the purpose of giving some relief to the tenant farmers and quieting the country. This concession was followed by an intimation that a Home Rule measure would follow. The intimation sent a desperate flutter through the landlord camp. To give substantial value to these conciliatory movements, Mr. Forster was recalled, and Lord Frederick Cavendish was sent to Ireland to succeed him, as the harbinger of an era of peace. Then came the avalanche.

I was sitting at home restfully, on the evening of Saturday the 6th of May, 1882, the week's work all over, as I thought, when my eldest son, Henry, then a junior reporter on the *Freeman* staff, burst in and begged me to hurry into town. I was amazed, and asked him what he meant. Did I not hear the news, he asked; did I not hear of the murder in the Phœnix Park—the Chief Secretary and the Under Secretary? For the moment I thought he was jesting. He soon convinced me that it was no jest, but a horrible truth. Then I flung on my hat and coat, called a car, and dashed away to the office as fast as horse could drive. I found the whole city ringing with the dread news. The furnace fires had been extinguished in the printing office, the printers and machine men all dispersed; but I soon had messengers scurrying all over the city in search of them, got fires relit and steam up, reporters busy, and compositors at their cases hard at work on the narrative I was piecing together from the various disjointed versions of

the tragedy, and by midnight I had a crowd of news-venders making the street ring with the alarm of the dreadful occurrence. All through the night and on Sunday morning the uproar was kept up, and the sale of the paper was immense. It was the first time in Ireland that the peace of the Sabbath was broken by the cries of news-venders in the streets, and I sincerely hope it may be the last, for any such cause. That Saturday night and Sunday morning were never before equalled in horror. I shall never forget them while I live.

To the political leaders in Ireland they were simply appalling. The stroke came like the crash of an unexpected thunderbolt. Not one of them knew of the existence of the conspirators called "the Invincibles," nor do they know to this day who was at the head of it—who was the mysterious individual known as "No. 1," or who were behind him. ~~Eight~~ Five of the company were sent to the scaffold, and the informer, James Carey, was sent to his doom by the bullet of Patrick O'Donnell, as he was speeding across the ocean to South Africa. But not a syllable ever transpired to show who originated the awful crime.

Whose interest was it that it should be perpetrated? Plainly not the people's. Their agitation had been successful; the olive branch had been held out by the Government, and Lord Cavendish had been sent over to inaugurate the reign of peace and amity. Who was to profit by the counterstroke? The landlord party. Lord Ashtown and his compeers may know something that the secret service men and the newspapers have up to this failed to ferret out.

But to get away from the era of painful speculation. Coercion reigned again, and again was it a failure. The jails were tenanted once more and the people leaderless for a time. There came upon the political scene a lady. She sought the friendship of the Irish patriots as a sympathizer—an ardent devotee of liberty. She was gifted, fascinating, rich. She was introduced to some of the old physical force men as one who was desirous and able to help the Irish cause with mind and money. She was called Mrs. Tyler. She stayed at the best hotel in Dublin—the Shelbourne—and held receptions in her apartments there and feasted some of those who were brought to her as men of action. She offered money to carry out any desperate project. It would be easy, she said, to have a bomb flung upon the terrace of the House of Commons from a launch dashing past on the Thames. She was willing to advance the amount necessary to have it done—as much as five hundred pounds.

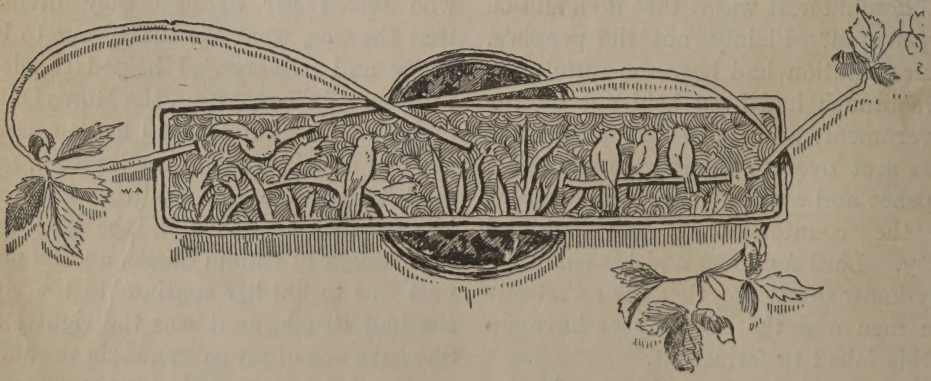
This is not any romance of history I am writing. It is the simple unvarnished fact. I saw the lady getting into a carriage, leaving the office of *United Ireland*, where I was then writing as one of the staff. I know most of the men to whom she disclosed her mission, and who fooled her because they divined that she was, what she turned out to be, a spy and ensnarer. I helped to piece together a telegram from the Home Office in Whitehall addressed to her—a paper she had torn into many small pieces, and read its message. It was from Mr. Jenkinson, then the chief of the detective department in Dublin Castle, and its purport was to bid her continue in the vein she had struck, as it was the right one. She gave one of my colleagues in the office a sum of fifteen pounds for the purpose of effecting the liberation of a prisoner

X
—Five

then locked up in London on a trumped-up charge of an ugly nature. That money was sent by registered letter, together with an account of the whole transaction, to Mr. J. R. Cox, then member of Parliament for Clare (as well as I can remember now), and he challenged the Home Secretary, the late Sir William Harcourt, regarding the trap. But he denied it, notwithstanding the incriminating telegram from his subordinate to "Mrs. Tyler." She, it subsequently transpired, was the wife of a Scotland Yard inspector—a woman of cosmopolitan experience and clever address. She fled from Dublin precipitately when she found her clever plan frustrated.

I wrote a pretty full account of the episode for the Boston *Pilot* at the time and it was duly published in that paper. There are several members of the Irish Parliamentary party (whom I can name if necessary) able to verify this statement of a very remarkable transaction.

Subsequently there appeared upon the scene another agent who made little secret of his mission—the procurement of outrages in Ireland. He came just before the visit of the Prince of Wales, now King, with the amiable purpose of having dynamite utilized to give him a welcome in Dublin, and of course having sundry individuals hanged. He was an emissary of the London *Times*, and subsequently turned up as one of its witnesses at the famous trial in London, which ended in the discomfiture of the paper and the suicide of Pigott. He was very easily detected as a knave and a villain. There were others, too, that I either encountered personally or heard about from reliable witnesses, but I think I have set down enough to show that the "reign of terror" was not brought about by any combination of the Irish peasantry so much as by the conjurations of the Irish landlords, the London *Times* and the British Government's subordinates.



ST. JOSEPH IN ART.

(Continued from page 228.)

of St. Joseph is a noble type of manhood. In Raphael's still more famous picture the same grouping is followed.

German artists are less pleasing in their treatment of this subject. Albert Durer's celebrated engravings present the Virgin as a homely maiden, and her spouse as a feeble old man. St. Joseph rarely appears in the "Annunciation" pictures, but in the "Visitation" he escorts Mary to the home of her cousin Elizabeth. Rubens and Rembrandt painted fine interpretations of this scene.

"Strange to say, the lonely journey to Bethlehem just before the birth of the Lord, with all its thrilling pathos, is but lightly touched upon in legend, and but rarely represented in art though pictures of the crowded caravanserai, where there was no room for the travellers, are numerous," says Mrs. Arthur Bell in "The Saints in Christian Art."

Among the earliest representations of this period in the life of St. Joseph is a Greek carving done on ivory, of the journey to Bethlehem. Whatever indifference art displayed in dealing with this event disappeared with the arrival of the unbidden guests at the inn, where:

> Foot-sore and weary Mary tried
> Some rest to seek, but was denied.
> "There is no room," the blind ones cried.

Legend has it that a little scullion-maid befriended them:

> It was the little scullion-maid
> Who slipped into the night
> To bring the stabled travelers
> The bread and bedding that were hers,
> And oil to give them light.
>
> And it was Joseph took her gifts
> With thankful words and meet;
> And low the little scullion-maid
> Hath knelt at Mary's side and laid
> Soft linen on her feet.

Scarcely an artist of note of any nationality who painted religious subjects failed to paint the Nativity:

> "Jesus on His mother's breast,
> In the stable cold,
> Spotless Lamb of God was He,
> Shepherd of the fold:
> Let us kneel with Mary Maid,
> With Joseph bent and hoary,
> With saint and angel, ox and ass,
> To hail the King of Glory."
>
> —*Christina G. Rossetti.*

In the Flight into Egypt St. Joseph is always present, to protect Mother and Child. Usually the three figures comprise the picture, but in some representations the ox appears, for, according to an old tradition, the two animals that shared the manger with the Holy Family accompanied them into exile. Incidents connected with the flight enter into some of the compositions in the background. A picture in the Munich gallery shows a wheat field, in allusion to the miracle said to have been performed by the Holy Child, the seed sown in the morning having borne fruit in the evening. Other artists represent the Holy Family embarking in a boat to cross the river, and yet others introduce a robber, in allusion to a legend about the penitent thief having rescued the travelers from his evil companions, and having been promised the forgiveness afterwards accorded.

The "Repose in Egypt" was also popular in Christian art, and various legends have been handed down dealing with events that happened to the holy exiles on their memorable journey. A palm tree gave them shelter, water sprang from the rock to refresh them, and the robins covered with leaves the footprints made by the weary travellers. A ballad by Francis Mahony recites the kindly offices of a gypsy who dwelt "In the land where the Pyramids be," and who, discerning

the need of the fugitives, gave to them of her hospitality. She gave them seats "in her grotto so cool," spread before them a banquet of fruits with the wine of the palm tree; and lulled on her own breast the wayfaring child. "Whence came ye?" she cried:

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,
"Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew;
We have fled from a tyrant, whose garments were dyed
In the gore of the children he slew.
We were told to remain till an angel's command
Should appoint us the hour to return,
But till then we inhabit the foreigner's land,
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then tarry with me!" cried the gypsy in joy
"And ye make of my dwelling your home;
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite boy
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles!) would come."
And she kissed both the feet of the Infant, and knelt,
And adored Him at once; then a smile
Lit the face of His Mother, who cheerfully dwelt
With her host on the banks of the Nile.

St. Joseph in the Holy Family is perhaps the most popular of all the types represented. Nearly every Italian master of note, from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, interpreted him according to his own ideas, as did also Murillo, Rembrandt, and the great Flemish painters. In every case he is treated as of special importance; sometimes the Christ-Child is depicted carrying a basket of tools, clinging to His foster-father, or gathering up chips while St. Joseph chops wood, and angels attend the scene. Again the Child aids His foster-father to roof a house, to fence in ground, and to build a boat, the angels still aiding him with their counsel.

St. Joseph is the patron of workers.

True prince of David's line! thy chair
Is set on every poor man's floor:
Labor through thee a crown doth wear
More rich than kingly crowns of yore!

True confessor! thine every deed,
While error ruled the world, or night,
Confessed aright the Christian creed,
The Christian warfare waged aright.

Teach us, like thee, our hearts to raise,
In toil, not ease, contemplatist;
Like thee, o'er lowly tasks to gaze
On her whose eyes were still on Christ.

O teach us, thou whose ebbing breath
Was watched by Mary and Her Son,
To welcome age, await in death,
True life's true garland, justly won.

The last episode in the life of Christ in which St. Joseph figures is the scene in the Temple, where Jesus is found disputing with the doctors. As no further mention is made of St. Joseph he must have died before the marriage of Cana, and the beginning of Our Saviour's ministry. We can not doubt that he had the happiness of Jesus and Mary attending him at his death—whence he is particularly invoked for the grace of a happy death. Thus Father Faber, in his poem "St. Joseph Our Father," calls upon him:

There are many saints above
Who love us with true love,
Many angels ever nigh;
But Joseph! none there be ,
Oh none, who love like thee,—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die!

Thou wert guardian of Our Lord,
Foster-father of the Word,
Who in thine arms did lie:
If we His brothers be,
We are foster-sons to thee,—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die!

Thou wert Mary's earthly guide,
For ever at her side,
Oh for her sake hear our cry;
For we follow in thy way,
Loving Mary as we may;—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die!

Thou to Mary's virgin love
Wert the image of the Dove,
Who was her Spouse on high;
Bring us gifts from Him, dear Saint.
Bring us comfort when we faint;
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die!

Thou wert a shadow thrown,
From the Father's summit lone,
Over Mary's life to lie;
Oh be thy shadow cast
O'er our present and our past;
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die!

Sadly o'er the desert sand,
Into Egypt's darksome land,
As an exile didst thou fly;
And we are exiles too,
With a world to travel through;
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die!

When thy gentle years were run,
On the bosom of thy Son,
Like an infant didst thou lie;
Oh by thy happy death,
In that tranquil Nazareth,
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die!

CHILD LABOR AND CHILD IDLENESS.

BY JAMES MORGAN.

The street corner as a training school for the penitentiary is not receiving the attention it deserves. The boy-laborer has a host of willing workers in his cause, but the boy-loafer seems to have no friends. He is often well-dressed, well-fed, and evidently has a comfortable home, but even his parents cannot be really interested in him. If they were he would not spend his all too abundant leisure with the street corner gang, in an atmosphere reeking with profanity, vulgarity and cigarette smoke. There are boards of every description to safeguard citizens against almost everything except the menace of the street corner. Even the law seems powerless to grapple with the evil. And yet there is no more prolific source of juvenile crime. The daily press presents an appalling record —thefts, assaults, forgeries, murderous attacks, and even murder itself, committed by youths in their teens, or little past their majority. And in almost every case the young criminals have had no occupation. They are graduates of the corner gang. They had not been trained to industry, to respect the rights of others, or to respect the authority of parents and teachers.

A generation ago boys had home duties to perform and fathers who insisted on obedience. Fortunately there are many such boys and fathers still, but there is an increasing number of idle boys and indulgent parents—with the lamentable results that the courts record.

Formerly boys had yards and cellars to clean, wood to split into kindling, errands to run, and numerous other occupations to engross a part of their leisure. The janitor, the bundle-wood man and the telephone now greatly lessen their tasks. Boys to-day are too well dressed to engage in manual labor. Their fathers do whatever chores the girls cannot manage, or the mother pays a man to take out the ashes, etc., that her son's white hands may not be hardened or soiled. She has dreams of putting him to "a collar and cuffs job" later on, and in his presence makes disparaging remarks about the "dirty work" in mechanical lines by which his father keeps the entire family in comfort and respectability. Whatever defects her son may possess are attributed to his teachers, who are either "too strict" or "too easy;" and his hours in the open air with the street corner gang are necessary to his health after the confinement of the schoolroom.

The corner affords not only air but congenial occupation as well. The course of training in the corner school is very gradual, and includes in the early stage ringing door-bells, insulting passersby, snowballing in season, mud-slinging at other seasons, raids on the banana man, breaking windows, stoning "sheenies," and other boyish "pranks"—at which the parents laugh heartily unless the case goes into court, and there is a fine to be paid. The next grade in corner education takes up petty thefts, attacks on officers, learning to drink and other "pranks;" and finally the boy-loafer graduates, a full-fledged criminal, with even his parents lined up against him for the disgrace he has brought upon their

respectable name. And yet they should never abandon him; they should follow him in every step of his disgraceful career; for they themselves fostered it.

There is no use in blaming schools, or neighbors, or the police, or any other cause, for the large number of boys who go wrong. Indulgent parents, foolishly indulgent, are alone to blame. Despite the material comforts with which their industry supplied the home, they allowed their boys to grow up without home influence. Home was simply a supply house, and the one lesson that was thoroughly inculcated was the desirability of dress and money as marks of distinction. Money the boy must have, and to get it—after a course of the sidewalk instruction—he has no compunction about stealing, forging, or any other illicit means of getting funds.

Once within the grasp of the law the delinquent has not a particularly promising outlook; his prospects are anything but hopeful. A writer in the *Fortnightly Review* has a forceful, though very discouraging, word to say about the future of the youthful criminal:

"The difficulty of dealing successfully with juvenile delinquents, that is, of attempting to make good children out of the viciously inclined by the methods prescribed by various state laws creating juvenile courts, merely emphasizes the indispensability of moral culture as an essential part of education. It is practically impossible to work any change in the average youngster whose behavior lands him in the law's clutches. The best that can be expected of the operations of the juvenile court is the preservation of unhardened childish offenders from demoralizing association with experienced and confirmed criminals in common jails. Even this has no permanent reformative effect. The reason is perfectly plain, and it is alien to any defect or imperfection exisitng in "incompetent officials' or 'mawkish methods' in the administration of these tribunals. The trouble goes beyond that and has its tap-roots in the absence of wholesome home influence and discipiine. If parents refuse to recognize the need of positive moral teaching in the rearing of their offspring, both in the home and at school, it is absolutely idiotic to expect that juvenile courts or any other can overcome the deficiency when uncultivated moral natures are brought within range of the criminal code."

The modern boy leaves school when he feels like it, and then shapes his future entirely according to his own liking.

"My boy was perfectly frank with me" said the respectful and admiring father of an only son, recently. "He told me candidly that he would not go to school." "Is that what they call candor now?" asked a bachelor uncle,—"It was 'sass,' Jim, when we were boys."

There is just one definite aim in the boy-loafer's mind, and that is to get money. To secure it he may even work spasmodically, at occupations peculiar to his kind, and productive of no lasting benefit in the way of character building. They have no upward tendency, and do not bring him in touch with desirable associates. The company of the street gang still satisfies him; but he is no longer a learner; he knows all that the gang can teach—and that is a pretty dangerous education for any boy to acquire.

It would be well for the future of both boys and girls if they had less money to spend, if they were compelled to keep their love of dress and display and amusement within more reasonable bounds. "Twenty-five thousand children between fourteen and sixteen years of age in the State of Massachusetts are not at school," is the statement made by an industrial commission in the Bay State. Five-sixths of this number have not completed the course in the grammar school, one-half have not finished the seventh grade, and one-fourth have not gone through the sixth grade. Seeking an explanation for this state of affairs, Susan M. Kings-

bury, assistant professor of history and economics at Simmons College, Boston, made an investigation, the results of which she makes known in an article published in *Charities and the Commons*, October, 1907.

Assuming that the twenty-five thousand represents the entire number of the State's future industrial workers, who will be dependent upon their own resources, their start in life is therefore a matter of great concern to all public-spirited citizens. Miss Kingsbury found that to every child entering an occupation worth while more than four entered unskilled or undesirable industries "that afford no development or apprenticeship, and make for vice, dishonesty and retrogression."

By getting in touch with the parents in the homes she found that seventy-six per cent. of the families involved did not need the children's earnings. Their children left school from "choice." Fifty-five per cent of the families declared that they would send their children to trade schools. "The trouble is to convince the child." A desire for dress was one of the contributing agencies to the child's decision to leave school for employments that entail constant changing from employer to employer, "bringing idleness, unsteadiness of purpose, irresponsibility of character, and irregularity of habit, which are the undoing of manhood and womanhood."

As the title of this article also includes the child-laborer, we may profitably devote a little more thought to the purposes for which children work when there is no compelling need at home? Under the title "De Kid Wot Works at Night," William Hard (in *Everybody's*) sets forth some facts gleaned from personal observation and from officials whose duty it is to deal with the problem of children in the streets of Chicago. Among those he quotes a probation officer of the juvenile court, Mr. Wengierski, who had made nightly tours in the down-town district, talking to the children and trying to persuade them to go home. He made a special study of fifty cases and found that in only two out of the fifty was there any need of the child's earnings. In one instance the boy's father owned a house and lot and had an income of five dollars a day, with a reserve fund in bank. There were two cases of laudable ambition to take music lessons or pay for musical instruments, but the desire for fine clothes and money to spend in the penny arcades and five-cent theatres was the impelling motive in the majority of the cases investigated by the probation officer. Of the cheap amusements he says:

> The passion for these amusements among children is intense. They will, some of them, work until they have a nickel, expend it on a moving-picture performance, and then start in and work again until they have another nickel to be spent for the same purpose at another "theatorium."
>
> The earnings of these children, according to the Hull House investigation, which is the only authoritative investigation on record, vary from ten cents a day when the children are five years old up to ninety cents a day when they are sixteen. This is the average.

The nature of the work done by these juvenile Chicagoans is also discussed, the newsboy and the messenger boy being specially considered. It is not a pleasant picture that Mr. Hard paints, but it may be well to gaze upon it. There are many good people who have no idea of what the boy who leaves school "by choice" may do for the few dollars that often are not needed by the family, and Chicago is not the only city where danger lurks in the night:

A certain number of boys work out from two offices in the very center of the Red Light District. Some of these boys stop working at one. Others work through till morning. There is no business in that district in the morning hours except the business of disorderly houses and all-night saloons. And even during the earlier hours of the night there is very little business of any other kind. The only effective reason for keeping an all-night office in that district is to share in the profits of vice.

The boys spend their working hours carrying messages and parcels almost exclusively among disreputable characters.

All night long these boys may be seen, slouching out of their offices, shambling along the street with the peculiar foot-dragging shuffle of their kind, passing the rows of open-faced saloons, turning down into the rows of droop-eyed, close-curtained houses, climbing the steps of a brothel, disappearing into the interior, coming out again after a while, and lounging languidly back to headquarters.

From carrying messages for the women of the town they go on to carrying cocaine and other drugs for them. They learn where the illicit venders of forbidden drugs have their salesrooms. They learn where the friends of the women drink their favorite drinks over their favorite bars. They make appointments between those who have fallen and those who are being tempted to fall. They become part of the mechanism of vice. And then they become part of vice itself. It is a process of inevitable absorption.

Many night messenger boys, whose "trick" lasts only from five in the afternoon to one in the morning, volunteer to work after that time in order to earn some overtime money. When they do this they are likely, at the age of sixteen, to approximate the income of some of the adult telegraph operators. They do it, of course, at the cost of their health.

And at a far greater cost. But let us leave the child-worker to the care of a humanitarian public. He at least is under close inspection, and surely so much well meant effort in his behalf must result in the betterment of his condition. "The solution of the child labor problem, which—in view of the unanimity of public opinion on the subject—may be regarded as practically assured, leaves still looming ominously beyond it the portentous problem of child idleness," writes Thomas Speed Mosby, Pardon Attorney of Missouri, in the *North American Review*. Statistical information with regard to child labor is abundantly at hand, giving exact information as to the number of children employed in the factories of every State, their hours and their wages, "but as to the number of children reared in idleness we have unfortunately no other or better guides than the records of the reformatories and penitentiaries afford us."

From these records it is proved that the age of greatest criminality is somewhere between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, and that from sixty to seventy per cent of felons have no trade or profession. Figures are quoted both from the United States census and French records to show that in the reformatories the percentage of the unskilled is much greater than in the penitentiaries—as might be expected from the youth of the reformatory inmates.

While discussing this subject with the superintendent of an institution housing 3,154 boys ranging in age from ten to twenty-one,—thus covering the period between childhood and manhood—Mr. Mosby asked the question: "How many of these boys had ever been apprentices before reaching your institution?"

"None," was the answer . . . . "How many had knowledge of a trade?" . . . . "Absolutely none," was the positive reply, "if they had they would never have come here."

Sixty-five per cent. of the two thousand or more convicts confined in the largest penitentiary in the United States have no knowledge of any trade or calling when received. And the results of investigation in many other penal institutions proved beyond doubt that the American criminal is not a product of the trades, of the workshop, or the factory. As a general rule the delinquents are

drawn from the class opposed to work. From the testimony thus furnished Mr. Mosby draws the conclusion that the child-idler is simply the adult-idler in the making. "The boy who is allowed to grow up unskilled in any occupation is the boy who is most likely to lapse into a state of mental, spiritual, and physical stagnation," a state that the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" has aptly characterized as "the nurse of naughtiness, the chief author of mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause of not only melancholy but many other diseases." To complete his definition he should have added crime.

The child reared to maturity without knowledge of useful work is placed in a class which statistics show is the most likely to commit crime, and being so placed there is a double probability of his becoming a moral delinquent as well as an industrial failure. "Contrast such a case," says Mr. Mosby, "with that of the boy who has learned to make an honest living. Whether he be shoe-cutter, machinist, electrician, brass-moulder, or what not, in all human probability he will continue to ply his trade. He will feel some responsibility to his work. His mind will be occupied by the duties of his calling, and he will pass by the idle and the dissipated at a time when, as experience has shown, the human mind is most susceptible to the influences that make for crime. "Therefore the problem of child-idleness may justly lay claim to some measure of the dignity and importance so freely accorded to the much mooted problem of child-labor." Guardians of childhood are admonished to reckon the latent dangers that lurk within the possibilities of a generation brought up "without effective knowledge of useful work."

While insisting on the necessity of work for the child there should be no desire to tax his powers beyond their capacity, and the primary consideration at all times should be an educational and not a financial one.

"He should by no means be taught that the only object of labor is to earn money; but he should be made to understand his obligation to serve, inasmuch as he is served; to give, as he receives; to bring to the world, as he takes from it—and he should be taught the means of performing that obligation. With such an education he will be both able and willing to fashion with hand or brain, and he will go forth to his duties, feeling, not that the world owes him a living, but that he owes to the world a life."

The schools unaided cannot give a boy this education. It must begin in the home, with the dawn of consciousness in the child, and be carried on in the home patiently and unceasingly through the years of childhood and youth. Lax and indulgent parents must waken to their responsibility to God and country; they must teach their children the old-fashioned virtues of industry, thrift and honesty; the nobility of doing without the things that they cannot afford to have; the need of sacrifice as a means of gaining strength; they must keep them from the evil influences of the street, and generally so guide the formative period of their children's lives that they will be an honor to their training, and a worthy contribution to the nation's citizenship.

This is not a question of higher education in courses of study, but of higher character building. That education alone does

not make a man has been repeatedly demonstrated. A notable proof of this is cited by the writer of an article on prison schools in *Leslies Weekly* of recent date. He states that when the school was established at Sing Sing the "faculty" consisted of nine college graduates —one from Cambridge, one from Oxford, three from Columbia, one from Cornell, and the other three from small Western colleges. All had been convicted of forgery, embezzlement or perjury. As they completed their sentences they were replaced by other educated men, and at the latest account the teaching personnel was made up of eight members—four forgers, two embezzlers, and two perjurers—whose honors in Sing Sing were represented by the degree of "trusty."

No, higher education by itself does not spell nobler manhood. In the college of life there were no better teachers than the old-fashioned fathers and mothers who proved their love by bringing up their children in the knowledge of work, and assured their future happiness by laying an enduring foundation of character. There was no maudlin sentiment in their system of training; no unwise tolerance of "choice" on the child's part as to when he should leave school or take any other important step in life; and no lenient granting of large leisure to be spent in acquiring the precocity, the habits of wickedness, idleness, and the corrupt principles of the street corner gang.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BY AMADEUS, O.S.F.

We greet thee, St. Patrick, our glorious Apostle,
Our hearts filled with pride at the sound of thy name;
Though far from Old Ireland, her vales and her mountains,
Our love and devotion are ever the same.
'Tis true, from the land of our birth we are exiles;
By Fate's stern decree we are destined to roam,
But though we may wander, our hearts but grow fonder
When think we of Ireland, our love and our home!

We greet thee, St. Patrick; to thee we are loyal,—
To thee and the Faith thou didst leave on our shore,—
Though poor we may be in the things that are passing,
Our wealth is the Faith that is ours evermore!
St. Patrick, watch over thy children who love thee;
Protect them from dangers that round them may be,
And grant that their hearts, ever nobler and stronger,
May beat for their God, for their land, and for thee!

THE STORY OF COLUMBIAN KNIGHTHOOD.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

"That which impresses an outsider most, in a great organization like the Knights of Columbus, is that it is an example of co-operation. Co-operation is one of the modern methods of reaching results. Those nations which have best succeeded in the world's history are the people among whom the capacity for co-operation and the capacity for subordination of the individual to the object of the whole body was the most perfect. They are the people who have shown the highest social efficiency, and they are the ones who form the great ruling nations of the world to-day. The modern tendency everywhere is toward effecting by co-operation results which the individual is powerless to obtain. The Order of the Knights of Columbus illustrates in a high degree the principle of the whole Catholic people co-operating for the good of the whole—something hitherto almost unknown in Catholic circles. We have an Order which has been and is destined to be of inestimable benefit to the Catholics of our land, and we appeal to all loyal hearts to come to the front and march under our beloved banner which will soon be planted in every state of the Union."

Thus spoke National Organizer Cummings when instituting Buffalo Council at Buffalo, N. Y., on Sunday, August 9th, 1896. More than two hundred members of the Order came to Buffalo from New York, Chicago, Brooklyn, Boston, Albany and Rochester to assist at the organization of this Council.

The ceremony took place in the Western National Bank Building. Fifty-four candidates presented themselves for initiation. The officers of the first degree were Deputy Grand Knight Wm. K. O'Leary and Chancellor William A. Prendergast, both of Columbus Council of Brooklyn, N. Y. The new form of the second degree was conferred by Brother Mathew J. McKenna, Acting Grand Knight, and State Deputy John J. Delaney, who conferred the third degree. Warden Henry D. McGrath of Columbus Council officiated at all the degrees.

At 6 P. M. the visitors were entertained at a banquet, given at the Genesee Hotel. The tables were set in the form of a hollow square, and covers were laid for two hundred and fifty guests. Flowering plants, fruit-pieces and fairy lamps decorated the table. Seated at the head of the room were the prominent visitors and the new officers of the local Council.

When cigars were lighted, eloquent speeches were delivered by District Attorney Daniel Kenefick of Erie County, since appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of the State of New York, who was toastmaster at the feast. State

Deputy John J. Delaney, Hon. Joseph E. Gavin of Buffalo, Grand Knight John Norton of Troy, N .Y., Grand Knight Thomas J. Kiernan of Chicago, Ill., Godfrey M. Frohe, of Buffalo, and others. The Rochester Council arrived on a special train Sunday morning. Delegations were also present from Chicago, Troy, Albany, New York City and Brooklyn. The following officers were elected and installed:—Grand Knight, Joseph E. Gavin; Deputy Grand Knight, Peter Seerditer; Lecturer, P. J. Gavin; Chancellor, Godfrey M. Frohe; Advocate, H. W. Kileen; Warden, J. W. Ryan; Trustees, J. Coom, W. J. Forsyth, John Feist, J. H. La Salles and P. H. Corcoran; Guards, C. J. Warner and Walter L. Savage.

At this Council was initiated the late Warren E. Mosher of Youngstown, O., who was destined to become a factor in the organization of new Councils throughout the State of Ohio. In August, 1897, at the institution of the Council at Plattsburg, N. Y., W. A. Maline, his friend and coadjutor in the work, was initiated. Later on, Brother Maline became first Grand Knight of Youngstown Council, instituted Oct. 24, 1897.

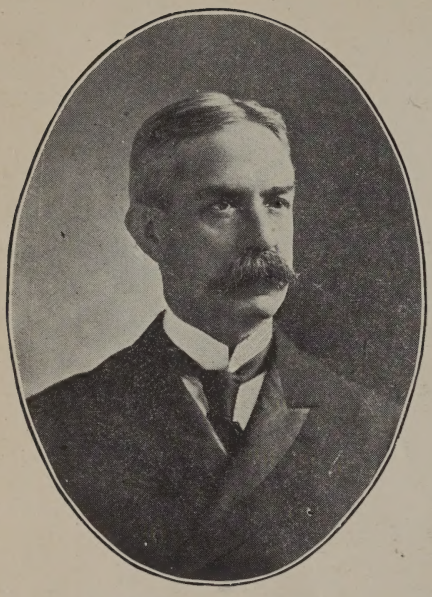
Together they established flourishing Councils this same year at Cleveland, Canton, Ashtabula, Columbus, Cincinnati, Dayton and Toledo, O. They also caused the good seed to be planted at Louisville, Kentuckv, and in Indiana. Writing at this time of the work of organization of new Councils in Ohio, Brother Maline said in the *Columbiad* of December, 1898:—"While Illinois and Ohio have steadily carried our banner forward Western Pennsylvania and Michigan have not been idle. Under the veteran and effective organizer, Brother Thomas H. Cummings, splendid Councils have been formed at Pittsburg, Alleghany, Erie, and Detroit, supplemented by the East End Council of Pittsburg, to which Oil City and Meadville will be added before the new year. To Brother James A. Flaherty, "Genial Jim," the Pennsylvania State Deputy, pages of compliments might be paid for effective work in this State.

"Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, are now ripe for the K. of C. harvest. Distance too has proven an obstacle to the institution of Councils in these States. Yet one of the marvels of the Order and a constant source of wonder to the uninitiated is the frequent gathering of hundreds of Knights attending the birth of a new Council at the expense of all the comforts of home and after many weary hours of travel. The solution of this long distance problem was beautifully illustrated in the case of Cincinnati. No Council of the Order existed within three hundred miles of that city and the writer spent more than one anxious night with Brother Mosher discussing and perfecting plans to give Ohio's chief city a fitting reception in the Order. Chicago, Cleveland, Canton, Pittsburg, Ashtabula, Allegheny and Youngstown all lie the width of a State or more from Cincinnati, and he who had organized the choicest of her citizens anxiously waited 'twixt hope and fear for the results. Splendid fruition of our hopes! no genial October sun ever shone upon a fairer scene or a happier crowd of men than that presented by three hundred gallant Knights gathered together on the bright October morn to exemplify their fidelity to their fraternity. . . . .

"And so, while we congratulate ourselves on the mighty strides of the Order westward and give due honor to the wise

THE CONVENTION AT PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., 1902.

1 P. J. Brady
2 J. H. Cain
3 T. B. Minahan
4 C. A. Webber
5 Dr. James Sullivan
6 William M. Geary
7 John W. Hogan
8 Father McGivney
9 E. L. Hearn
10 T. E. Masterson
11 Dr. James P. Hart
12 John M. Ward
13 Hon. G. S. Monaghan
14 R. F. Hayden
15 L. E. Sauter
16 Judge W. B. Teasdale
17 John F. Cochrane
18 Frank Fallon
19 Harry S. Cox
20 M. J. Winn
21 Dr. M. C. O'Connor
22 James T. Flaherty
23 Daniel Colwell
24 James E. McConnell
25 Wm. H. Callahan
26 Dr. W. T. McMannis
27 Warren Mosher
28 Dr. M. P. Conway
29 F. E. Kuhn
30 Mr. Sullivan
31 Joseph C. Pelletier
32 J. M. McFadden
35 James M. Burns
36 Wm. Matlack
37 Florence F. Driscoll
38 Daniel Guilltinan
39 James Hymen
40 Hon. W. S. McNary
41 Ed. P. Harrington
42 Prof. J. G. Ewing
43 P. L. McArdle
45 Robert J. Powers
46 D. J. Callahan
47 Wm. McMann
48 Frank I. Pierson
49 John Duff
50 Jas. B. Crowley
51 Hon. J. J. Delaney
52 Wm. J. O'Brien
53 Dr. M. W. Maloney
54 John H. Reddin
55 John Keenan
56 Colonel O'Neil
57 M. E. Hennessey
58 Joseph Loughrey
59 John T. Kerrigan
60 Wm. T. Whelan
61 T. F. Sullivan
62 Dr. F. D. Donoghue
63 Hugh V. O'Donnell
64 James J. Reardon
65 Capt. D. J. Gorman
66 John G. Hearn
67 John P. Dunn
69 Dr. Wingerter

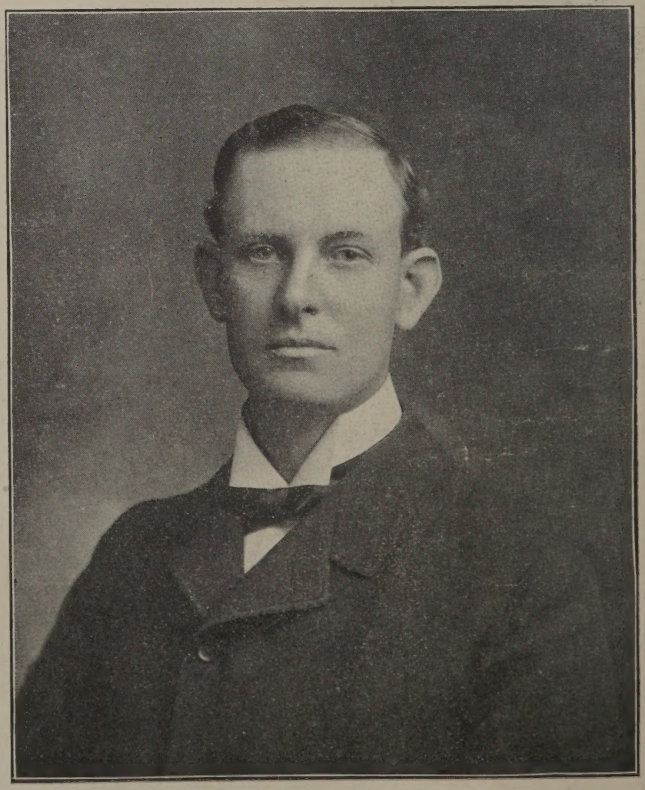


JAMES A. FLAHERTY.

They were scattered all over New England, in the Middle Atlantic States, and the States of the Middle West. The showing was a remarkable one, as at no previous period in the history of the Order, had such progress been noted. During the year the Order had paid eighty-four death claims, aggregating the sum of $87,000, and the balance in its treasury, after paying outstanding claims, on March 1st, 1898, was $158,825. All this work of organization and development had been accomplished under the wise administrations of Supreme Knights John J. Phelan of Bridgeport, Conn., and James E. Hayes of Boston, the latter of whom had succeeded to the office of Supreme Knight just a year before at the National Con-

men of the East, whose sagacity and zeal have made it a possibility, let us remember that the real West is still a silent wilderness and an unbroken prairie. In this vast region, all the heat of our zeal will be needed to dissipate the mist of ignorance and indifference."

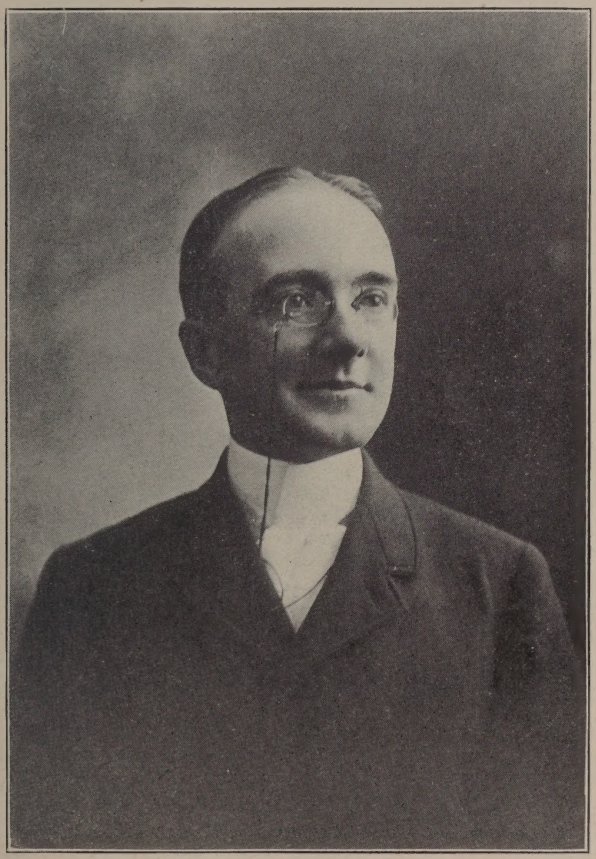
The report of the year's progress of the Order from January, 1897, to January, 1898, was most encouraging. The National Secretary announced eighty-nine new Councils, with an increase in membership of nearly 4,500 insurance members alone. On February 1st, 1898, there were 305 Councils in the Order, with an aggregate membership of over 30,000 strong.



WARREN MOSHER.

vention held in New Haven on March 2, 1897.

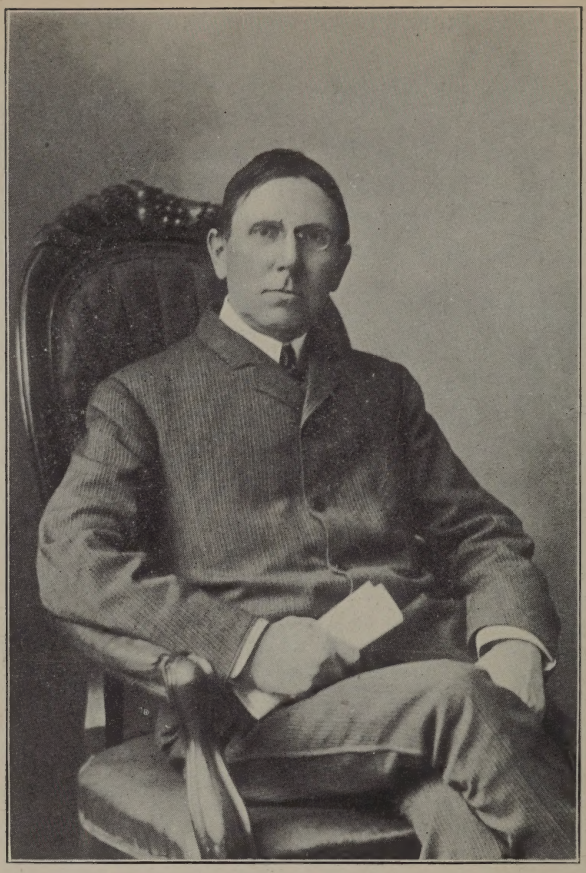
About this time occurred an event that brought much sorrow to the members of the Order; we refer to the death of Supreme Knight James E. Hayes, who after a brief illness, passed suddenly away on the 8th of February, in his native city. The Knights of Columbus mourned the loss of their Supreme Knight and over 1,000 members of the organization acted as an escort to his remains, paying him all the honor and respect due to one who had risen to the highest position in the gift of their fraternity.



WILLIAM H. BENNETT.

On Tuesday, March 1, 1897, the fourth National Convention of the Order was convened at New Haven, Conn,. with fifty delegates in attendance. The vacancy caused by the death of the late Supreme Knight, James E. Hayes, was filled by Deputy Supreme Knight John J. Cone of Jersey City, by right of succession, the Convention having so decided by a formal vote.

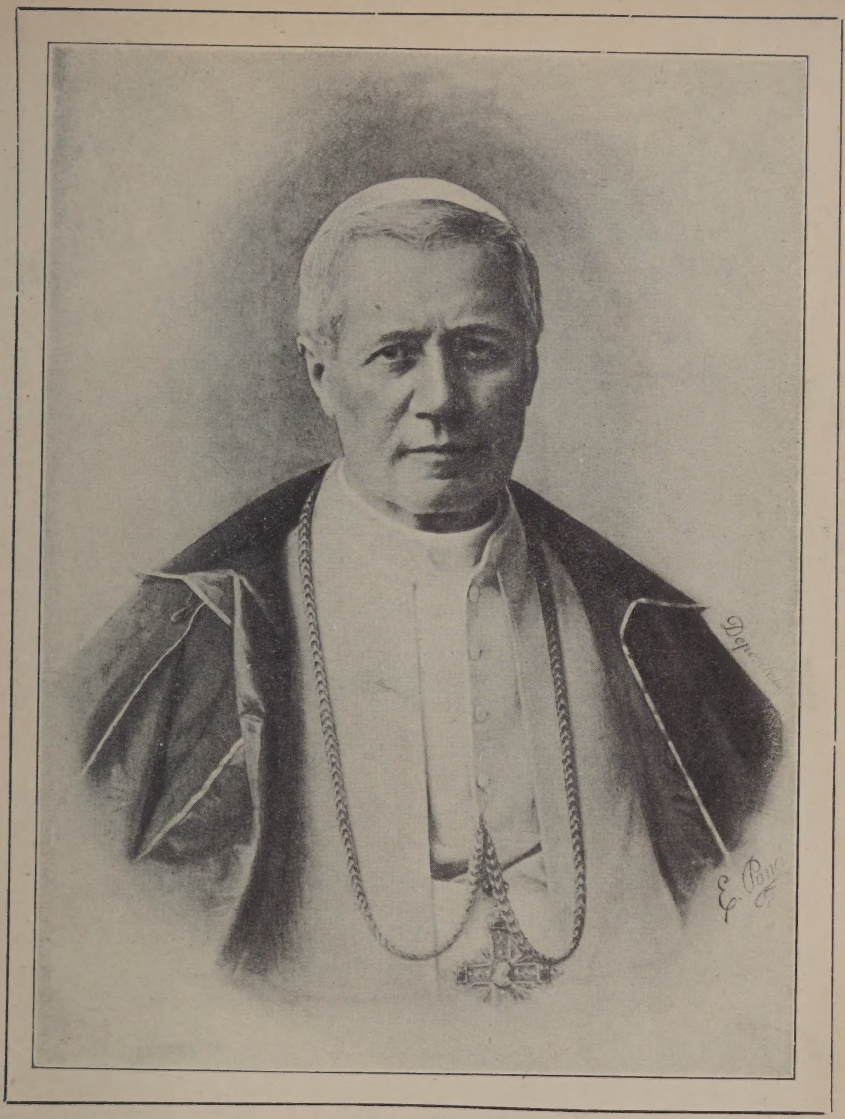
Honorable John J. Cone was born in New York City, August 31, 1857. He was educated in the public schools of that city and subsequently took a course in civil engineering at the Stevens Insti-



PETER H. FORD,
Wilmington, Del.

tute of Hoboken, N. J. He had lived in Jersey City, where he now resides, since 1868. He was appointed to the Street and Water Board of that city in 1894, and served in that capacity until the office was made elective by the people. Later on he was apppointed Fire Commissioner of Jersey City for the term ending March, 1897. His connection with the Order of the Knights of Columbus began November 3, 1895, when he was made First Grand Knight of Jersey City Council. He was subsequently appointed District Deputy in Jersey in 1896 by Supreme Knight Phelan, and in 1897 was elected Deputy Supreme Knight of the Order. His subsequent service in that position is well known and the progress of the Order under his administration as Supreme Knight will serve as material for the next chapter in this series.

(To be continued.)



POPE PIUS X.

THE PRISONER OF THE VATICAN.

BY REV. W. F. ELLIS.

Reading in the Christmas number of your Magazine, the interesting article by Rev. P. J. Conry, on "The Sanctuary of the World of Art," and meeting this sentence —"And who may we ask is the author and master of all this? He is an old white-haired man bent with the weight of years who toiled in by the Appian way—a long, long time ago—to find a home in Rome. He is one who is with-

POPE PIUS X. WITH ESCORT IN VATICAN GARDENS.

PIUS X. DRIVING IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.

out a friend in the Governments of the world, without territory, without treasure, without an army, without power, without a voice in the Senate of Nations." I was carried back in spirit to my Roman days, and was again sitting in my room in the Collegio Irlandaise looking through the large window on Holy Rome, wondering what had befallen the city that her greatest benefactor should be within her walls a prisoner. Waking from my reverie, I was unable to break away my thoughts from the Prisoner in the Vatican; from the Popes that were they rushed on to the one that is. Collecting these thoughts rather hurriedly I lay before you a short history of the life of the present prisoner of the Vatican.

THE HOLY FATHER RECOGNIZING A FORMER SCHOOLMATE IN THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

On the 20th of July, 1903, the sad message was issued from the Vatican, to be announced to the world, that Leo XIII. had passed away. We know the gloom that message carried with it all over the Christian world. The Church donned her robe of mourning; her children wept, knowing they suffered a great loss, even to a degree they believed irreparable. The usual ten days of silence passed, a silence preserved by the Church. No mention during those days is made of a successor except by the news-thirsty, boisterous press. The call having been issued for the Cardinals to assemble in conclave, on the 31st, some sixty-two entered to elect a successor to Leo XIII.—a successor to him who literally

THE VATICAN.

conquered the world, for a French writer summing up his life said: "If Leo XIII. did not recover Rome he re-conquered the world." The same writer referring to the death of the Pontiff, said: "His death reminds me of the setting of the

THE POPE'S FAREWELL TO VENICE.

sun after a long summer's day, when he sinks to his rest in a halo of glory."

With a weight of responsibility did those sixty-two pillars of the Church enter into conclave. From a mood of sadness the people became filled with anxiety. Prophets, interviewers, editors, etc., foretold who the new Pontiff should be,—but there is a saying, verified in every election—that he who enters into the conclave a Pope comes out a Cardinal.

The people must wait. There is no communication whatever between the conclave and the outer world until an election is reached. Four days passed before an election took place. On the morning of the fourth of August the world was brightened by the joyful tidings "Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, is the new Pontiff—to be known as Pius X."

Giving our belief to that proverb "The child is father of the man," let us go back to the childhood days of the Pontiff.

On the 2d of June, 1835, in the Venetian town of Riese, Giuseppe Sarto, first beheld the light of day. Could human eye have foreseen, the future from that memorable 2nd of June Riese would have been on the map. Journalists would have lent their columns to speak on the Venetian babe. But no. No trumpets heralded his coming to this world. Giuseppe was a babe born to poverty and the world noticed him not. His parents were poor peasants, bringing in by their joint exertions not more than a few dollars of income each week; but if poor in the goods of this world, they were rich in the goods of Heaven. The father and mother of the future Pope are painted for us as models of virtue. The epitaph written by our Holy Father, while yet a Cardinal, on the death of the mother whom he loved, tells us a great deal. "To Margaret Sarto . . . an exemplary woman, a virtuous wife, an incomparable mother . . . an edifying death crowned a whole life of labor and sacrifice."

Joseph grew up a dutiful son to his good parents, and to their great delight he at an early age showed forth his love for the priesthood; many times before those he loved he expressed the wish that one day he might become a priest.

How glad were those Christian parents to behold the inclination of their son! and how they strove to cherish that vocation!

The young Sarto began his studies at an early age; and his college days were not all smooth. He suffered and had to make great sacrifice on account of the poverty of his parents, walking miles to school morning after morning, without a shoe to his foot. He never lost courage. Early in his college career his father died, and now the mother had to provide support for eight children. Was Joseph the eldest to leave school and help his mother? "No," she said, "if God has called him to Himself, He must have him." A generous friend saw a golden opportunity to stretch forth his hand in charity, so young Joseph was enabled to continue his studies. During his college days he was noted as a student possessing sanctity to a wonderful degree. He was a student in all that word implies. At Mantua and at the University of Padua he showed that he possessed the brightest intellect. In 1858, at the early age of twenty-two years and ten months, he was ordained to the priesthood and returned to his native town of Riese to offer up his first Mass. What a happiness for his dear mother to see the son for whom she had worked so hard ascend the altar to offer up the Sacrifice

of the Spotless Lamb. This was the first of the many happinesses brought to that dear mother's heart. She lived to see her son Cardinal and Patriarch of Venice.

His ministry was one of work, love of the poor always characterizing it. Of his services as an assistant which extended over the space of nine years, we have only to hear the testimony of the pastor under whom he served: "They have sent me as an assistant a young priest whom they have charged me with forming to the parochial ministry, but the more I observe him, the more I find in him such an ensemble of qualities, so much zeal, maturity, tact, that I could rather myself, even at my age, learn something at his school,—I am convinced that this young priest will mount the steps of the ecclesiastical hierarchy,—the episcopal mitre of a surety is destined for him,—And then? And then? Chi sa—Who knows?"

This was a prophecy to be fulfilled, as indeed it has been, every nine years, and a step higher was climbed until to-day he is the Spiritual Head of the Church on earth—The Ruler of the Christian World.

To know Pius X. one must visit Venice and speak with the Venetians. With them his name is almost sacred. Hear them tell of his work amongst them. They love him—he is as a member of every family in Venice.

No more pathetic scene than that when Cardinal Sarto was leaving Venice! thousands followed in their gondolas to the railway depot to bid him farewell. They had a presentiment that it was their last word to him. They cried to him, as the train left the station, to say a last word to them. His words were these: "Living or dead I will never forget my beloved Venice."

I can well recall him to my mind on his entrance to Rome, coming to the conclave. As he rode along the streets the Romans pointed to him, and said, "there rides Cardinal Sarto, the handsomest of the Cardinals." His appearance was striking, stalwart, with a pure loving soul beaming through his countenance. He entered into the conclave with no presentiment as to what would be the result of the election, no one dreaming less than he that he should exchange the red robe for the white silk cassock. In his pocket he carried a ticket to bear him back to Venice.

The conclave began on August 1st and on August 2nd the first ballot was taken, when Cardinal Sarto received three votes out of a possible sixty-one. His name was now before the Cardinals. At each ballot his votes increased. He, seeing the possibility of his election, besought permission to address the Sacred College. This permission was granted. With tears he begged again and again that his name be no longer considered among the eligibles; his emotion became so violent that for a time he lost consciousness. Of his two hundred and sixty-one predecessors not one, with one exception, was so unwilling to accept the burden of the Keys. The voting went on, and on the count of August 4th Cardinal Sarto was the selection of fifty Cardinals, thereby gaining more than the necessary vote to place him in the Chair of Peter.

When asked would he accept the office he said "God's will be done." And as to what title he answered that of "Pius X." The title of "Pius" what memories it carries with it! Take the history of the Popes bearing the title of "Pius" and you have an epitome of the history of the Papacy from the second to the twentieth century.

What a scene in the Piazza of St. Peter's when the election of the new Pontiff was made known! There were thousands of people there from all the cities of the earth, waiting in dead silence for the announcement from the loggia of St. Peter's. Never will I forget the scene when that announcement was made! The Camerlengo came forth in front of that majestic dome, his voice betrayed excitement—but yet the silence was so dread that that voice reached the four winds of the earth. He said: "We have a Pope. Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, has been elected and takes the title of Pius X." The silence was of the past, and like a thunderbolt shot forth from that vast multitude a cry of joy *"Dio Sia Benedetto Abbiamo Un Papa Del Popolo."* The world rejoiced because the present was to the mind a closer link to the times of the Apostles. As a writer expressed it: "The great series of Pontiffs began with the Galilaean fisherman — to-day it culminates with an Italian contadino."

A few minutes after the election and St. Peter's was crowded, for soon the new Pontiff was to impart his blessing to his children.

When he appeared robed in pure white what a change was evident! There now appeared a responsibility upon that brow. One would think twenty winters had passed since we last saw him. What wonder! Twenty centuries had passed through his mind, leaving their impressions,—from the days when Peter the fisherman stood before the Cæsars and claimed Rome as his, to the hour when Leo XIII. slept in death. Did not all his predecessors walk before his mind, those great chiefs that tell us of the Institution claiming them? Did he not know the history of the Popes was an unfinished volume, its future pages to dwell on the life of Pius X.

The age offered no consolation. The Roman question was undecided; France was up in arms. Labor and capital waged an universal war. No wonder he felt the burden the Keys carried with them.

Well-nigh five years have passed, and the world must give judgment and say that the reign of Pius X. has been more than successful, that the last link added to the golden chain promises to out-lustre the others in splendor.

Pius X. has been tried and found not wanting. France has risen up in arms and directed against Rome every weapon the evil one could furnish her, but Pius stands unmoved, sorrowing no doubt, but firm to duty. No concession will he make and he has no fears. He has seen the barque of Peter in troubled waters, but never shipwrecked. He has seen his predecessors stand as he stands, and victory was theirs,—Leo before an Attilla,—Gregory before Henry,—Pius VII. before Napoleon, and Pius IX. before Bismarck. Rome always conquered, re-establishing the Divine promise: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

We do not fully understand the position of the Vicar of Christ in Rome. There he is a prisoner in the Vatican, while his palace on the Quirinal Hill is occupied by the son of a robber king. There is the Spiritual Ruler of the world without a voice in the Senate of Nations, because robbed of his temporal power. How he must feel it? How he must cry out—"Ungrateful Romans,"—as he looks out on the city his predecessors have done so much for. And now their suc-

cessor is a prisoner — no longer to walk the streets of the Rome they loved! Oh ungrateful Romans! Where would Rome be but for the Popes?

Let the Pope, if possible, leave Rome and the streets of the Eternal City within five years would be a pasture covered with green grass.

Of the daily life of the Pope, this only will I say. Every moment from early morning to a late hour at night he is a martyr to duty.

HUNTING FOR SHAMROCKS.

BY NORA CONROY.

It is a great thing to have friends. Here it is snowing and blowing this gusty March morning, with not a spear of grass in sight, and even the flowers in the glass case on the street corner look discouraged and drooping. The pigeon who walks each day on my window-sill in his bravery of plumage is huddled miserably in an angle of the hotel sign, and the sparrows are strung along the wires, mere inert feather tufts. It is a grey day, but out of the storm and whirling snow comes the letter-carrier, with a burden of foreign mail, and in it shamrocks from across the sea.

Years ago, Denis Florence MacCarthy apostrophized the Irish postman, urging him to greater speed when delivering "A Shamrock from the Irish Shore."

O postman! speed thy tardy gait—
  Go quicker round from door to door;
For thee I watch, for thee I wait,
  Like many a weary wanderer more.
Thou bringest news of bale and bliss,—
  Some life begun, some life well o'er,—
He stops, he rings! O heaven! what's this?
  A shamrock from the Irish shore!

Dear emblem of my native land,
  By fresh fond words kept fresh and green
The pressure of an unfelt hand—
  The kisses of a lip unseen;
A throb from my dead mother's heart—
  My father's smile revived once more—
Oh, youth! oh love! oh, hope thou art,
  Sweet shamrock from the Irish shore!

Struggling, and yet for strife unmeet,
  True type of trustful love thou art;
Thou liest the whole year at my feet,
  To live but one day at my heart.
One day of festal pride to lie
  Upon the loved one's heart—what more?
Upon the loved one's heart to die,
  O shamrock of the Irish shore!

There is no need to urge our carrier to greater speed. He is part of our strenuous American life, and already free of much of his burden is battling his way down the street, darting in and out among the stalled cars, shortening his route and his life at the same time. Let us see what he has brought.

Here is a box of generous size, packed with care, and fragrant with the fresh sweet scent of earth and springing leaves. The clinging roots, unbroken, tell of the painstaking efforts of my friend—my very young friend,—who gathered the shamrocks for me his own self, in the fields and lanes by the little green nest of a house which is his home. He is a rare good judge of quality, and he knows where the richest and the greenest clusters of leaves are to be found. Not content with the message that the shamrocks speak for themselves he has tucked a "pome" into the box. He is very fond of "pomes," and comes by his liking

honestly. Let me give you some lines from the card:

From the shamrock sod of our own Green Land
We send you these leaves to-day,
We know they'll remind you of olden haunts
And times that have passed away;
And though your future may be spent
Far from your early home,
May peace and joy, be yours, dear friend,
Wherever you may roam,

There's no land in the world like Erin old,
Where the sweet little shamrocks grow,
So I send you some leaves this happy day,
To remind you of long ago.

I like that "long ago." My shamrock-picker was eight years old the first day of this year of grace.

It is a good wish that he sends, but what else could you expect of my friend. He is the embodiment of good-will, and even in his babyhood had a pretty knack of uttering good wishes and calling down blessings. "The blessing of God on ye," he said in fervent benediction to the aged haymaker who fashioned a toy rake for him; and no doubt he said the same before he slipped the cover on my shamrocks and committed them to their journey across the ocean.

There are other shamrocks also, shamrocks from Dungannon, and shamrocks from a lordly estate, and shamrocks from Italy! that came originally from Ballaghaderin, County Mayo, Ireland.

Perhaps the story of the dove bearing the olive branch suggested the design on the leaflet. It shows a round tower, a Celtic cross, a ruined abbey, a harp entwined with shamrocks, and a flight of birds, each feathered messenger bearing in his beak a sprig of shamrock. Embossed in gold on a pale green ground are these lines:

Go thou across the sea,
Go bring afar with thee
Erin's fond memory,
Erin so dear!

It would be a pity to let any of the message be lost, and there is plenty of time to listen to it. Such sentiment as it breathes is needed:

Oh! you've come across the sea,
Shamrock dear,
Erin's loving gift to me,
Shamrock dear;
Just in time for Patrick's Day,
On an exile's heart to stay,
Sure you've come a long, long way,
Shamrock dear!

Though you're withered now and sear,
Shamrock dear,
You are welcome, never fear,
Shamrock dear;
For you have a magic art,
Making fountains well and start
From the "cockles of my heart,"
Shamrock dear!

Though you're crumpled now and dry,
Shamrock dear,
Yet the tear-drops from mine eye,
Shamrock dear,
Will bring back the tints you wore
When you left dear Erin's shore,
Ah! you do for me much more,
Shamrock dear!

For no matter where I roam,
Shamrock dear,
You're a link 'tween me and home,
Shamrock dear;
Father, mother, boyhood days,
Sisters', brothers' loving ways
You bring up before my gaze,
Shamrock dear!

More than coronet of earl, Shamrock dear!
More than diamond, gold or pearl,
Shamrock dear,
Do I prize your wilted green;
Oh! 'tis more to me, I ween,
Than the gift of king or queen,
Shamrock dear!

You're to me an open book,
Shamrock dear,
From whose leaves responsive look,
Shamrock dear,
Erin's smiles and Erin's tears,
Erin's hopes and Erin's fears,
Erin's saints and Erin's seers,
Shamrock dear!

Oh! new faith and hope and love,
Shamrock dear,
In the Triune God above,
Shamrock dear,
Come with you from year to year,
Driving out each craven fear
Bringing Heaven very near,
Shamrock dear!

Little guest from Erin green,
Shamrock dear,
When I think of all you mean,
Shamrock dear,

And how kind the good God dealt
When he gave you to the Celt,
Och, my heart begins to melt,
Shamrock dear!

Then I kneel me down and pray,
Shamrock dear,
Soon may come the Patrick's Day,
Shamrock dear,
When the hopes you symbolise
Erin's sons may realize—
Faith and Freedom 'neath her skies,
Shamrock dear!

More than a hundred years ago a printer's apprentice in Dublin ran away. Small blame to him! Printers and their ways would drive any one to rash acts. They drove this boy to the stage, and thus indirectly may claim a degree of credit in the composition of "The Green Little Shamrock of Ireland." The apprentice must have been a witty lad, because he became a noted comedian, and could make sport of even his own name, which was Andrew Cherry. The manager of the Dublin theatre did not treat him any too well, so leaving the Irish stage he went to London and obtained a hearing at Drury Lane. His fame was made. "Come back," pleaded the Dublin manager, hearing the plaudits across the Channel, but all the answer he got was this note from the printer-comedian:

Sir: I am not as great a fool as you take me for. I have been bitten once by you, and I will never give you an opportunity of making two bites of

A. Cherry.

How proud Andrew Cherry would have been could he have known that nearly a century after his death his song would still be the favorite tribute to the shamrock in St. Patrick's Day programmes. I knew a girl who sang it with such tenderness, such feeling, that the audience scarcely breathed till the last note floated out, and then they simply insisted on having it again—though encores were against the rule on our stage. I have heard it often since, sung by professionals with all the effect that training can give, but some way it was not the same "dear little shamrock" of our amateur singer in our parish hall. What an unpretentious hall that was! No fine stage settings, no costly properties; nothing but good-will, much embryo talent, and a vast capacity for "making believe." The scenes behind the stage would make great "copy." We staged some wonderful things, and the costumes were evolved from the smallest possible outlay of money, and the most unstinted use of ingenuity and industry.

But the shamrocks are taking me far afield, in spite of the whirling snow. They hold a magic of their own, be their leaves three or four. Do you remember Samuel Lover's "Four-Leaved Shamrock"—the shamrock sought in fairy dells and used to banish sorrow and conjure hope? It was a noble purpose!

I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock in all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaves, oh, how I'll weave my spells!
I would not waste my magic might on diamond, pearl, or gold,
For treasure tires the weary sense,—*such* triumph is but cold;
But I would play th' enchanter's part, in casting bliss around,—
Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found!

To worth I would give honor! I'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip recall the smile of happier years,
And hearts that had been long estrang'd, and friends that had grown cold
Should meet again—like parted streams—and mingle as of old;
Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found!

The heart that had been mourning o'er vanished dreams of love
Should see them all returning—like Noah's faithful dove,
And hope should launch her blessed bark on Sorrow's dark'ning sea,

And Mis'ry's children have an ark, and saved
from sinking be;
Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus
scatter bliss around
And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the
world be found!

Katharine Tynan has a book of "Shamrocks" with the characteristic line—"'Tis always Morning somewhere in the world"—on the title page. It will not be her fault if it is not a bright morning, and she introduces us first of all to a marriage feast in Tara, the marriage of King Cormac's daughter. It is the story of Diarmuid and Grainne, but we shall not stop to read it—nor the many other charming things between it and this shamrock song, beginning:

Oh, the red rose may be fair,
And the lily statelier;
But my shamrock, one in three,
Takes the very heart of me!

There are lovers and golden hours and lilies "virginal, silver and tall,"

But over all the flowers that be
Is my shamrock dear to me.

The rose and the lily have their day, but with the waning of summer they too die:

Shamrock stayeth every day,
Be the winds or gold or grey.

Sheltered on the Irish hills which it mantles in green "It laughs o'er many a vale."

Soft it clothes the ruined floor
Of many an abbey, grey and hoar;
And the still home of the dead
With its green is carpeted.

Roses for an hour of love,
With the joy and pain thereof;
Stand my lilies white to see
All for prayer and purity.

These are white as the harvest moon
Roses flush like the heart of June;
But my shamrock, brave and gay,
Glads the tired eyes every day.

Oh, the red rose shineth rare,
And the lily saintly fair;
But my shamrock, one in three,
Takes the inmost heart of me!

Rosa Mulholland, too, sets the shamrock in the shrine of her heart, for the three-fold message it brings; and for the same reason prays that shamrocks may be the coverlet of her last resting place:

I wear a shamrock in my heart
Three in one, one in three—
Truth and love and faith,
Tears and pain and death:
O sweet my shamrock is to me!

Lay me in my hollow bed,
Grow the shamrocks over me.
Three in one, one in three,
Faith and hope and charity,
Peace and rest and silence be
With me where you lay my head:
O dear the shamrocks are to me!

Nor is the little trefoil without its poets in America. Father Tabb has questions to ask of the shamrock and he asks them in a way that the reader is not likely to forget:

Little masters, hat in hand,
Let me in your presence stand,
Till your silence solve for me
This your threefold mystery.

Tell me—for I long to know—
How, in darkness there below,
Was your fairy fabric spun,
Spread and fashioned, three in one.

Did your gossips gold and blue.
Sky and Sunshine, choose for you,
Ere your triple forms were seen,
Suited liveries of green?

Can ye—if ye dwelt indeed
Captives of a prison seed—
Like the Genie, once again
Get you back into the grain?

Little masters, may I stand
In your presence, hat in hand,
Waiting till you solve for me
This your threefold mystery?

It isn't every plant that has a patron saint, or who deserves one, for that matter. And why shouldn't the shamrock claim St. Patrick when it helped him to make the pagan Irish accept the Trinity? And yet it remains the same modest retiring little plant that it was in the beginning. Somehow one can never think of St. Patrick without thinking of the shamrock, or of the shamrock without thinking of the great Apostle.

Here in America, in the church where

I knelt to-day, before St. Patrick's altar—very beautiful in its marble splendor—there were little pots of shamrocks here and there, the sole decoration and the most fitting one. Up in the choir the children sang with all their might "All praise to St. Patrick," and then clattering down the stairs trooped up the aisle, a noisy happy host, with laughter in their eyes and the words of a prayer on their lips. They meant no disrespect, and I am sure that none was taken. It was a strange contrast—the marble group above the altar, St. Patrick pouring the waters of baptism on the head of his convert—and the swaying, eager host of his latest followers, the young Irish-Americans, typically Irish with their reverent souls and riotous, fun-loving hearts.

EIRE, MO] MHUIRNIN, SLAN LEAT GO BRAGH.

Erin, My Darling, Good-Bye Forever.

(From the Irish.)

BY MAIRE.

'Tis bitter the breath of the biting March breeze.
Eire mo mhuirnin slan leat go bragh!
'Tis far is the path o'er the desolate seas.
Eire mo mhuirnin slan leat go bragh!
'Tis salt as the sea seem the tears in my eyes
'Tis cold is my heart as the chilly snow skies,
'Tis wild as the wind sound the heartbroken sighs.
Eire mo mhuirnin slan leat go bragh!

'Tis sad is the land from Fair Head to Bere.
Eire mo mhuirnin slan leat go bragh!
'Tis scattered thy sons from thy glens green and fair.
Eire mo mhuirnin slan leat go bragh!
'Tis deep is the darkness and distant the light;
'Tis swift sails our ship and star is in sight.
List! the lone woman's wail ringing out in the night.
Eire mo mhuirnin slan leat go bragh!

'Tis colder and colder the bitter breeze blows,
Eire mo mhuirnin slan leat go bragh!
And keener and keener my sharp sorrow grows.
Eire mo mhuirnin slan leat go bragh!
'Tis faster and farther from Erinn we fly,
'Tis hopeless my heart is—would God I could die!
Mo mhuirnin! Mo mhuirnin! forever good-bye.
Eire mo mhuirnin slan leat go bragh!

THE DIARY OF AN EXILED NUN.

TRANSLATED BY DANIEL F. DESMOND.

Chapter VI.

The Expulsion—Regrets and Memories—Death of Sister St. Ann—The Little Priory—First Report from the Exiles, Sister Mary Louise, Sister John of the Cross, Sister Mary Kostka, Sister Margaret Mary, Sister Bonaventure, Sister Clement, Sister Mary.

Monday, October 10.

"May God forgive them for they know not what they do."

So then it is really true that I have left the Priory, perhaps forever! I have left my cell with its rough tiled floor and its white-washed walls, where I was ever so happy. No longer do I hear the large clock, striking every fifteen minutes, saying to me, "God is here." No longer do I hear the great bell that called us to prayer, nor do I still hear the bell which called me to the parlor. The shrill sounding gong of the academy telling of the classes begun and ended, the sounds of the children in the classes, their cries and their songs at recreation, all these I hear no more.

Where then can I be? Here I am in a lovely room with pretty paper on the walls, a bright, cheerful room, all sunny; and still I cannot stop crying. And my habit, too, is gone. What pain this loss caused me! Sometimes I instinctively put my hand to my side where my beads always hung and I find them not; and it feels strangely sad not to have the holy crucifix lying on my breast. Under my rough habit my heart was forever throbbing its *Alleluia* of joy and now under this worldly clothing I always feel like chanting my *De Profundis*.

My God bring me back to my cloister, my solitude; bring back those long hours of silence and prayer, those hours given to devotion to our classes and our children!

But it will not do for me now to let sadness get the upper hand; I must react; I must, with the means at hand, wage a war against those who govern us, against those who ravish the souls of the young. And how? By praying, by suffering, by fighting the good fight.

I must also keep up the diary, continue the gloomy history of Notre Dame du Prieuré.

First a word about the expulsion.

It was the first of October. A crowd had gathered in the yard. They filled the place, some standing together even in the narrow quiet road that runs along by the garden wall; but all were silent. They were in an atmosphere where germs of bitter sadness abounded. The gate of the cloister was ajar, and so these spectators could see the heartrending adieus of the weeping nuns and could hear them making appointments to meet hereafter.

It was raining. Outside a number of cabs were waiting. One by one the dejected nuns, having received Mother's blessing, came forward with a parent or a friend, and mounting the carriage were hurried off, some to their families, others to their appointed exile. So they departed: Sister of the Assumption, Sister Francis Regis and Sister Désirée for C—; Sister St. Peter, Sister St. John for Bethany; Sister Mary Louise and Sister Melanie with a friend; Sister John of the Cross with her sister; etc., etc. As each passed the crowd of people there was an

instinctive bow of respect given by all; perhaps the hearts of these sympathetic people beat with a quick pulse of anger, of just revolt against the oppressor, the renegade who could make such an inhuman attack on the weak.

When the cloisters appeared empty the crowd began slowly to dwindle away. Just then a young Sister came forth alone. Her heart was heavy and her eyes were filled with tears. There was no parent or relative to meet her; but just then one of the alumnæ came forward hastily and in a tone of childlike respect said to her: "Mother Mary Bernard, will you come with me?"

"Thank you, my child; I must go to the station. I am going to my old father. He is an invalid and so could not come. He waits for me."

The gate of the cloister closed as she passed, and soon the last of the spectators was gone. All is silent save for the splashing of the rain on the stone pavements. Inside in the cloisters one can perceive a few old nuns who remain. Now they are on their knees, sobbing.

Thursday, October 13.

A few months ago the Priory was so full of life. We were forty nuns and two hundred children. Then you could hear the merry voices of the little ones, their mad races along the corridors. Then was heard also the solemn chant, the majestic rhythm of the Office, recited at appointed hours to honor God. Now there is neither chant or laughter. Silence has usurped mirth.

Ten remain. Ten poor women, old and infirm. They have left the main building of the old monastery and have gathered together in a small wing where we had our infirmary.

The other day I was tempted to go all through the monastery. What a sad excursion! In the cloisters, in the corridors, in the chapter hall, my steps sounded loud. They produced a weird echo that made me shiver. I went into the chapel. Large, bare and silent, it impressed me strangely. And so short a time ago it was majestic with its stalls finished in carved oak, its beautiful stations of the cross, its altar of the Sacred Heart and that of Our Lady, where one could always see a few suppliants.

On summer mornings we were wont to come here at half-past four, just when the light of dawn came in from the door leading to the garden to paint the old walls with its delicate tints of purple. One by one we would come. Soon the stalls were full, and at a signal the pure silent morning air rang with our chant of morning prayer. Soon the rays of light from the rising sun came in, like great heavy shafts of gold lying up against the stained windows. *Matins* and *Lauds* were always our morning prayer, our acknowledgement to the great God who had kept us from harm during the night.

And the evening? Then we prayed when the soft twilight darkened to a copper hue. And our last prayer was always the Litany of the Saints. What a song of love and supplication is this! "Be merciful, spare us, O Lord. From all evil, O Lord, deliver us!" Then it prays for the Church, the Sovereign Pontiff, it supplicates peace among kings and princes; intercedes for the governments, for benefactors, for the souls in Purgatory, and prays finally for the fruits of the earth. "Sons of God, we beseech Thee hear us!"

Such is the evening prayer of all religious. It is a bit of the prayer and de-

votion for which our persecutors attack us.

When I had finished my praying I left the cold empty chapel, and continued my lonely pilgrimage until I arrived at our garden—our garden with its beautiful terrace that commanded the town and outlying fields; our garden with its long avenue of lindens (so shady in summer), with its narrow footpaths bordered with lilac bushes and hazel trees, with its green sward, with its pretty rustic bridge, so attractive to our children. How sorrowful it was to-day to walk under those lindens! No rustling of leaves could be heard. Now they were dead; they were my carpet and their softness made my steps unheard. The bare branches were sighing as if they knew. In an out-of the-way place I espied the end of a skip-rope still tied about the trunk of a tree. I looked at the rope, with a strange feeling. It seemed to me that I was going to see one of our little girls dash from behind some bush to play with it. But our children are gone; they took them away from us. They took with them the joy of our hearts and the sweetly-loved labor of our life.

What, what can we have done to bring this on us; what did we do that they should drive us from our home?

It was our rule to rise at four o'clock in the morning and until nine at night we spent the day between prayer and the education of our children. We did not receive wages for this, and if we were poor it was because we wished it so. We were poor because our dowries were spent for the Church and the support of the unfortunate. It is true that some of our pupils paid tuition; but consider the number, the vast number, that was admitted free. Should I tell? For every ten that paid we took in one poor girl, kept her in our charge, trained her until she could use her developed talents in support of her parents. It was our rule to take one poor girl for every ten who paid, but very often we took one in with seven or eight. Besides this we had our free classes, and those for the poor orphans.

No one is ignorant of our life. Everyone knows that in it devotion to the unfortunate is so supreme that there remains no other score on which to justify our persecutors.

The strangest thing of all is that this diabolical business is being perpetrated in a land where liberty and fraternity are national boasts. One would think that when all this barbarity and injustice are so much in vogue that our ministers would forget for an hour or two, at least, to be shouting about equality, liberty and fraternity; but no, they harp on these ideas as though they would die martyrs in their support. How disgracefully, how basely, do their words tally with their vicious acts!

They speak of justice, but now they have plundered our home. They have driven us away. Behind us we have left many a poor weeping creature, weeping because the nuns who gave them to eat can no longer visit them. But it pains us as well. How many of those poor little angels, our children, how many of these, do you think, will weather the storm of temptation now that we can no longer love them as we would? Already they regret us; no more, however, than we regret them. We have known tears, suffering, and miseries. But it is not for ourselves that we should weep, but for France. May Our Lord and His dear immaculate Mother Mary protect our country!

Monday, October 11.

Our beloved Sister St. Ann, who was sent to the hospital, is very low. There is little hope for her. Poor Sister Ann received the last sacraments with extraordinary calmness. She now speaks of death as though she were another person. While she has been at the hospital she has been a source of great edification to all about her.

Thursday, October 20.

Sister St. Ann died Tuesday evening after several hours of extreme suffering. This morning her funeral took place. Eight of the community of the Priory were there. What a sad reunion! Sister was the first to die away from the monastery, away from her Sisters.

In remembrance of Sister, I wish to set down here the letter which Mother received from the Superior of the hospital:

"It is a real pleasure for us to send this word of solace to you who mourn your Sister. We look upon it as a benediction on our house that those last bitter days of Sister's life were spent with us. The pious resignation which Sister displayed, and her holy death, have been so edifying that our patients speak of Sister St. Ann as a saint of God."

Monday, October 24.

My father did a good turn for our Mothers at C—. This is a great consolation, and I fear my happiness has a mixture of pride, too, that this stroke of fortune came by the hands of my father. It has been said already that while in Belgium we expected to keep several French scholars, and that the unsatisfactory permission was granted us to keep but ten. When I told my father of our predicament he replied that he was on intimate terms with Mr. ——, a man of influence in B——, and that this man would obtain for us the permission to take in more pupils. Our hopes have been realized; we may take in thirty. The person in question wrote a letter to my father stating that he would always be pleased to be of service to him.

Friday, October 28.

I wish to say a few words about the life of our poor exiles. In doing this I hope to be pardoned if I speak mostly of certain ones. But in any event there is little to be said of the exiles. The unfortunate ones who live as seculars, dispersed to the four corners of France, will especially keep our attention.

At C—— our Mother and Sisters are not in a very prosperous condition. Hereafter we shall speak of that place as *The Little Priory*. The rule of the old Priory is still kept. They say the office, keep the same customs. The only difference is that the Mothers and Sisters are more assiduous than they were before. It is necessarily so. These exiles must keep continually at their needlework. True, this brings them but little profit, but in their condition our Mothers and Sisters must look to the little things. These poor exiles are really poor. Their food is bread, cabbage, and potatoes, and their drink water. The children suspect no change, as they receive the same food and care that were given them in the academy.

Sister St. Peter and Sister St. John have written to us. They say that the loving care with which they were received by the Sisters at Bethany made on their hearts a deep impression.

Sister Mary Eulalia, who is in Germany, is not so cheerful in her letter. She is lonesome; she is out of her element. Everybody is kind to her, the Sisters love

her, but no one can speak her language. Sister expects to take the place of a lay instructor who teaches the French language to the children. She wishes to do this because she can thereby save the community some expense. She says the Sisters there are none too rich. Besides missing her native language Sister also feels the change in food. She says she cannot habituate herself to it.

Sister Michael is as happy as a lark in her new home in Austria. She is surrounded by French exiles like herself. Sister says they have a new academy, which is proving to be a great success.

And now I come to those who are in truth the dispersed ones, those who have left all,—their holy religious life, their cloister, their blessed habit, their Mothers and Sisters, their work and their children.

Sister Mary Louise and Sister Melanie have established themselves in their little apartment. Sister Melanie is forever in trouble; she hardly dares to go out alone; she doesn't know the price of meat and vegetables; she doesn't know what to say to the tradesmen; she cannot live without her habit; she has a sniffing cold in her head and pains in her ears. Finally she declares that she can never survive many more experiences in the streets; she becomes fixed in her tracks when a bicycle approaches and screams with terror when she passes before an automobile. (She speaks of this vehicle as "Lucifer's carriage.")

As for Sister Mary Louise, she is busy a part of the day in soothing Sister Melanie, another part in keeping up her devotions, and another in organizing her affairs. As Sister does not know the city yet; she cannot do much at present in her alumnæ business, and hence is at a loss to keep herself always busy. In a word, these two are living in sadness and misfortune.

Sister John of the Cross lives in a fifth story apartment. She has two rooms, one quite large and bright, which she calls her studio; the other small and dark, which serves as kitchen, bed-chamber and dining-room. Here she lives all alone, all alone! Very often, however, she is obliged to go out in order to see to her lessons. As it would never do to receive the pupils in her garret Sister must betake herself to their homes. In this continual coming and going, sometimes in the tramway and often on foot, she has more distractions than she wishes. Moreover Sister loses so much time by this plan that she cannot make sufficient profit to meet all her bills. Mother hopes that in the near future she may procure a more suitable apartment, where Sister can receive her pupils and open up a complete course of design and painting.

Sister Kostka is living near Dijon with her parents, good thrifty Christians. Sister wrote Mother a long tale of discouragement. At the Priory she was always scrupulous, but under the sweet yoke of monastic obedience she lived on in a peaceful and happy way. Now the poor soul is dejected. She is upset because she fails to keep her rules and vows as rigorously as she kept them at the Priory. She says it is a severe trial to be away from the cloister. In fine she begs Mother to place her in some convent, no matter where. Here she wishes to go as a lay Sister, as she can bring no dowry. She says she cannot remain in the world.

Sister Margaret Mary is now a secular. Through the assistance of some influential friend of her father Sister had little difficulty in establishing her course. But in her prosperity she is almost dead to

us. She is far away from us, and on account of the ever-watching police she cannot visit us. She fears even to write to Mother. All this we learned from one of our alumnæ. Sister is keeping house with an elderly lady whom our chaplain recommended to us. This lady is head of the course (by the way) and Sister Margaret Mary is only her assistant.

On the first of October Sister Bonaventure, Sister Clement, and Sister Mary —all lay Sisters—went to their families.

A fortnight after arriving home our robust and plain-spoken Sister Bonaventure left her parents to become a domestic in a priest's house. This unpremeditated change quite astonished us. Sister has since explained all to Mother. It seems that on arriving home Sister divined, or rather saw, that she was in the way. Nothing was said to her to this effect, but, as Sister said, her food was measured out to her—and from the very first day she worked most diligently. Seeing that she was superfluous she decided to spare her folks any further inconvenience by getting a position. It happened that she told this good priest her troubles. "Well, well," said he, "I am in trouble, too. I am looking for a servant, to whom I shall pay seven dollars and a half." Imagine Sister's joy. "Reverend Mother," said Sister, as she went on with her story, "the kind Father told me to provide for the future by economizing now, but permit me to send something to my parents from time to time. Their's was the hospitality of very poor people." Faithful daughter! As she told all this in her ingenuous way the tears rolled down her cheeks (red cheeks as in the past, but a bit faded now.)

Sister Clement has settled down permanently with her family. Her father lives with a second wife, Sister's stepmother, on a little farm in Auvergne. As there are ten children to support, counting Sister Clement's own brothers and sisters, there is no luxury to be enjoyed. During the month of August the father wrote to Sister Clement, the second oldest of the flock: "Come home to us. We will gladly receive you. Answer immediately, as we shall dismiss the dairymaid whose work you must do." Sister replied that she would go. At present everything goes well with her. Her parents, brothers, and sisters, are much attached to her; but she is obliged to work hard from morning until evening.

We are uneasy about Sister Mary's departure. She was too anxious to return to her parents, well-to-do vine-dressers of Bourgoyne who do not need her assistance. Since her departure Sister wrote a brief letter to Mother stating that she was very happy. She added that ever since she has not worn her habit she has never been troubled with her usual headaches.

Chapter VII.

Continuation of the First Report from our Exiles. What Happened to Sister Mary Elizabeth, Sister Joseph Mary, Sister Mary Bernard, Sister Mary Antoinette, Sister of the Nativity and Sister Agnes.

Tuesday, November 1.
Feast of All Saints.

In recording the events happening to Sister Mary Elizabeth, Sister Mary Antoinette, and Sister Mary Bernard, I may become prolix. The subject is very absorbing; these Sisters are dear, dear to me.

When two months had passed without my dear Sister Mary Elizabeth writing a word to me about the course she was going to start in Paris, or anything else, I decided,—timid thing that I am,—to visit her mother, Mrs. N.——. As a convent girl I had visited her before; and more than once had I passed several days in Mrs. N——'s lovely summer villa from which we could see the nearest buttresses of the Alps. Those were bright days in the N—— household. Mr. N——, a prominent lawyer, had laid aside a good fortune; but alas! as is often the case with such people, the revenues dwindled down by way of expenses, the more so as there were ten children in the family, the eldest of which was my own dear Sister Mary Elizabeth. Some time after Sister's profession her father died, leaving his unhappy wife in bad straits. There she was with her children and no resources!

This of course was a severe blow to Sister's heart. She had just pronounced her vows and was unable to help her family. Mother Superior, however, helped matters along by telling Mrs.N— that she might send to the Priory her three girls, the youngest of whom was six. These dear children we have cared for and educated. The two eldest are now teachers. The other, who is never in good health, is now with her mother. But it was necessary also to see to the boys. The burden of educating these six was no trifle for Mrs. N——. All the savings, the ornaments, the jewels, the silver plate—everything valuable was sacrificed. These sons are now supporting their mother. By her side she still keeps the sickly daughter and one son, an unfortunate lad who never made headway with books or anything else of the kind. This explains why I was somewhat embarrassed when I presented myself to Mrs. N—— whom I formerly knew when riches and happiness were hers. It explains also why this poor woman cannot aid her eldest daughter, Sister Mary Elizabeth.

Mrs. N—— received me most cordially. My visit pleased her. When her emotion had abated she told me all the news she had of her daughter.

Poor Sister has met with great obstacles in setting her course on foot. At the start all her friends gave promises of assistance and money, but the promises amounted to nothing.

Sister Mary Elizabeth found no one to go beyond making a pledge. At length she had to make arrangements with two ladies. One of these is a lady of forty or more years, a former novice of one of the teaching congregations, who could not make her religious profession, so she says, on account of her poor health. The other is a young lady with a good education. She is the directress.

They began the course well; they had plenty of pupils. The rub was in money matters. It takes some capital to hire, furnish, and organize a house; and so they had to make a loan. Moreover, there was the personnel of the course, two attendants and two domestics to pay. However, they are content. As matters stand now they must draw on funds which they have borrowed.

On returning from Mrs. N——'s I wrote to my dear Sister.

Friday, November 4.

Sister Mary Elizabeth's reply came to-day. I must copy this letter in my diary:

Blessed be God.

How your letter pleased me, my dear little friend. But did I not have to wait long? And

see, too, how long a time it is since I left the dear Priory, our Mother, you, Sister Mary Bernard, Sister Joseph Mary and all my Sisters.

I pray you to write to me more frequently. Can you not imagine how anxious I am to hear little details about the house, the reports of those who are sick and all the news about my Sisters?

I see my dear mother has told you all all about myself. I have no more news. I hope that when I write again that I can tell you of progress and success. The young lady who is the titular of the course, though somewhat bungling and inexperienced, is very intelligent. She wants to begin everything at once, but happily she does not despise advice. She has confidence in me, and though she keeps the title of head of the course, she asked me to share the charge and responsibility. The other person, an erstwhile novice, is not so congenial. According to what I hear it was not her health alone that took her out of the convent. I may be wrong in being uneasy about her, because she does what she can for the course. She does not spare herself, and I know that she has nothing nearer her heart than to place our house in the first rank of the institutions hereabout. But in her behavior, in her expression, there is something which does not apppear frank. Do not mention this to any one. Without knowing or willing it you may be telling this to some one who knows her. I would not wish to do her this wrong for all the world.

I suppose now, dear little Sister Mary of Nazareth, that you are impatient to know what I do from morning until night. You asked me this question with such insistence that I dare not refuse you. You must give this letter to our Reverend Mother. She too wishes to learn what happens to her poor solitary—yes, yes her poor solitary. That word tells you all my suffering. Let me tell you about my rule. I rise bright and early, almost at the same hour as at the Priory. We have here a little dormitory where our ten or a dozen boarders sleep. Over this I have charge. I also preside at morning prayers. As I begin class at a quarter to nine, it is necessary to rise at four thirty in order to find time for Mass and meditation. Every day I have four hours of class, except on Sunday, of course. On Thursday, which by right should be a free day, I have two supplementary courses, one in carving, etc,,, and another in domestic economy. When all the boarders have tucked themselves in bed and are sound asleep it is my turn to retire; but I keep the old custom I had at the Priory of going around once during the night to see if all the little ones are well. As I go along quietly and see these children wrapped in slumber the feeling comes over me that I am again in our dear old convent, and it seems that I hear the adorer tip-toeing along the corridor to arouse the Sister whose turn it is to adore before the Most Holy. But no, it is only an illusion; I am far away from Notre Dame du Prieuré and I am alone. No one here understands how much need I have of help, of consolation. I have no friend to whom I could say: "I am suffering because my religious life has been cut off." But, dear little Sister, please do not think that I am whimpering over my lot. Away down deep in my heart there is a great peace. It is the peace that brightens the soul, the peace that comes with sacrifice; it is the sweet wages of duty done. Besides, I have the joy of devoting myself to the salvation of the souls of children.

Blessed be God! What matters it if suffering comes provided we are saving souls? Tears and the cross are embraced in a welcome of pure love, if by them we can obtain from God the salvation of our France.

Be so kind as to write often, dear Sister, and give my address to our dear Mother, to Sister Mary Bernard, to Sister Joseph Mary and to the Little Priory of C——, so that I may keep in touch as much as possible with my beloved religious family.

Be of good heart, my dearest Sister Mary of Nazareth. Be valiant but not aggressive. Remember that we who expect our Saviour to pardon us must in turn pardon our persecutors.

May Our Lord bless you and may our dear Immaculate Lady guard you.

Sister Mary Elizabeth,
As ever, a religious of Notre Dame du Pieuré.

(To be Continued.)

AN ULSTER FARMYARD.

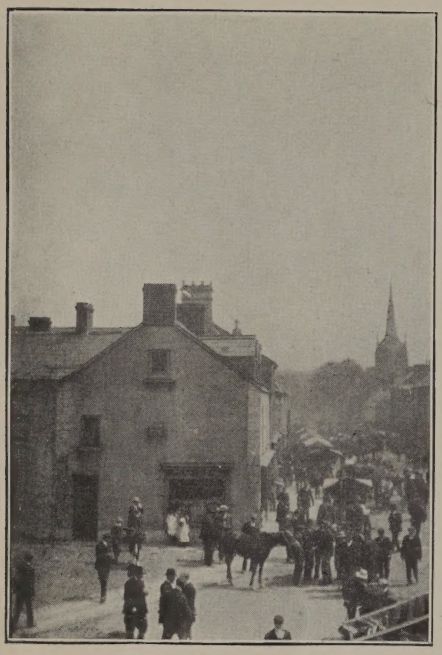
ULSTER OF TO-DAY.

BY C. MILLIGAN FOX.

Ulster is awake. The air is full of the promise of life. A stir, a thrill, and a sound of song comes up from its green fields. Through the mists of the dawn a bird wings its way, sweetly singing of what is and what is to be. Ulster men come out to work in the fields, and looking upwards thank the bird of promise, who so clearly and passionately sings in the dawn of a new national era. Irishmen and women with renewed strength acclaim the good things that are for them and theirs—a nation's hope fulfilled—a nation for itself alone.

For many years an exile from home I am struck (when walking through Ulster) with the hopeful look of the people. When last I saw my compatriots they bore that look of patient suffering, which one sees in the eyes of those dying from some fatal disease. They walked as if their burdens were too heavy to carry, and they cried hopelessly when the big ships carried their beloved ones far over the seas to foreign parts. After many years of toil and struggle they return, as I have done, to see and speculate on that awakening which has come about, to learn that Ire-

AT THE RACES.



A HORSE FAIR.

land is awake and has hope a-light in hearts once dead and despairing.

As one who loves Ireland I will try to jot down a few of my impressions for those who have not yet been able to return to the old land.

The Gaelic League has lighted a torch over the island which will never be extinguished. The Gaelic League owes its origin to Dr. Douglas Hyde and a few other patriotic souls, who saw that Ireland's end was near unless something was done to revive its national spirit. They set about giving their time and their lives to revive its flagging spirit, by teaching the Irish language and arts and by restoring the Irish industries.

To-day they may well be amazed at the result of their heroic labors. The seed that was sown has now borne fruit a thousand fold.

The Gaelic League teaches their young people to dance and sing. Some of the snapshots here given show an *Oireachtas* in full swing. The boys and girls are merrily footing a four-handed reel. The pipers in their long picturesque cloaks and ruffles have come up from the south to take part in the competitions. They are known as "Lord Castletown's pipers." Lord Castletown is one of our national Irish peers who delights in encouraging the national airs of the people.

If the weather is adverse the competitions are held in some large building in the neighborhood. One can also wander about and inspect the produce and the home-made homespuns and socks which are the work of some energetic old woman who employs herself during the long winter evenings, over the peat fires, by preparing for the great "meeting in the glens."

Thus when one wanders about, listens to the soft Irish language, and sees the result of the good work done by the Gaelic League, one can only thank Provi-

A GOOD HARVEST.

STEP DANCING.

dence that Ireland was saved from oblivion and national death.

Let us now take leave of the *Oireachtas* in full swing, and go into a small Ulster town when the horse fair is in progress. Who does not remember having seen a fair day in Ireland! Recall the scene! There are the horses, and the buyers and sellers. When a bargain is concluded the buyer shakes the hand of the seller heartily to show that the money has been offered and accepted. Alas! there is the corner house where the seller stands the buyer a drink. The stalls erected on either side of the main street are composed of "the old clothes man," "the cake and yellow man stall," the cobbler's stall, the dried fish and dulse stall, and the quack doctor's stall where wonderful ointments are exposed which

"POSING FOR HIS PICTURE."

AN IRISH BAGPIPER.

cure every disease under the sun. The ballad singer, walking up and down, in a strident voice cries out the latest murder. Most of these blood-curdling ballads begin in the same old way—

"Come all ye Christian-hearted gentlemen attend unto my song;
Iv'e only fifty verses and I won't detain you long."

Next in my wanderings are the pleasant recollections of a visit to a prosperous farm, where the snapshots illustrating this article were taken. Who on looking at these little souvenirs does not feel that it is indeed Ulster? The snapshot of the woman grinding at the quern shows old customs die hard in Ulster.

I picked up during my travels in Ulster several quaint old quern songs, which the women sing when working the quern, but it would make the article too long to insert them. I will conclude by giving

AN OLD WOMAN WITH QUERN.

one verse on "The Point to Point Races" of Comber from "Up Bye Ballads" of Will Carew, and trust that this stinted description of Ulster as it is to-day will rejoice the hearts of her brothers across the water:

"To Comber A went, and the point-to-point races
Where lass her new gown, and the horse shows his paces.
For the glass that's sae cheerin', maist heartsome o' places;
An' if spared A'll do next year the same;
An' if by good chance A hae time for a tassie
O' 'finest ane Comber' an' meet wi' me lassie,
You be sure but A'll nae hurry hame."

A RETROSPECT.

BY D. F. D.

Come back the sportive days of Youth
In memory—Oh blithesome Spring
Wherein I basked!
When swayed the sceptre o'er the realm
Of my young heart, King Jollity,
Whose arms I bore.

How soft and silent fell the snow
Immaculate upon the past:
Seems but a day.
Flows back the flush of youth—how warm!
The Winter's chill now fades. Sweet dream!
My Spring is gone.

LEAVING THE HOTEL DIEU.

LEAVING THE HOTEL DIEU.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

On the 16th of January a dense crowd filled the courtyard of the old Hotel Dieu. Men, women and children shouted, wept, protested. The police were powerless to silence the voice of the populace raised against the injustice of the French government in closing the doors of its oldest religious institution, the Mother House of the Sisters of St. Augustine, until now incorporated in the Hotel Dieu, where for centuries they had been the devoted nurses in the great wards of this public hospital.

Founded as a convent in 660, it soon became a place of refuge for the sick. An old chronicle of 829 tells of a ceremony held there on Holy Thursday, when the canons of Notre Dame went in procession from the Cathedral, to wash the feet of the poor and sick cared for by the Sisters.

It is difficult to find the exact date of its transference to the city of Paris, to become the public hospital, but in the eleventh century it was already known as the Hotel Dieu or House of God—the name applied to free city hospitals during the Middle Ages.

Philippe Auguste, St. Louis and Henri Quatre, accorded it special privileges and added new wards to the overcrowded building.

During the reign of St. Louis more than six thousand patients were cared for each year. Often two sick people had to be placed in the same bed. The good king therefore erected the "Salle Jaune," and on its completion he and his young queen carried into it on a silken stretcher, the first patient who inhabited the new ward.

According to some authorities the Sisters of St. Augustine were placed in charge of the first hospital erected by St. Laudry, thirteen hundred years ago! Such has been their reputation for good nurs-

THE SYMPATHETIC CROWD SURROUNDING THE NUNS' OMNIBUS.

ing that they have remained undisturbed by the many revolutions that have shaken France. Even during the Reign of Terror they alone were unmolested—the Jacobin Government only requiring them to lay aside their religious habit.

To-day no such grace is accorded these devoted nurses by Republican France. Their Mother-House is taken from them and they would be turned into the streets did not loving friends give them shelter.

Since the sad morning when the dear old Cardinal was driven from his home there has been no such "demonstration" in Paris, as that which attended the expulsion of the Sisters of St. Augustine. On the great square of Notre Dame, thousands awaited their coming, to express the sympathy, the indignation of Catholic France.

Meanwhile in the assembly-room of the Mother-House (which occupied one wing of the Hotel Dieu) the Sisters gathered in tearful silence to receive their formal dismissal from the French Government. Around them stood a guard of honor composed of Catholic members of the *Chambre des Deputes*, eminent lawyers, nobles and canons of Notre Dame.

Monsieur Mesureur had come as representative of the City Government, "to assure the Augustinians that the Administration had nothing but praise for their devotion to the sick-poor confided to their care. "The only fault that we find with the Sisters, is that their ideals do not correspond with those of modern times, with the needs of the public! But in your disinterested love for the sufferers confined here, it will console you to know that the lay-nurses who will replace your Order, bring to their care of the sick a devotion equal to your own."

The flagrant disregard of duty by lay nurses in Paris hospitals is so well known that Monsieur Denys Cochin sprang to his feet to denounce the irony of this speech—but the signal was already given —the Sisters must depart!

THE ARRIVAL AT THE ASYLUM OF NOTRE DAME DU BON SECOURS

As they entered the courtyard and silently took their places in the four large omnibuses, a thunder of applause arose from the multitude—"Vivent les Sœurs!" Some of the patients had escaped from their wards and were waiting hidden in the crowd. When they saw the Sisters seated in the omnibuses, they rushed forward and threw themselves upon the horses—refusing to permit the depart-

SANCTUARY: THE NUNS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE ASYLUM.

ure of their beloved nurses. They were soon overpowered by the police, but the horses, frightened by their screams, reared and plunged and refused to advance. When finally the mounted police were able to quiet them and lead them from the courtyard to the streets, they were again stopped by the crowds who hurled themselves against the vehicles, protesting that the Sisters who had served them for centuries should not be driven from their home. The police became nervous and many arrests were made. At last the soldiers charged upon the crowd and cleared a path for the sad little procession. Mounted police caught the bridles of the frightened horses and literally dragged them through the protesting multitude.

Upon the bridge of Notre Dame the "manifestants" once more succeeded in resisting the soldiers and stopping the horses.

Meanwhile thousands of voices intoned the *Parce Domine* and from every window of the great hospital the patients waved their farewells to the noble women who had so faithfully served them.

At Moutrouge, in the beautiful gardens of the private hospital of Notre Dame de Bon-Secours, the Sisters, headed by their superior, the Vicar General of Paris, awaited the coming of the exiled Augustinians. With smiles and tears they conducted the newcomers into their assembly-room where a great surprise greeted them.

Seated in a chair of state was the venerable Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris. Since he was unable to walk, he had insisted on being carried into the convent, that he might welcome the exiles to their new home, might give them "a reception worthy of the services which they have rendered Paris during thirteen centuries—since the day that St. Landry called their order to take charge of the old Hotel Dieu."

After this private reception, the Cardinal was carried by his three physicians into the chapel, where solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given and Monsignor Amette addressed the Sisters in the Cardinal's name. "If the Government admits, through its representative, Monsieur Mesureur, that it can find only praise for your services, why then are you chased from a post where you were accomplishing your duty *without one fault*, unless it be that you carry upon your breasts the cross of Christ?" Upon the conclusion of this address the dear old Cardinal spoke a few words of consolation to his beloved nuns calling upon them to remember his device—"Faites sur toutes choses que Dieu soyt le mieulx aymé." These were his last public words—and the emotion that they caused him doubtless hastened his death. The sad scenes of this day had brought back all the unhappy occurrences connected with the Separation—above all, the painful memories of his own expulsion from the episcopal palace where he had resided thirty years! It will be remembered that he was confined to his bed at the time and had to beg for two days' grace before he could be taken to the residence of Monsieur Denys Cochin of the Chambre des Deputés, who claimed the privilege of giving shelter to the Archbishop of Paris.

Already feeble from advanced age, the Cardinal never recovered his physical vitality; he had hoped that the Government would not require him to leave his old home, and his sorrow at finding that the representative of the

Catholic Church, had so little influence in France, crushed his spirit. Still, he retained his mental vigor and was able to attend to the most important affairs in the diocese until within two days of his death.

A letter just received from Miss Nourse says: "I have been to see the dear old Cardinal as he lay in state—He looked so beautiful, like a white marble statue—an old Breton saint—as he was!"

It was from his Breton ancestors that he inherited his invincible, glowing faith; for in Brittainy the spirit of apostolic France still lives—that wonderful missionary spirit which for centuries made her the favored daughter of the Church. No one who witnesses the great religious fêtes of Brittainy, called Pardons, can fail to be impressed by the earnest faith of the peasants as they kneel in the open fields to pray or follow in the historic procession, carrying their embroidered banners and golden crosses that have been handed down to them from the Middle Ages.

It was among these simple Breton people that the great Cardinal spent his childhood, and in spite of the pomp and state attached to his high office in Paris, he never lost his simplicity. His funeral was that of a poor laborer. There is a company in France that takes charge of every detail connected with an interment. When one dies this company is merely informed of the class of funeral desired.

The hearse, the casket, the number of men supplied who will wear mediæval mourning attire; the draperies used on house and church, even the depth of the black border on the funeral invitations—all are regulated by the class chosen.

Usually the interment of a public man is of the first, or at least, the second-class. The Cardinal Archbishop's was of the *fifth!* The religious ceremonies were carried out with the utmost solemnity in the Cathedral of Notre Dame but the casket and the hearse were of the simplest.

This very simplicity made his funeral one of the most impressive ever witnessed. He did not need worldly pomp and show—the love of the multitude was his crown of glory. The day that he lay in state fifty thousand of his children came for one last glimpse of the man who had been indeed their father. When it grew dark and the authorities decided that the doors must be closed, thousands of laborers, in their poor working clothes, were still in line. It had been impossible for them to come until their day's work was ended. When told that the doors were closed they expressed such sincere sorrow that the authorities were appealed to and ordered them to be reopened!

Day and night the Sisters of St. Augustine kept vigil beside the Cardinal, whose last supreme effort had been made in their behalf, because he believed that they had been treated with cruel injustice by the Government.

Happily the present administration does not represent the people of France. Could they be appealed to, I feel sure that the Sisters would be reinstated, not only in the hospitals but in the schools. But that terrible machine called *Government* has been permitted to fall into the hands of men who are seeking to destroy not only the Catholic religion, but all belief in God. They do not hesitate to say that religion has been the great oppressor of liberty, the one obstacle to all progress.

During a recent visit to Paris I determined to investigate the many charges made by these men against the nursing Sisters in France.

The principal reason that the Government could not permit them to remain in the public hospitals, I was told, was because their rules forbade them to assist at operations and relegated most of the actual nursing to their hired assistants.

Visiting the Hotel Dieu, I was shown through the wards by a lovely Sister. When we went into the operating room she said that her duty was to assist at all dangerous operations. "Then you really stay with the patients while they are being operated upon?" I asked in surprise. "Why, of course. Not only am I present, I am the surgeon's assistant." I told her that I had heard their rules forbade such assistance.

"Oh, they say all kinds of things against us, because they wish to deprive the people of our religious influence.

"How foolish it would be for the rules of a nursing order to forbid the Sisters to care for the sick or to assist at operations! It is the Government that forbids our ministrations, not, it is true, those for the body, but the ministrations that to us are far more important, those for the spiritual health of our poor patients.

"We are under constant surveillance and any mention of religion is immediately reported. But when I see that a patient is dying, I forget these restrictions and ask if he does not want to make his peace with God. Were this known by the city officials, I should be sent away; but I can not let my poor people die without speaking to them of God. The Government still permits priests to visit the wards, providing the patients ask for them. This request, to be granted, must be made by the sick person in writing. Often they are too far gone to think of this, and a few words of religious encouragement helps them back to the arms of our dear Lord.

"We don't know from day to day how long our Order will be permitted to remain. The fact that our Mother House has been established here for so many centuries makes it more difficult for the Government to displace us."

Even the Extreme Left does not care to go too much against public sentiment, so that the Sisters had been removed in all the large hospitals of Paris years before they finally decided to expel them from the Hotel Dieu.

After my talk with this very intelligent religious I visited one of the most important and best equipped surgical hospitals, where there were only lay nurses—not, be it understood, *trained nurses*, for in France there are practically none. These women were ignorant, recruited from the lowest classes. The physician in charge told me that in French hospitals the crying need is for good, devoted nurses.

Of course there are always exceptions, and the doctor introduced me to one whose careful nursing and devotion had saved the lives of two of his patients. I asked him if he considered the lay nurses an improvement on the Sisters. "Oh, no! The Sisters devote their entire lives to this work; they regard it as a vocation to which they are called by God. Our lay nurses are simply working for money, hoping that it will be merely a temporary employment, as many of these young women expect to marry. Regular trained nurses

are greatly needed, but it seems impossible to obtain them in France."

That girls belonging to good families should take up nursing as a profession is so opposed to French ideals and customs, that the *only Training School in Paris* has never had more than twenty-three students at any one time. When I first visited it, four years ago, there were nineteen. As the Government was already banishing the Sisters, I felt sure that Catholic girls who believed that they were called to the religious life would now consecrate themselves to God by becoming trained nurses. Great was my disappointment last year on being told that the Training School had not been able to attract them, or rather, to prevail upon their parents to permit them to enter. Mothers are not willing to have their daughters follow a profession that exposes them to contact with students in the hospitals or physicians in the world. "The habit of a religious is her protection. No Frenchman, however low, would insult a Sister—if our girls can no longer enter convents, then they must remain at home."

Thus the lay nurses are recruited from the poorest classes; they cannot afford to spend either time or money for study; and the city hospitals are now in such dire need of nurses that almost no training is exacted.

Under these circumstances the expulsion from France of the Nursing Orders seems almost a public calamity. In the Cherbourg hospitals the introduction of lay nurses proved so disastrous, that on January 8th the City Councillors *reinstated the Sisters!* One week later the Hotel Dieu of Paris closed its doors on the Augustinians!

How much longer will the people of France permit the Government to carry out the unjust law of Monsieur Combes, who insists that "Republican principles demand the liberation of civil society from the Religious Orders, whose beliefs are incompatible with our modern ideals."

In order to induce French workingmen to vote for this law they were promised "Old Age Pensions," to be paid out of the confiscated millions of the exiled religious.

Now that the great convents and monasteries have been seized and sold the people are clamoring for their share of the spoils. What has become of these vast treasures? Combes himself is astonished, and has induced the Government to appoint a commission to investigate the accounts of those who have had charge of the property belonging to the different Orders. So far, the lawyers' fees and "other expenses" seem to have aborbed the entire "Treasure," so that nothing has been handed over to swell the Government's exchequer.

"I am the man who will be made responsible," said M. Combes. "I shall not only be detested by the Catholic exiles, but by the workingmen who fail to receive their pensions. I have already received four thousand menacing letters —accusing me of dishonesty and pillage." We must be just, even to such an enemy as Combes and acknowledge that no one can accuse him of appropriating this money—it has never been in his keeping. This investigation, and the consequent disclosures, promise to become the sensation of the year. When the workingmen, whose large vote has kept the present administration in power, find that they have not only been duped regarding the immensity of this "treasure," but cheated by the men who had

charge of it, will they not begin to realize the truth—that far from being their enemies, the religious of France have always been their best friends—that no one can replace the devotion and love of the dear Sisters for the poor, the sick, the destitute? When that great light breaks over France, the people will rise up and demand justice at the hands of its representatives, and the Augustinian Sisters shall be solemnly reinstated in the old Hotel Dieu from which they were driven in spite of the remonstrances of their patients and the testimonials of praise from all physicians attached to their hospital.

"We depart with broken hearts," wrote the Superior to M. Mesureur, "but with the conviction that we have performed our duty; and we forgive those who have worked to bring about our expulsion.

"When the storm has passed we will return to take up the task we hoped never to relinquish, and once more to devote ourselves to the service of the people of Paris, whose humble servants we remain."

BLARNEY CASTLE.

BY JAMES HART.

'Tis grand to look on Blarney in the splendor of the morn,
When first the rays of golden sun her parapets adorn;
How eloquent her turrets speak of ages long ago,
When welcome here she bade the friend, defiance to the foe;
No more above the royal feast the wine cup circles round;
Nor clansmen's martial shout disturbs the solitude profound;
O! Fancy surely long since claimed this charmed spot for its own,
For legend haunts its mystic lake, and lurks within its stone.

'Tis grand to look on Blarney in the tranquil hours of night,
When all her towers are radiant beneath the moon's pale light;
The owl in melancholy state rests o'er the vaulted door,
Lone tenant of the silent place where princes dwelt of yore;
The couple stroll the winding walks out in the shady grove,
And while the castle watches on, they whisper of their love;
For O! there's some spell here for those its quiet precincts seek,—
That makes the slum'bring soul to rouse and tardy lips to speak.

'Tis grand to look on Blarney, oh—whatever be the hour!
For hoary mem'ries, with the moss, twine round each fabled tow'r;
Time's ruthless hand has left its mark upon her ancient walls;
And echo answers its own voice along her empty halls;
But in her ruin still erect her massive pile she rears,
And seems to live the glories of the long departed years,
O Blarney! when the flag of green waves o'er your turret—then
Your olden power and brilliance, with your clans, will come again!

SOME OLD ENGLISH GOD'S HOUSES.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

Here and there throughout all England are memorials and relics of the days when she was a great Catholic country; and in a strange enough connection, among the old inns or hostels, we find traces of that monasticism on which the eighth Henry laid his heavy hand. England of old had many sanctuaries or "holy places" to which kings and beggars alike journeyed, with less or more hardship, and, occasionally, with some danger. Day after day, week after week, pilgrims of all classes passed along the highways to the shrine of saint or martyr. The rich could generally, but not always, find accommodation of a sort; but the poor, when stress of weather or accident delayed them, were often in poor plight. Afar off the travellers—travellers really, since *travail*, from which the word comes, meant toil or trouble—could see as the sun went down the walled city to which they hastened. But the fortified towns of those distant and troubled days shut their gates as night fell, and the poor pilgrims were obliged to rest as they might, outside, with the scanty protection afforded by the walls or hedgerows, and with the dread of robbers and highwaymen for company.

It was for the sake of such wayfarers that the abbots and priors of several monasteries established the free guest houses, known by the name of God's Houses. They were built commonly just outside the walls of the city or along some path much frequented by pilgrims. Such a path was that which led to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham in Norfolk, where there was a church containing an exact copy of the holy house of Nazareth. To this shrine kings and queens, from the days of the first Edward, frequently repaired. Henry Tudor journeyed thither previous to the question of the divorce, and while he was still in outward seeming a loyal son of the Church; and the poetical superstition that the Milky Way was a starry path of light pointing to Walsingham was a general belief of the crowds of pilgrims that passed across the fenland to the favorite shrine.

Colchester lay on the track; and in the Essex town there is yet a hostel bearing the name of the *Angel*. When the first guest house was erected there it bore a picture or sign of the Annunciation, and as the heavenly messenger was probably represented in brilliant coloring the angel remained when the rest of the picture became blurred or obliterated. There is an *Angel* Inn at Grantham, Lincolnshire, founded by the monks, like that at Colchester, for the free entertainment of pilgrims; and no doubt the more famous *Angel* of Islington, London, was established in the same way.

Notable among old English inns, both for its associations and for its architecture, is the *George* of Glastonbury. That the great Benedictine Abbey of that town was a favorite place of pilgrimage is not to be wondered at, since it was in Glastonbury,

> Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
> And bowery hollows filled with summer sea,

that Joseph of Arimathea founded the first British Christian church, ere the first century was long past its prime. The memory of Calvary was yet fresh and green, when Saint Joseph and his companions, on one dark December day,

climbed the hill overlooking the town, and sank down "Weary All," on its crest, and *Wirrall* the hill is to this day. There Saint Joseph thrust his pilgrim staff into the frost-bound earth, and lo! in a moment the bare thorn burgeoned and bloomed, as descendants from the parent stock still do. In the garden of the *George* there is to be seen one of these thorns blooming each Christmas.

Over Joseph's rude church of osiers and reeds rose in after days the premier Benedictine Abbey of England, rich in precious manuscripts, and famed for its holy relics. In the Monks' Cemetery rested the bones of many saints—Bede, Boisil, Bennet, Biscop. There, too, were the remains of the great Saint Dunstan. Small wonder that so many pilgrims resorted to Glastonbury. In winter and summer, in fair weather and foul, they took their way through the deep Somerset roads to the great monastery; so that Abbot Selwood, who ruled the abbey from 1456 to 1493, built what is now the *George* Inn, for the pilgrims, and maintained them free of all cost for two days. There is a tradition that Henry VIII. once visited Glastonbury, and the room in the inn that he occupied is still shown.

More than eleven centuries ago young Saint Kenelm, the little king of Mercia, was murdered by the order of his sister, or half sister, Quenride, who coveted the throne. A great light, however, rested constantly over the spot where the child's body had been buried.

In cleut cow pasture, under a thorn
Of head bereft, lies Kenelm king born.

Inquiries were made, the truth discovered, and the body of the poor little king was given Christian burial in the abbey of Winchelcombe in Gloucester, which had been founded by his father. The piety of the Saxon boy king and the tragic circumstances of his death, drew numbers of pious people to his grave; and the *George* Inn in the High Street of Winchelcombe was the God's House—*Maison Dieu*—erected by the monks for their accommodation.

The priory of the Carthusians in Norton St. Philip, Somerset, shared the general fate at the suppression of the religious houses; but the house opened by the monks for the convenience of travellers, and where these travellers were entertained hospitably and free of charge, survives still, and shows its ecclesiastical origin in its massive foundations.

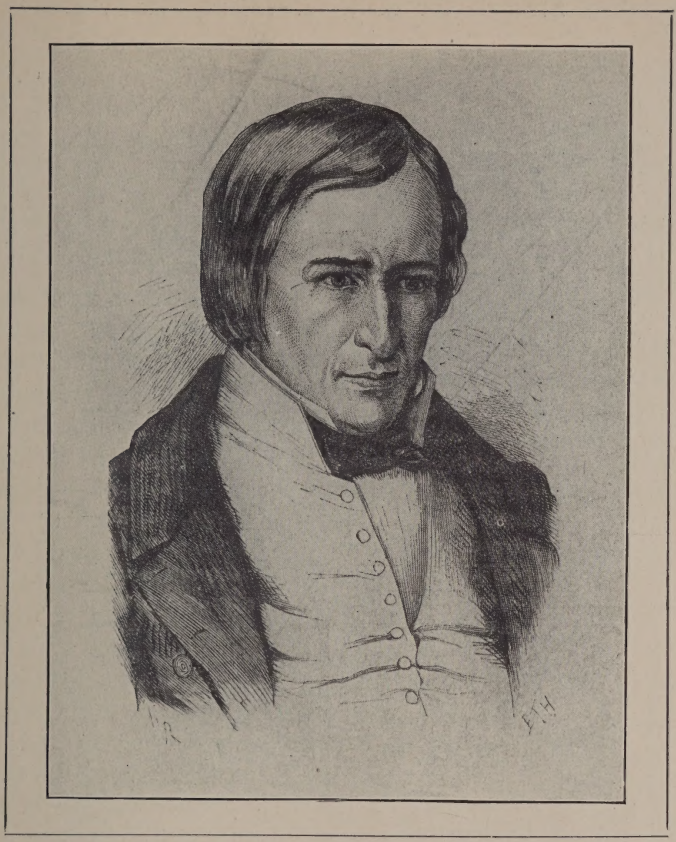
In 1154 the reigning pontiff decreed that the abbey of Saint Alban's should take precedence of all other abbeys in England, on account of the protomartyr of Britain, Saint Alban. This saint had sheltered a priest hiding from the fury of the Norman soldiery, and had aided his escape. For this crime, Alban, who had only been baptized, was ordered to be beheaded. Tradition tells how the river Coln divided in two so that the martyr passed on dry ground to the green hillside, gay with flowers, where he met his death on the June day of the year 303. It was only fitting that the tomb of the martyr should be a place where pilgrims thronged, and an inn bearing the title of *George* is pointed out as that wherein the monks housed and fed their wayworn guests. This God's House is mentioned in old chronicles as a resting place "for great men and others," and had the privilege of possessing an oratory where Mass was said daily. The primatial city of England had been a place of pilgrimage even prior to that winter day when Saint Thomas à Becket died

bravely on the altar steps of his cathedral. The holy and venerable Saxon bishop, Elphege, had been brutally martyred in 1011, when the Danish king, Swein, "lighted his war-beacons" through the land, so that Canterbury became under the Plantagenet kings a noted shrine. The *Falstaff* Inn of the present time stands on the site of the older house erected by the monks, just outside the city walls, wherein the wearied late-comers might find free and peaceful rest till the rise of sun gave signal for the opening of the city gates.

Saint Richard, Bishop of Chichester, lived during the reign of Henry III. and was noted for his great charity and tenderness towards the wretched and the sinful. After his death many miracles,—chiefly among paralytics—were wrought at his tomb. The *Star* of Alfriston, Sussex, on the broadway to Chichester, is a memorial of the thoughtful kindness of the monks for pious wayfarers.

The most gracious act of William the Conqueror, when he became king of England was the building of Battle Abbey, on the hill of Senlac, which, according to ancient legends remained red with the blood of those who fell in the fight of Hastings. William, with that largeness of view peculiar to him, built the abbey to accommodate one hundred and fifty monks, most of whom came over to England from the French Abbey of Marmoustier, when Battle Abbey was consecrated to the Holy Trinity and to Saint Martin. Thereafter the monks were to offer perpetual Masses for the souls of all who fell on the bloody field. This was the sole condition imposed by William. It was faithfully kept till five centuries later. Battle Abbey went the way of all religious houses; but the old pilgrims' hospice of Battle Abbey yet remains, just outside the great gateway, and offers refreshments—not in the olden way—to the crowds of trippers and sight-seers making the round of the sights in conventional method.

Other inns there are connected directly or remotely with the monastic houses, including one at Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire, and one at Blanchland, in rugged Northumberland. Both these towns owe their names even to the monks. The white habits of the Praemonstratensian canons gave Blanche Lande its name, while Aylesbury is just "the Church Town" of Saxon times. Llanspyddid, a village in South Wales, means literally "the Hospice Church." There, we are told, in the wild and lawless times when Welsh outlaws made the highways dangerous, the monks of Malvern Priory established their God's House, not for pilgrims, but for any traveller, since no safe secular resting-place was to be found anear.



ABBE FELICITE DE LAMENNAIS.

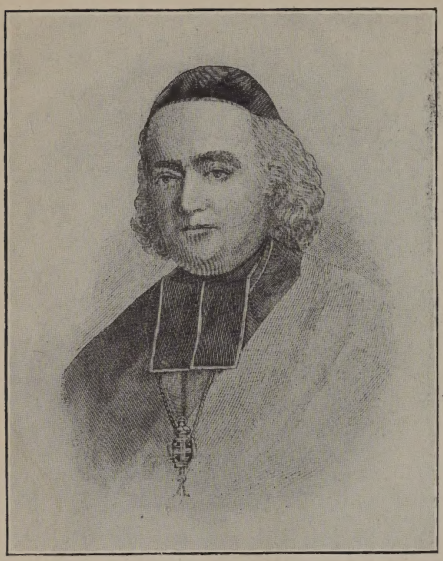
THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

VII.

For Freedom of Education. De Lamennais and his School of La Chenaie.

The effects of the Revolution were never more manifest than in the utter discouragement of all initiative among the Catholic minds of France. It is true that out of the general apathy there emerged such spirits as Chateubriand with his *Genius of Christianity,* De Maistre, with his masterly defence of papal prerogatives, and De Bonald, with his traditionalism. Beyond these, the few ascetic works that marked the first portion of the nineteenth century are hardly worthy of notice. In 1808, however, just in the hey-day of Napoleon's grandeur, there appeared in Paris a work entitled: "Reflections on the State of the Church in France during the XVIII. Century and its Present Condition." It was anonymous, but its vigorous advocacy of freedom for the Church in all matters pertaining to her discipline offended the reigning power, and the book was suppressed by Fouché, the Prefect of Police. Again, in 1814, another anonymous work, evidently by the same



MGR. DE SALINIS.

writer, appeared, entitled: "Tradition of the Church with regard to the Institution of Bishops." It was decidedly ultramontane in an age when Gallicanism held sway, and contained a brilliant refutation of the schismatical doctrines of the Council of 1811. Both of these works produced a profound impression upon the Catholic mind, but their authorship remained still a mystery. Finally, in 1817, appeared the first part of an important work: "An Essay on Indifference in Matters of Religion," betraying all the original qualities of style and composition observable in the two preceding. Its author was a priest of France, Felicité de Lamennais, a native of St. Malo, then in his thirty-sixth year.

M. ROHRBACHER.

The impression created by this work was immense. According to De Maistre, it was a veritable "earthquake under a clear sky." Mgr. de Frayssinous declared on reading it: "That man has an eloquence that could wake the dead." It served to awaken from its lethargy that Voltarian society which had passed through the Revolution without comprehending its terrible lessons. Its author was declared the equal of Bossuet, and some even ventured to proclaim him the "last Father of the Church."

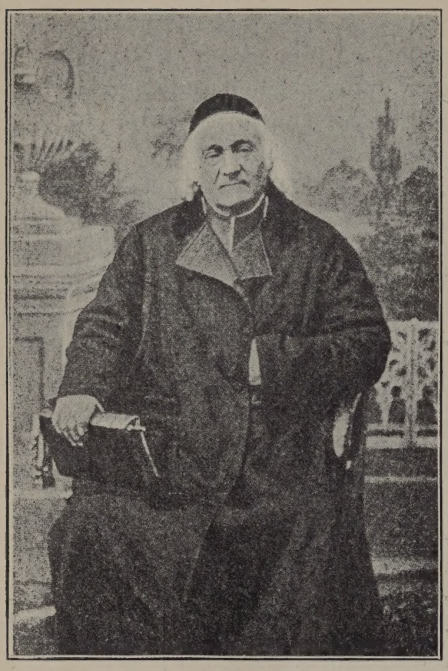
The second volume of the Essay was looked for with impatience. It appeared in 1819. In it the author, who had hitherto contended for the necessity of a divine religion, discerned now in that religion only a human aspect. De Lamennais was unfortunate in venturing into the delicate field of philosophy. Like Descartes, he pretended to go to the foundation of things. He began by rejecting every kind of reasoning and evidence. He contended that truth could not be communicated to us except by an immediate revelation. It is discoverable not by reason but by sentiment. Moreover, it has no authority as long as it is reduced to a personal opinion. "Taken individually," he says, "man can know nothing with certainty." He must compare his beliefs with those of others. Those only are legitimate which are found in all minds. "The

consent of the human race," he declares "is the seal of truth, and there is no other."

The new work aroused an intensely unfavorable opinion. The Jesuits and Sulpicians joined with Mgr. de Frayssinous in declaring its author deficient in the knowledge of theology, and they deemed it their duty to warn the Catholic people of the danger the Christian cause must run in being defended by so eccentric a philosophy. The bishops, without pronouncing openly, testified in regard to the author and his work a mistrust which the future unhappily justified. Lamennais answered their objections by taxing the Jesuits with ignorance, and by casting upon the bishops and the Sulpicians the old accusation of Gallicanism.

He was not wanting, however, in brilliant, though, for the time, misguided, supporters, especially from the younger clergy of France. Encouraged by the adulation from such sources, De Lamennais, who had suddenly become—as Montalembert called him,—"the most celebrated and most venerated of the priests of France," believed himself called to an apostolate without example in the history of the Church. Not content with defending the Church, he set

MONSIGNOR GERBET.



ABBE COMBALOT.

himself henceforth to be her teacher and guide.

It was while in the bright light of glory that De Lamennais visited Rome, where he was not only well received by the Holy Father, Pope Leo XII., but had the exceptional honor of being lodged in the Vatican Palace. Indeed, some have asserted that the Pope was desirous of making him a cardinal, a theory, however, that is not supported by any evidence. That the Holy Father should receive him kindly is not remarkable, after all, even considering the strangeness of his doctrines. For the Holy See does not denounce authors or their works hastily. Before passing upon the legitimacy of a work, the Congregation appointed to that end must study carefully its contents, its doctrines and its tendencies. This requires time more or less extended according to the importance of the theories involved. Discussions must follow, the obnoxious doctrines must be quoted, and the treasures of sacred theology explored to provide cogent and indisputable reasons pro and con. It is only after such immense labors that the Congregation sets forth its decision. Of course, when a doctrine has already been condemned by the Church, such length of deliberation is unnecessary, and the reappearance of such doctrine even under a new garb may be condemned at once.

On his return from Rome in 1825, De Lamennais retired to his family home at La Chènaie in Breton. It was here, in company with the Abbés Gerbet and de Salinis, that he began that celebrated school which constituted the first attempt at Catholic organization for the defence of liberty in France. Here he was followed by Rohrbacher, Gaume, Combalot, de Coux, Boré, Sainte-Beuve, Maurice de Guerin, and a host of like spirits, the

SAINTE-BEUVE.

most brilliant and ardent among the Catholics of the country. The house at La Chènaie soon became too small to accommodate the crowds that flocked to the feet of the great master. It was found necessary to purchase the Malestroit mansion near Ploermel. In 1828 when the association of priests which his brother, Jean de Lamennais, had formed at Saint Méen, made him its superior general, he set himself to framing a set of rules for the new institute, to which he gave the name of the *Congregation of St. Peter.* The novitiate was established at Maléstroit under the direction of the Abbés Blanc and Rohrbacher.

Among the occasional visitors at La Chènaie in later years was Montalembert. In the month of May, 1830, there appeared in this secluded retreat the man who was to become the most illustrious of the disciples of De Lamennais, and

MONSIGNOR PARISIS.

MAURICE DE GUERIN.

one of the brightest glories of France. Filled with discouragement by the dominant tendencies of the Catholic parties of his country, the Abbé Henri Lacordaire had taken the resolution of going to America, but he was desirous before departing to visit once more him whom he considered as the founder of Christian liberty in France. Lacordaire could not escape the spell which Lamennais threw over everyone who listened to his words, as sweet and tender as his pen was bitter and disdainful, and he found himself still at La Chènaie long after he had pictured himself amidst the forest wilds of the new world.

In the meantime the revolution of July, 1830, had come and gone. De Lamennais had long before this abandoned his admiration for the ancient monarchy, a regime that proved itself incapable of defending liberty even under the incentives of promises and obligations. He welcomed, therefore, any change

ENTRANCE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE INTO PARIS, 1830.

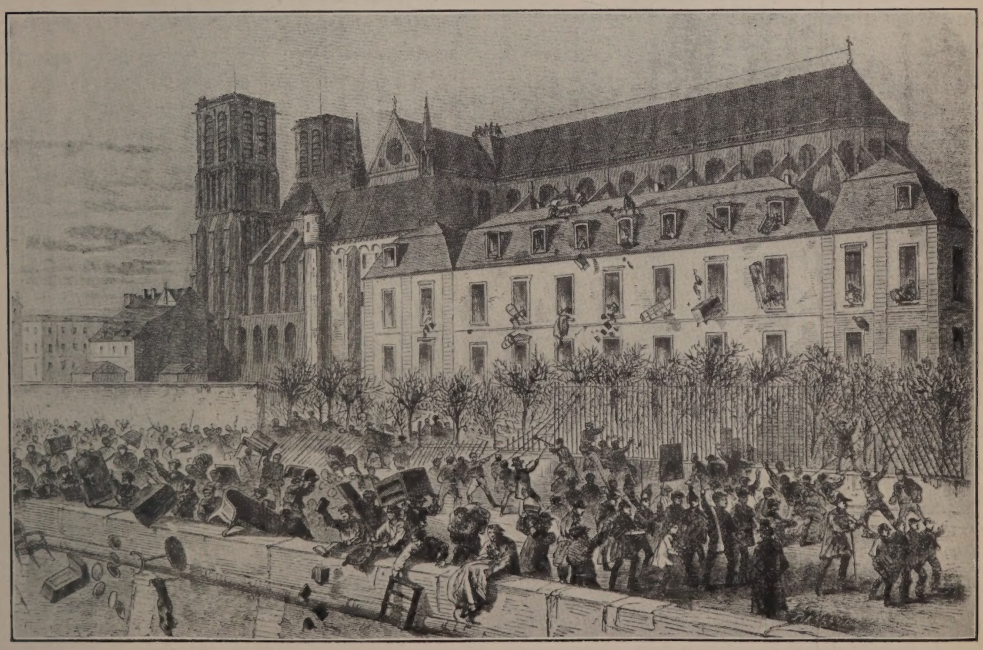
which would destroy the inefficiency of the past. At the same time he was not blind to the insincere policy of the incoming government of Louis Philippe, which reposed in the conviction that it had modeled its institutions upon those of England, a conviction that was true externally, inasmuch as it had adopted the parliamentary system. But it had passed over that reverence which the English people had ever manifested for divine laws, and its deep respect for constituted authority. In France, on the contrary, all respect for morality or authority, human or divine, had been weakened, if not destroyed, through the excesses of the Revolution.

The new government manifested its spirit in its charta, a modification of that of 1814, wherein Catholicism was no longer recognized as the religion of the State, and which contained a promise of freedom of instruction which was never legally fulfilled. This spirit was rendered more apparent in many subsequent acts of aggression or indifference. It was a spectacle worthy of anti-Christian supremacy to behold the saintly Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. de Quelen, flying from the fury of a mob which the government was powerless or unwilling to control, and when on February 14, 1831, the same mob, irritated at a fancied insult, rushed upon the Archbishop's Palace, sacking it and burning it to the ground, when it went further and desecrated the church of Saint Germain d' Auxerrois, and demolished the prelate's country house at Conflans, the soldiers of this government stood by with folded

arms, alleging that they had received no orders to interfere. The same government, on August 26, 1830, ordered the desecration of the church of Saint Genevieve; permitted the sacrilegious profanations of Chatel; and on May 28, 1831, compelled the priests of the church of l' Abbaye-aux-Bois to recite funeral prayers over the remains of that Gregoire who had remained to his last hour out of communion with the Church. Mgr. de Quelen had little cause to respect a government which fined him 13,000 francs for the time he had spent in avoiding the murderous hands of his persecutors, a government which haled him most shamefully into court, and which put the climax to its acts of vexation by confiscating (1837) the land upon which the ruins of his palace were yet standing.

The government of Louis Philippe, whatever might have been its personal calibre,—and there were not wanting many Catholics who found much to admire in its administration,—proved itself too tolerant of those abuses of popular liberty which tend to the destruction of society itself. Born of revolution the new power was compelled to seek its support in intrigue, in fanciful promise which it had no intention of fulfilling, in flattering the passions of revolutionary politicians, in destroying men by means of each other, in fact, in the endeavor to serve two masters at the same time.

Nevertheless, despite the many adverse circumstances against which the Church was obliged to contend, her history during the years of Louis Philippe was replete with encouraging results, with examples of Christian courage and learning unsurpassed in times of greater freedom. The religious congregations—that *bete noir* of the anti-Christian, flourished as never before, and spread the good

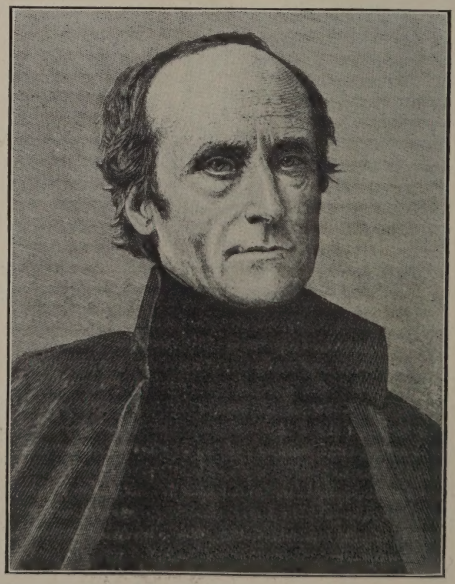


SACKING OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, PARIS, 1831.

PERE LACORDAIRE.

fruit of their works in the hospitals and in the schools throughout the whole of France.

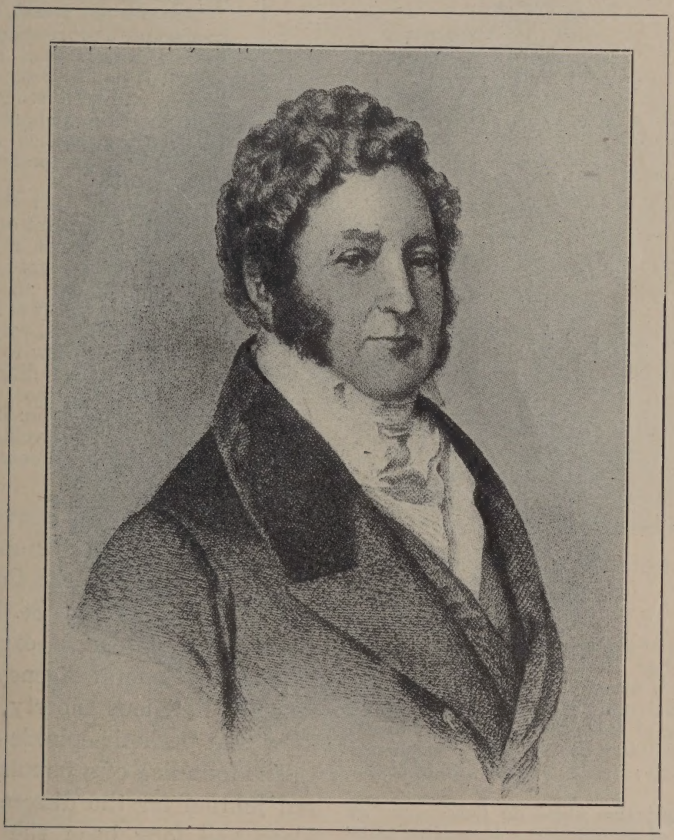
From 1830 to 1842, more than two hundred new congregations of women were authorized. The Lazarists had more than four hundred establishments. The Jesuits were permitted a freedom similar to that which they had enjoyed during the traditional monarchy. The Trappists, Capuchins, Benedictines, founded new establishments. By the year 1841 there were 2,136 Brothers and 10,371 Sisters of various congregations engaged in teaching. In 1843, there were in France 1,329 hospitals for the sick and the poor; 6,275 charity boards, supplying aid to 695,932 persons; the religious congregations of women took care of 1,200,000 sick persons, besides furnishing 10,375 teachers, who had under their charge 620,950 children. (*Constitutional of December* 14, 1843.) This diffusion of the religious congregations is all the more remarkable when one considers how an anti-religious chamber had passed, in 1834, the *Law of Associations*, decreeing against all associations of more than twenty persons drawn together for religious, political, literary or other purposes. (Art. 291—Code Penal.) The intent of the law was directed against associations of Catholics especially; but since it could not be enforced in regard to all associations, lay or clerical, Catholic or anti-religious, the government permitted it to lie in abeyance. Under the impulse of a freedom granted in so unworthy a manner the Catholic associations multiplied. The *Cercle Catholique* gathered together the brightest lights in the intellectual world; *the Society of St. Vincent de Paul* brought comfort and ease into the haunts of poverty and disease, the *Association for the Propagation of the Faith* gathered funds for the spreading of the Christian faith in other lands; the *Catholic Institute*, and many of a like nature, but less known, found



PERE RAVIGNAN.

the social atmosphere of the France of that day congenial for the glorious objects for which they were called into being.

This faint semblance of liberty, however, was not granted with a willing spirit; the efforts of many an energetic

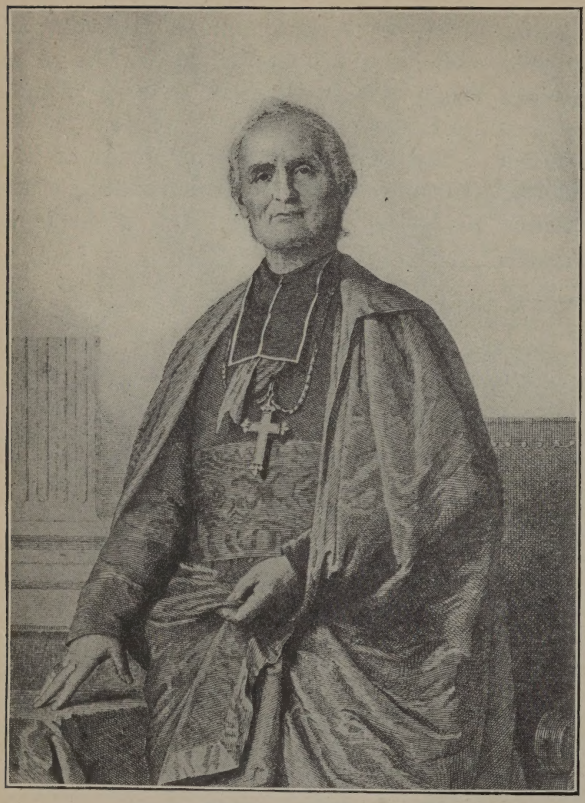


LOUIS PHILIPPE.

intellect, the resources of indignant eloquence, and the constant protests of a fearless press were required before the government of July would bend even to the most evident exigencies. The hope of gaining some concessions from the new order of things aroused in France, and especially in Paris, young and brilliant champions, carried at first, in their ardor, beyond the limits of prudence and orthodoxy under the leadership of a bright but extravagant man of genius, De Lamennais.

The story of the *Avenir* marks an important and pathetic period in the Catholic history of France. Let us begin it by narrating a scene which took place as early as 1824.

"One day in December, 1824, two young priests, MM. de Salinis and Gerbet, chaplains in the college of Henri IV., were conversing sadly, in the little salon of the Abbé de Salinis, upon the difficulties of their ministry. Despite the official aid given by the throne to the altar, despite the large part permitted the clergy in the teaching personnel of the University, the volumes of Voltaire and Rousseau, republished



MONSIGNOR DUPANLOUP,
Bishop of Orleans.

by the hundreds of thousands, gained constantly more readers than the Catechism. The religious idea, indeed, seemed to be awakening, but slowly and tentatively. How should they bring about an ending of this literary irreligion which as in the times of Julian the Apostate, reproached Catholicism with being a doctrine of ignoramuses?

"'France,' said the Abbé de Salinis, 'is, at bottom, weary of incredulity. It aspires after a positive belief which will satisfy her needs without wounding her intelligence. She seeks a rational creed. The Catholic apostolate accordingly ought to have a double end in view: to foster the aspirations of the heart, and to demonstrate that the only rational belief is that which is contained in the Apostles Creed, as explained and developed by the Church.'

"At that moment a man clothed in sombre habiliments entered the room and was received by the two chaplains with evident deference. He had heard the conclusion of the conversation, and he immediately took up the idea just enunciated by the Abbé.

"'You wish,' he said, 'to prove to your age that Catholicism is the only rational religion; that is very good, but it is not enough. You must show men that if they do not accept the Catholic creed they put themselves outside the society of intelligent minds, outside the common sense of all peoples and all ages, in a word, that they make themselves fools.'

"It is easy to recognize, in such language, the author of the *Essay on Indifference*. The Abbé Gerbet who had not yet spoken now answered timidly:

'Are you not afraid, master, that by so absolute a proceeding you will rather irritate reason than make it bend? Would it not be wiser to reconcile the human soul with religion by showing forth the intimate harmonies that exist between the dogmas and precepts of religion and the profoundest needs of humanity.?'

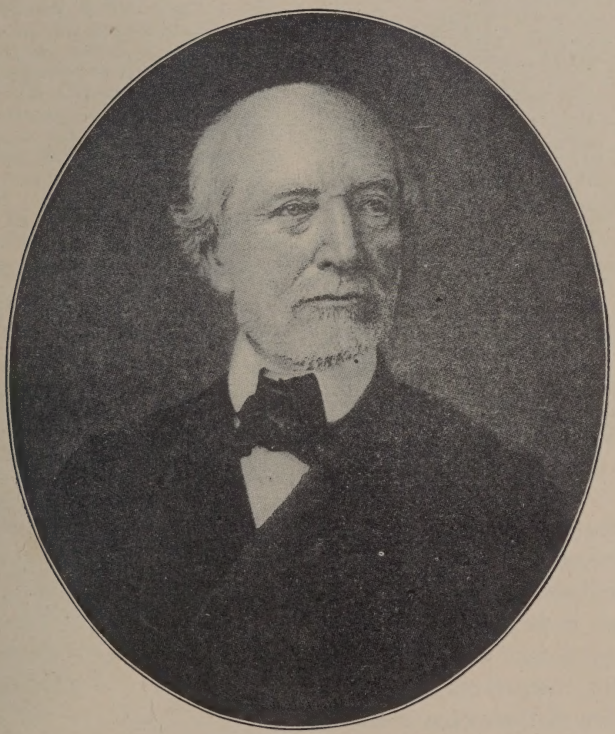
'Very good,' said the Abbé de Lamennais, 'that point of view completes my own; I do not reject it.' Then, fixing a keen regard upon the two priests, he added: 'But since we agree upon the possibility of healing our society, evil as it is, why not unite our forces with a view to a common effort? A man standing alone has only one voice, and that very feeble and limited in its scope; but an association!'" (R. P. Laveille in his Life of Jean Marie de Lamennais).

Out of this conversation grew not only the famous school of La Chènaie, the Congregation of the Priests of St. Peter, but especially an extensive organization entitled the General Agency for the defence of Religious Liberty, out of which grew that pathetic episode of the *Avenir*.

The founding of a popular and influential journal for the dissemination of his ideas had long been the dream of De Lamennais. In years before he had written brilliant articles for the *Drapeau Blanc*, the *Conservateur*, and the *Memorial*; but in all these his influence was limited not only by the prudent tone of the editors, but especially by the small number of copies these papers could put into circulation. A daily paper breathing a Catholic tone and devoted to the great question of Liberty was what he

wanted, and as soon as the government of July had settled down into an established fact he set to work to effect his purpose.

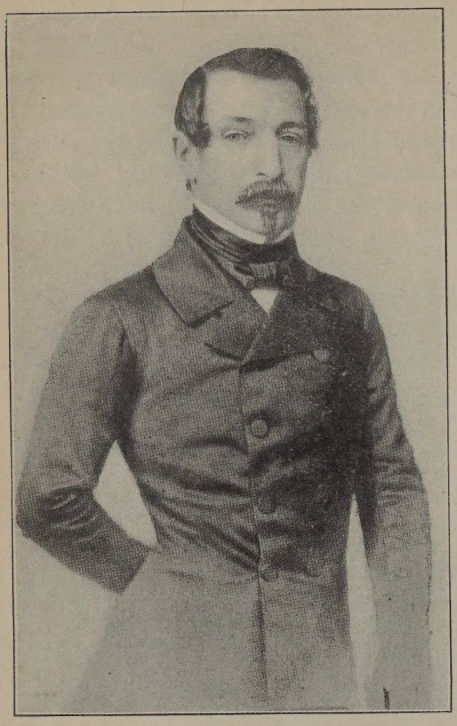
The first number of the new journal appeared on November 16, 1830. It was called the *Avenir*, and bore for its motto the words "God and Liberty," and



COUNT DE FALLOUX.

its principal writers at the time were De Lamennais, Lacordaire and Gerbet. Charles de Montalembert, then in his twenty-first year, read it in Ireland, whither he had gone to visit O'Connell, and at once his soul burned with the desire of collaborating upon the new journal. The personnel of the *Avenir* was thus made up of the incisive and sombre genius of the master, the open generosity of Lacordaire, the knightly enthusiasm of Montalembert and the modesty of Gerbet.

The tone of the new sheet was lofty and decisive. Its platform declared that to the Pope alone belonged the supreme authority; in fact, the only authority. Hence, the clergy should have the right of freely communicating with him. It condemned the intervention of the secular power in the choice of bishops. It contended, moreover, that since the plenitude of spiritual power resided in the Pope, it devolved upon him to renounce the temporal power. Hence, also it declared for the separation of Church and State. Above all, it demanded liberty, "the right of defending one's self against every arbitrary and oppressive will." It demanded this liberty



LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

in three forms: liberty of conscience, liberty of association, and liberty of teaching. As an infallable means of securing these advantages it demanded the greatest possible extension of the suffrage, so that the people themselves might become the masters of their own destinies.

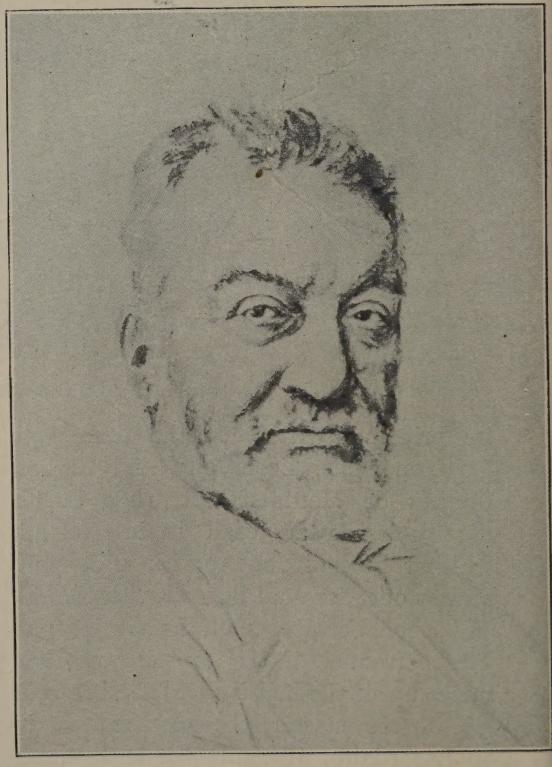
In his defence of freedom of education the eloquence of De Lamennais had the effect of inspiration. In one of his articles appears the passage:

"Catholics, it was only yesterday that, upon the ruins of a throne overturned by the people, they gave you, in the face of heaven, those promises of liberty. How have they been kept?

"Scarcely had the words that enfranchised you been pronounced, than they hastened to bind closer your chains. They have confiscated with mailed hand those edifices consecrated to the education of youth upon which reposes the perpetuity of your worship. It is thus that the laws are respected. Let us say it boldly, the government is hostile to us. You behold with what haste and energy its ministers are peering into the registers of old despotism to exhume illegal ordinances, in contradiction with the Charta, with recognized rights, with sworn oaths; and all to what end? to satisfy that blind craving for persecution which possesses them. You must be very deep in their contempt, if they believe you will support in silence the iron yoke they have put upon you, if they think they can impose it upon you with impunity. As for us simple priests and simple faithful, let us battle without ceasing for our enfranchisement; let us not suffer anyone to deprive us of the common rights. Let us show that we are Frenchmen, by defending with constancy that of which no one can rob us without violating the laws of the country. Let us say to the sovereign: 'We will obey you as long as you yourself will obey that law which has made you what you are and without which you are nothing.' Let us say to our brethren, whatever may be their opinions, their beliefs: 'We have all of us the same interests at heart; our cause is your own. Henceforth the word which ought to unite us all shall be: 'Liberty.'"

In another place he asserts:

"We demand liberty of education because it is a natural right and, so to speak, the first right



LOUIS VEUILLOT.

of the family; because without it there can be no religious liberty, no liberty of thought; and because it is expressly stipulated in the Charta. Consequently, we regard the monopoly of the University as a violation of that same Charta, and we reject moreover the privileges of that University, odious in themselves, and supported by no law, as the government itself has many times acknowledged. We have good reason to fear the perpetuation of the University monopoly, one of the most odious inventions of imperial despotism. Let us take care, however; the right of forming to its own taste the intelligence of our youth, its beliefs and its habits, of giving to some the instruction which ought to belong to all, is not one of the rights which France concedes to its government. Let the government respect the rights of all, if it desires that its own be respected. That is the price of peace, and it is well that the government should know it."

The *Avenir* continued its campaign far into the year 1831. Its sensational policy drew to it the attention of the world and made many friends for the cause it advocated. This was perceptible among the younger clergy and a great body of the laity who hailed Lamennais as the O'Connell of France. The echoes of admiration brought back the praises of the *Essay on Indifference* when its author was acclaimed as a second Bossuet and the last father of the Church. Happily, however, the bishops of the land were not deceived by the glamor of youthful eloquence and enthusiasm. In their eyes the *Avenir* became a very compromising defender, which threatened to cast the Church into a vortex of conflict from which it could hope for but little profit, if not absolute injury. They felt themselves justified accordingly in raising their voice, especially when the journal added to its Utopian theories, doctrines whose orthodoxy could well be questioned. Thence followed a series of episcopal mandates forbidding the reading of the *Avenir*, and in consequence desertions from the ranks of the Mennaisiens began to be noticed.

The self-confidence of the great leader began to weaken under the stress of general dissatisfaction. In his anxiety he determined to carry his case directly to Rome, confident that the Sovereign Pontiff would uphold him against the voice of the bishops. Accordingly, in company with Lacordaire and Montalembert, he set out for the Eternal City. The travellers entitled themselves "the pilgrims of God and Liberty," with which watchword they hoped to storm and overcome every hostile combination. Their reception by Pope Gregory XVI., though kindly, was devoid of that enthusiasm which they had expected. The Holy Father maintained a prudent reserve as to the main object of the visit, and the *Avenir* was never mentioned by the Pope. The audience lasted a quarter of an hour, and when the three pilgrims arose to leave the room they found themselves no wiser as to the opinions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Setting out sadly upon their return journey they endeavored to buoy up their spirits with the conviction that their justification must come later when the Pope should have examined thoroughly the questions at issue. In this state of mind they came to Munich. Here they were received by the elite of Catholic society. A banquet was gotten up in their honor at which were present such leaders as Schelling, Goërres, and the Abbé Dollinger, who was later to imitate the unhappy conduct of De Lamennais. This was on August 30, 1832. They were at table when the celebrated encyclical, *Mirari vos*, condemning their doctrines was placed before them. "We should not hesitate to submit," was the simple remark of De Lamennais as he comprehended the meaning of the docu-

ment. Accordingly on the following day all three of the "pilgrims" signed the act of submission. The *Avenir* was then and there abandoned, together with the *General agency for the defence of religious liberty.*

The school of La Chènaie was dissolved, its members parting in various directions for work of a more practical nature. Lacordaire and Montalembert, sincere from the very first in their submission, easily gained the good-will of those who had hitherto feared their ill-advised methods. Lamennais alone held out, first half-heartedly as if conscience still held some sway, but finally fully and defiantly. In 1834 he published his *Words of a Believer,* a work that enunciated his final and total apostasy from the teachings of the Church. He died impenitent on February 29, 1854.

The Battle For Freedom of Education.

We now approach that period of the nineteenth century when the Church in France arose to her greatest glory. It was a time of persecution, indeed, unwavering and implacable; but, through it all, the rejuvenated Church stood erect, like a young giant, to meet all the aggressions of her enemies. It was a time of governmental deception, as illustrated by the projects of Guizot, in 1836, and of Villemain in 1841. It was the time when, in 1844, the Abbé Combalot was haled before the civil tribune to answer for the crime of criticizing adversely the Monopoly of the University. It was on that occasion that the prosecutor, Hebert, declared: "If you acquit the Abbé Combalot, you condemn the University." It was the echo of the Jewish cry that demanded Barabbas in preference to Christ. The courageous Abbé was sentenced to fifteen days of imprisonment and a fine of 4,000 francs. It was the time also when Dupanloup and Lenormant were dismissed from the Sorbonne because of their Catholic principles. It was the period when the Jesuits were pursued and driven from their homes in France. Nevertheless it was also a period of hope and encouragement. During the years of the July monarchy Ozanam and Lenormant were defending Catholic principles in the Sorbonne; when Ozanam, Bailly, Lamache and Lallier were founding the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; when Lacordaire and Ravignan illustrated the pulpit of Notre Dame; when Molè, Berrier and Carne pleaded eloquently in the Chamber of Deputies, and when Louis Veuillot, in the columns of the *Univers,* penned those philippics which touched the consciences of the most atheistic sectaries. It was the time of Catholic organization, effected through the efforts of Count Charles de Montalembert, the O'Connell of France.

The unhappy fate of Lamennais and of the *Avenir,* far from discouraging Montalembert, only served to redouble his ardor. He had ever felt that it was not the cause that had been condemned, but rather the methods employed and the excrescences of false doctrine that had disfigured it. The cause was ever the same; true and unimpeded liberty for the Church in the exercise of all her salutary and life-giving prerogatives. For this cause he felt that he was called both by conviction and by necessity, and to its realization he devoted the remainder of his brilliant life.

When, however, he set to work to bring his projects before the eyes of the nation he was at once met by obstacles the most formidable and disconcerting. In the

Chamber of Peers in which he took his seat on May 14, 1835, he was confronted by the legitimists from whom he had been estranged through his articles in the *Avenir*; the government which he had already braved, and which he was preparing to combat anew; the great majority of the peers, deists, sceptics or atheists. Without, he found the middle classes indifferent or frivolous, impregnated with the Voltarian spirit, and saturated with hostility and prejudice against the Catholic Church. The influence of the clergy was restricted by the laws, and was condemned to an attitude of reserve. The Archbishop of Paris, Monsignor Affre, by his exceptional position in the face of the government, was bound to the greatest circumspection, which at times seemed very much like timidity. The greater number of the other bishops held themselves aloof, remarking that the proper attitude of the Christian in the face of persecution is that of resignation; or with a shrug of the shoulders they would say that the work of agitation was, after all, only noise, and "noise does no good." Some, however, there were among them, like the Bishops Devie, Clausel, Prilly, Parisis, and Cardinal de Bonald, who entered into the struggle from the first; and their example was effective in drawing other members of the episcopate to their side. Among the illustrious priests and laymen who lent their efforts in sustaining the valiant young champion, was that glorious son of St. Dominic, Peré Lacordaire, who had been with him from the beginning, and who had sat beside him—a culprit at the bar of justice,—in that famous trial for daring to open a free school in Paris, in 1831. There were also the Peré Ravignan, the Abbé Dupanloup and the Abbé Combalot, who collaborated in the *Univers* with Louis Veuillot, the prince of modern journalists.

With the concurrence of these trained and ardent minds, Montalembert entered with vigor into the contest. On April 16, 1844, he introduced a bill into the Chamber of Peers, inquiring into the policy of the government in regard to that freedom of education promised by the Charta, but never permitted by existing laws. The interpellation sounded like a cry of war amongst the sleepy benches of the Chamber. The enemies of Montalembert found a ready spokesman in M. Dupin, who answered the challenge with a bitter onslaught upon the principle of religious liberty, advising his colleagues to be implacable in resisting the efforts of the new party. The response of Montalembert is a classical outburst of forensic oratory. "Be implacable!" he cries, "Do all you can and you will——— Catholics of the nineteenth century, in the midst of a free people, we will not be Helots. We are the successors of the martyrs, and we will not quail before the successors of Julian the Apostate. We are the children of the Crusaders, and we will not tremble before the children of Voltaire."

The cause of religion thus formally launched in face of the government, Montalembert pursued his purpose with unflagging vigor. He multiplied himself, he uttered his protestations and vehement objurgations on every possible occasion; he approached everyone, encouraging some, sustaining others, convincing the undecided and the prejudiced, combating his enemies, in a word, defending the cause of liberty with ardor and heroic bravery and the most admirable talent. The cause of liberty of educa-

tion gained adepts, and Montalembert soon found himself at the head of an army. It was a brave and generous army, but it needed to be disciplined, to be directed by wise and consistent tactics. It was to this end that he formed the *Committee for the Defence of Religious Liberty*, of which he held the presidency, with MM. Vatimesnill and Lenormant as vice-presidents. It was the beginning of that famous *Parti Catholique* whose efforts were to be crowned with the fruits of the victory so much desired.

Success, however, was not to be attained without labor and continual reverses. The first discussion upon the bill of Montalembert, when brought before the Chamber of Deputies, met with signal fa lure. The government thereupon pursuing its hostile attitude, diverted the attention of the country from the point at issue to one of its most important and vital phases, the question of the Jesuits. On the 2nd and 3rd of May, 1845, the government was interrogated with regard to the existence of this celebrated Order in France. M. Thiers was made the spokesman of the prosecution. M. Berryer defended the cause of justice and right with all the eloquence of which he was capable. But the question had been settled in advance; the majority of the deputies called upon the government to drive from France those whom, in the current of the debates, they had dared to qualify as "that public pest, which it could not permit to exist without failing in its duty." The government, through the mouth of M. Guizot, responded that it was already negotiating with the Holy See to obtain the suppression of the Jesuits; and that, in case of failure in that quarter, it would proceed to their expulsion by administrative methods. The ministry had, indeed, sent to Rome M. Rossi, an able and shrewd diplomat, whose purpose was to induce Pope Gregory XVI., to enter into the intentions of the French government by suppressing the Society of Jesus. He, however, obtained nothing directly, and the Sovereign Pontiff with the advice of the Congregation of Ecclesiastical Affairs, in their meeting of June 12, 1845, under his presidency, declared that the Holy See should not and could not do anything hostile to the Jesuits.

Gregory XVI., however, yielding to the instances and importunities of the French diplomat, consented to intervene graciously by counseling the General of the Society to make some concessions in the interests of peace if he should judge it opportune. With the Jesuits a desire of the Holy Father is equivalent to a command. The General, Father Roothan, wrote to the provincials of Paris and Lyons counseling, but not ordering them, to diminish the number of Fathers in some houses, and in some cases to disperse the members. The Jesuits submitted without hesitation, in the hope that circumstances would soon change, and open up again to them those fields of usefulness which blind hatred and intolerance had closed against them.

In this instance, as in so many others, the French government displayed that spirit of duplicity which has been its characteristic quality throughout the century in its dealings with the Church. With the intention of deceiving the nation, it gave out the report that the mission of M. Rossi had been successful, thereby implying that the Pope had really suppressed the Society of Jesus. It mattered nothing that Rossi denied

this imputation; the falsehood once uttered had its effect, and the impression remained in the popular mind.

The diversion thus created was effectual in turning the attention of the nation for the time being from the great question of educational freedom. It was not, however, the intention of Montalembert to lay down his arms until defeat should become absolute. Other attempts to introduce it into the Chambers were made from time to time during the years from 1845 to 1850, but although the government pretended an interest in the movement, nevertheless all its projects in that direction were tainted with hostility towards the interference of the Church in the matter of popular instruction. Every bill, moreover, introduced for this purpose bore the objectionable clause debarring non-authorized congregations from participating in any free schools that might be permitted.

The month of February, 1848, witnessed a revolution that overthrew the throne of Louis Philippe, established universal suffrage, and placed the Church in a position of freedom and independence such as she had not enjoyed before. The revolution was welcomed by the Catholic world, proclaiming as it did the end of that hypocritical surveillance of the past eighteen years and the promise of better fortunes in the era just opening. Both bishops and priests entered into the spirit of the occasion; *Te Deums* were sung, the Trees of Liberty were blessed in the open squares, the clergy with the suffrages of the people were enrolled among the national deputies, and none of them more prominently than the Abbé Lacordaire in his white robes of the Dominican Order. It is true, the insurrection of June, 1848, cost the life of the venerable Archbishop Affre, who gave his blood as an ending to disorders that threatened that peace and prosperity so recently wrested from the hands of oppression.

The government of the Second Republic once firmly established under the presidency of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, it set to work immediately to fulfill those guarantees of religious liberty which it had already inscribed in its constitution. The Viscount de Falloux, as Minister of Instruction and Public Worship, contrived in his short term of office to decide the expedition to Rome for the liberation of the Pope and to prepare the law for freedom of instruction, which was voted in 1850. On January 4, 1849, he named an extra-parliamentary commission, charged wiith preparing a new law favorable to the interests of religion. The most influential members were that very Thiers, who had hitherto proved himself an implacable enemy of everything Catholic,—Cousin, no less hostile in the past to the Church, de Montalembert and Dupanloup.

It was the aim of the Commission to profit by the benevolent dispositions of the February Revolution, as inscribed in Article VIII. of the Constitution of 1848, stating that "citizens had the right of associating together, of assembling peaceably and without arms," and in Article IX. which asserted that "Instruction is free. Liberty of teaching shall be exercised according to the conditions of morality and capacity determined by the laws and under the surveillance of the State. This surveillance extends to all establishments of education and instruction, without any exception."

The Commission took up first the question of primary instruction, already con-

ceded by the law of 1833. Both Thiers and Cousin proposed to confide the primary instruction exclusively and without reserve to the clergy, to put clerical instructors in the place of the lay teachers, whom Thiers characterized as "those thirty-seven thousand socialists and communists, veritable anticures in the towns." They would, moreover, suppress without delay the normal schools, "those little silent clubs, breeding places of evil passions, deplorable in spite of the best masters, and producing only half educated minds."

In the matter of secondary education, M. Thiers, as well as M. Cousin, recoiled somewhat from the generous position he had taken in regard to primary instruction. With strange inconsistency, he displayed a hostility and prejudice against admitting the clergy to the same liberties in secondary teaching. Their objections were finally overruled by the clear logic of Monsignor Dupanloup, and they ended by espousing that cause as strongly as that of primary education.

Scarcely had the project of the Commission become known than it was made the object of violent attack from all sides. The revolutionaries, the party of the University, the enemies of religion of all shades, reproached it as according too much to the Church. There was at the same time a strong and numerous body of Catholics which uttered bitter recriminations because the projected law did not accord enough. Louis Veuillot and the party of the *Univers* demanded a liberty that should be entire, without conditions, without alliance with such men as Thiers, Guizot, Cousin, and without any amicable understanding with the University. In the midst of these recriminations and grumblings M. de Falloux was attacked with a serious sickness, which obliged him to resign his position in favor of M. de Parieu, a man whose weakness of character might have compromised the cause of Catholic liberties, but for the threat of M. Thiers, that if he had the weakness to abandon the project of his predecessor, the Commission would take it up on its own account and pass it in spite of the government.

On January 14, 1850, began the discussion upon the law of instruction which was terminated in a satisfactory manner on March 15, of that same year. M. Thiers undertook to overcome the hostility of the extreme left, the enemies of the Church represented by Victor Hugo, Jules Favre, and Emanuel Arago. He sustained their assaults with admirable ardor, pronouncing speeches of three hours duration, dissipating their equivocations with wit and genius, flaying the secretaries who would deny the common right to Catholics, and taking the floor as many as fifty times in a single session in order to direct the debates. Montalembert took as his part the task of calming the exigencies of the Right and of leading them to concessions which seemed necessary. He said: "When one makes one step towards the Church he makes two towards us. She has never proclaimed those two words which you hear every day in the field of politics: 'All or nothing!' or 'It is too late!' She has never said: 'All or nothing!' for that is the expression of pride, of human passion which wishes to rejoice and conquer to-day because it must die to-morrow. The Church, as has often been said, is patient because she is eternal; and that is the reason why she never said: 'All or nothing!' Neither has she said: 'It is

too late!' that unworthy and pitiless maxim, because it is never too late to save a soul, it is never too late to save a society which desires to be saved."

In the debate concerning the right of all religious congregations to teach, M. Beugnot, the spokesman of the Commission in the Legislative Assembly, made the declaration: "The members of religious congregations not recognized, in whom we see only citizens of whom no one has the right of asking what they are before God and their consciences, will enjoy the faculty of teaching, because that faculty is a civil right, and because they possess all rights of that kind." An obscure deputy from the Left, the Citizen Bourzat, thereupon presented the amendment: "No one shall keep a school, public or free, primary or secondary, lay or ecclesiastic, or even be employed therein if he forms a part of a religious congregation not recognized by the State."

Thiers took up this foolish and envenomed proposition. "The Republic," he said, "as you understand it, as the most moderate among you understand it, is liberty without limits, it is the liberty that belongs to everyone. The Constitution says: Instruction is free, any one may teach, under the conditions of morality and capacity . . . . If one wears the robe of a priest, you cannot ask if he belongs to this or that congregation. Here is a law whose purpose is to establish peace, I believe that peace necessary to society, and I believe it is a respectable purpose, a sacred purpose. Very well! could we at the very moment of concluding that peace, ask the French clergy to sign it at the expense of those corporations which the laws of the State, which the Constitution, cover as they do all other citizens? That could not be, for it would be to violate without reason the Constitution, and on the part of the clergy it would mean an attitude devoid of dignity."

The words of Theirs aroused angry vociferations from the extreme Left: "You have gone over to the Jesuits!" "Yes," the orator answered, "I agree with you, I am a Jesuit; at least in sympathy. None of your objections surprise me. I know your interests, your language, your sincerity; I know that your principles have one condition: it is to be able to have everything to yourselves. I know that you want the Republic in order that you may be its masters, that you may rule it, that you may dispose of it. But the Republic exists for every one. And permit me to add that if it lasts, you will not govern it; and that is the reason it will not last."

Monsignor Parisis, Bishop of Langres, siezed the occasion to espouse the cause of the Jesuits, and other religious orders; "Their cause is our own; and we would be cowardly to allow them to bear the blows alone. We come to take our part, and in a certain measure we declare ourselves as one . . . . For us, secular priests, who see in the regular clergy of every order, Jesuits, Benedictines, Dominicans, only friends who honor us, and brothers who assist us, we shall never consent to deliver them as a ransom in exchange for any advantages that you might offer us."

On March 15, 1850, the Falloux law was voted with the immense majority of 399 to 237. Among other things it declares that "Any Frenchman, aged at least 25 years, and not having incurred any of the incapacities comprised in Article 26, can form an establishment of

secondary instruction on condition that he makes to the rector of the academy of the place in which he designs to establish himself the declarations prescribed in Article 27. He shall, moreover, place in the hands of the Mayor the following documents for which he will receive a receipt; 1st, a certificate stating that he has fulfilled for at least five years the functions of professor or director in some public or private establishment of secondary instruction; 2d, either the degree of bachelor or a certificate of capacity; 3rd, the plan of his establishment, and a statement of the object of his teaching."

The law was not satisfactory to all Catholics. Some voted openly against it; others, like Monsignor Parisis, abstained from voting lest a favorable action should seem to cast blame upon the bishops opposed to the law. Louis Veuillot, in the *Univers*, declared that the law "placed the Church in a difficult and dangerous situation; that it consolidated the University; it retarded, perhaps for a long time, that day of liberty whose dawning we believed we were soon to salute. It is not liberty of education, it is not liberty of conscience, it is not liberty in the family, it is not liberty in society, it is not liberty for the Church, it is not liberty at all."

Montalembert, De Melun, Ravignan and other champions of the law, coincided with the sentiments of Monsignor Dupanloup when he said: "It is not all that we desired, nor all that we demanded; but it was all that the times permitted . . . . When we reflect that the Republic could not have been realized except in order to recall the Jesuits, the religious Congregations and freedom of education to France, and that all that was the work of M. Thiers, I comprehend why God has permitted it. Whoever does not see the Hand of Providence visible in all that, will never see anything." At the same time Pope Pius IX., on May 16, 1850, sent through Monsignor Fornari, his warmest thanks to the authors and defenders of the law of instruction, and engaged the bishops to make use of the advantages it held out in the hope of a new law and to overcome its obstacles as far as they could by introducing new ameliorations, and to take their place in the superior councils of education in order to defend the rights of God and the Church.

By the law of 1850 freedom of education was restricted to establishments only of primary and secondary instruction. Superior education, such as is given in the universities, remained still under the full control of the State. The Church now began to look with hope in that direction, and to seek for freedom of action in that as in the other grades of teaching. In 1867 a petition signed by 2,132 names was placed before the Senate. On May 19 of the following year, it became the subject of a memorable discussion whiich lasted for four days. Dupin, Sainte-Beuve, Cardinal Donnet, Cardinal Bonnechose and Bishop Darboy were among those who pronounced discourses for and against the freedom demanded by the Catholics. The influence of anti-Christianism was too strong, and the bill was defeated. The revolution of 1870, by the overthrow of Napoleon III. and his government of hypocrisy, brought about a favorable change in the popular attitude toward the Church. The bill was again introduced into the Chambers, and through the indomitable energy of Dupanloup, Chesne-

long, Brun, Belcastel and Depeyre, the bill as presented by Edward Laboulaye, was accepted by the Chamber and became a law. Thus, on July 13, 1875, the Church rejoiced in a law which assured her freedom of instruction even in the highest grades of education, a freedom, indeed, full of restrictions and hindrances, but still a step further in the direction of true religious liberty. The Catholics of the country immediately began the foundation of the five great Universities of Paris, Lyons, Lille, Angers and Toulouse.

Freedom of education, as far as adverse circumstances would permit, was now in the hands of the Catholic people. Much had been gained thereby, not only in the blessing of Catholic instruction, but in the many fields of Christian endeavor allied to it, in liberty of association, in liberty of conscience, in a sense of greater security for the Church in every avenue of her ministry.

(To be continued.)

A SUNDAY SCHOOL OF THE PAST.

BY BEATRICE OULTON.

A woman came down the aisle to-day, a purple velvet prayer book clasped in her hand, and as she passed under the pulpit a ray of light from the colored window lit up the gold clasp. A purple velvet prayer book with a gold clasp! What a flood of memories it let loose! Of course every Catholic knows that one should not have distractions in church, but then the church is very closely allied to the Sunday School, and the memories were about a Sunday School—the doors of which closed after me long ago. I can see it yet. A long dreary hall with a raised platform at one end, commanding a view of the rows of seats—girls on the right, demurely attentive; boys on the left, absorbing as little catechism as they could and making as much noise as circumstances permitted. They were a turbulent lot, with a vast capacity for mischief and hidden ways of exercising it. The girls made the best record as prize winners and twice a year they sat in expectant mood, waiting their reward, and conscious of their own rectitude. The premiums took the form of little images, lace-edged pictures of saints, and more pretentious pictures of highly-colored saints under convex glasses. Then there were the big prizes, the reward of such tremendous effort as knowing every word of the thirty chapters of Butler's Catechism, or the first half of the Catechism of Perseverance. The purple velvet prayer book was the special prize for the thirty chapters.

On one memorable occasion a little

procession wended its way to the platform, and among the contestants was a flaxen-haired child with pretty blue eyes and a tranquil mouth. Being a generous soul, she had urged into the contest an older classmate whose courage lagged at the crucial moment. "Try it, Belle," she whispered encouragingly, and, unhappily for the unselfish one, Belle tried it. The procession came back in teary sections, and when the contest was over the flaxen-haired girl sat on a very high seat on the very high platform with Belle beside her. They were a tie! The thirty chapters were part of themselves, and no question, however given, could wring from them a wrong answer. At that time there was no such pampering as giving a duplicate prize, be your merit ever so great. When there was a tie you "drew," and if you did not draw the nearest letter to "A," you bore your disappointment like a stoic. The drawing process was unique. The superintendent gave you a pin and held towards you a closed book. If you put the pin in at B say, and another child put it in at D, why the prize was yours. The flaxen-haired child did not draw the winning letter, and, a few minutes after, she came down the steps, biting her lips in a brave effort to restrain her grief; while Belle followed, triumphant, flushed with victory, and conscious that she was the observed of all observers, the purple velvet prayer book held tightly in her hand. What did it matter if the superintendent did praise the loser, before the school? Words are meaningless things at such a time, mere empty sounds. Perhaps it is a noble thing to help another to success, but even yet the child who lost feels a twinge of regret that that purple velvet prayer book did not accompany her into girlhood and womanhood.

There was another prize, an elaborate china shrine, that was drawn by a boy who invariably fell asleep during Mass. He did not get it, however. His sister, feeling keenly the injustice of such inert piety being rewarded, even by chance, slyly changed their tickets, giving to her brother the blank she had drawn herself. It was certainly a pious fraud, perpetrated while the guilty one was submerged by a wave of passion; when the wave receded though, she still clung to the china shrine as if it were a bit of wreckage out of the storm of wickedness that swept over her at the unfairness of fate. The boy never found out the deception, and the girl died young. But there was no moral to be drawn from her early death, for only a very astute observer in the seat behind detected the substitution, and she never told.

When the formal prize distribution was over, there was much private "swapping" and speculation, lace-edged saints changing hands some times two or three times before they finally were fully appreciated. St. Philomena was always a prime favorite on account of her long hair which was flowing and well frizzed, not unlike the fashion of our day. The marcel wave and the pompadour were unknown, but the girls who owned hair worth owning braided it into numerous plaits and suffered the agony of sleeping on them for the glory of appearing at Mass and Sunday School with a rippling wealth of gold or brown or black hair floating over the shoulders in unconfined luxuriance.

St. Joseph was always popular, and St. Agnes and St. Rose, but there were other saints that we did not welcome, perhaps because of our childish dislike to reminders of sorrow and pain. I remember turning from St. Lawrence on

the gridiron to a St. Cecilia, whose palms were to us then decorations and nothing more. There was one member of my class, she is a Sister now, who tried to make us believe that it was a sin to have any preference in saints, but we sturdily refused to listen to her, and the St. Lawrence was traded off to a boy who had a liking for martyrdoms—at a distance.

Our prize books had little of the charm of the premium of to-day, and gold medals were rare indeed. We were expected to be virtuous for the sake of virtue, and the wonder of it is that some of us did not take a lasting dislike to the ways of uprightness and integrity, so rugged were they made to our young feet, and so unattractive. We didn't even get credit for being good; it was expected of us, and that was all there was to it. Our premiums were therefore a recognition of the family reputation as well as the reward of our personal efforts.

In a recent general upheaval of household effects one of these prizes came to light, a tiny brown volume with "Obligations" stamped in gilt on the front cover. The title-page was more explicit, setting forth the subject as "obligations of parents and children towards each other, with instructions to masters, servants, etc." The modern child would smile in a superior way at the admonitions so lavishly given; yes, and might even be a little skeptical about the awful fate that befell young people neglectful of their duty to their parents. I read it so often that even yet I remember the opening sentence: "Listen to the chastisement which God inflicted upon an ungrateful child." The ungrateful child was the son of a rich man in France. To further the young man's prospects by promoting his marriage to a certain lady far superior to him in rank, the father transferred all his property. The result was that later, at the request of his haughty wife, the son banished his father from his house, and angered by his appeals for relief dismissed him with harshness and disrespect. After this unfilial act he sat down at his table to preside at a banquet for his friends, but a toad flew in his face and seized so fast a hold that it could not be removed. This induced repentance, and the bishop enjoined on the ungrateful son the penance of going through all the provinces of the kingdom with his face uncovered. There was no desire on the part of the author of the book to draw on the children's imagination. He preferred to set the moral before them himself, in this form. "Be careful, O then children, to love your parents, and to assist them when they are in poverty, in sickness, or in prison."

There is another instance of a son's ingratitude being forcefully rebuked by his own child whom he had sent to the hospital with a pair of sheets for his sick grandfather. The child delivered only one of the sheets, and when brought to account for his act answered his father's inquiries with: "I have kept the other to give you, when you shall be in the hospital." The thought occurs to me now that there was no instance of an ungrateful daughter.

We read the book from cover to cover and probably profited by it. The stories were very real to us, and in our childish way we applied them to our daily needs, sometimes adapting the moral to suit our own inclination, rather than the intention of the pious writer.

Not all our premiums were quite as serious as "Obligations." Another trophy of the past is "St. Maurice," a real story book with a red cover, and a very stiff wood-cut for a frontispiece. We

looked upon this as a wonderful addition to the attractiveness of the volume. "Ellerton Priory" was brought out in similar style. Ah! that was a story! It deserves to be widely known even to-day, for it was thoroughly interesting and not at all "preachy." It must have been good, for the child who won it read it aloud to her family, and it was twelve o'clock—an awful hour for an eight-year-old to be up!—when she read the last sentence. At that time the children stayed in of evenings with their parents. They were not as much in demand as they are to-day for social engagements, and could usually be found at home after school hours. They may have had nervous systems but they didn't know they had, and they learned early to keep their feelings well under control.

The daily paper was more conservative then, and it did not comprise the family library. The father read it himself, and sometimes the mother read it, but she generally sewed, for the family was always large, and the quiet of the evening helped to get rid of arrears of mending and darning. As she sewed she listened respectfully to such items of interest as the head of the family read aloud. And it is needless to say that the children, even if they did not listen, at least kept up a respectful semblance of interest. There was one family that furnished an heroic instance of filial duty in this regard. Two of the girls had thrilling novels open on the centre table, but paid deferential attention to an exhaustive article on "Pig Iron" that their father read to them from his daily paper. He was nearing the end, and their longing eyes were about to turn to the page where they had left hero and heroine, when the mother slipped quietly into the room as was her wont. "What is that, Michael?" she asked as her husband ended a sentence. "Pig iron, my dear," he responded, "a most interesting account of the rise in stocks in pig iron. Let me read it to you." And he read it again! The modern young lady would leave home if her father was so inconsiderate.

But this is wandering away from the Sunday School premiums of long ago. A never to-be-forgotten reward was Montalembert's "St. Elizabeth" in a blue cover sprinkled with silver leaves. It is fortunate that such a work meets the needs of every generation of children, and it would be well if more premiums had the enduring quality of this charming work.

Sunday was the great day for the premium winners. We read our books over and over, growing familiar with every page, and prizing them all the more because our supply of reading was so limited. There was no Sunday paper, and we had to do without Buster Browns, or Teddy bears, or Billy the Boy Artist, and even Kitty and Danny and the inimitable Percy.

In fact we did without many things that the modern child considers necessary for its happiness, and perhaps that was why we carried into later years a fuller appreciation of the gifts of fortune that came our way. There may be others who remember prize Sunday in our Sunday School; who have treasured just such volumes as the little "Obligations" lying on my desk; and who may even yet recall the hopes and fears that centered in competition for a purple velvet prayer book.

A MARCH MEMORY.

BY GERTRUDE M. O'REILLY.

It had been a "pet" day. Since early morning the sun had shone out clear and bright, and the soft warm air seemed laden with the joy of life and love and youth. We strolled along by the Grattan Road, enjoying it all, looking out to sea, watching the little waves that lapped the rocks so softly; splish! splosh! they went against them and then ran off, like children slipping up gently to kiss their mother, and then run laughing away.

We turned round the corner on to the tram track and passed the houses quickly, impatient to face the bay once more. And when we came on it again its whole face had changed. The little breeze had died away, and the water stretched out before us without a ripple, deep purple blue, steel grey and clear limpid green, dotted here and there with fishing smacks resting motionless—like gulls on the water—spreading in vain their brown sails to catch the vanished breeze.

The sun had begun to think of bed, and had covered the blue with a faint pink blush showing purple as it reached the hills of Clare. There was a great hush over the whole world.

Suddenly a sound broke in "Ma-a! Ma-a!"—a new-born lamb crying to its mother, the embodiment of the spirit of spring. With one accord we turned up the side road, following the sound; one field after another we peeped into, but no sign of the lamb! And higher, up higher, the sound came again—Ma-a! Ma-a! baby voices luring us up the hill.

At the very top field we were rewarded; five wee lambkins were gathered there; one but just come into the world lay bleating on its side, its long legs stretched helplessly, too weak to uphold its little woolly body; the four others stood watching it with baby eyes of wonder, answering its feeble cries encouragingly, then racing off in childlike sport. They had a regular game of "tag" and then "hide and go seek." One boisterous sturdy youngster with a big black patch on its nose was the leader in the fun.

For a full quarter of an hour we stood there, losing all count of the minutes, till we heard a cheery voice calling: "Well, the spring has rightly come now, glory be to God! But ye'd better be movin' or ye'll catch yer death, its brave an' cold when the sun goes down."

"You're right there, Tom," I answered. "Are you going down to the town?"

The old man laughed—"Sure its not up here I'd be stayin', *asthoreen;* but I'll go down by the road; its powerful chilly by the water comin' on towards night."

"We'll all go down together," said my companion, "but its longer by the road."

"Sure then we must shorten it," declared Tom. "Ye know that story don't ye?"

"We never heard it."

"Well, its this way"—and old Tom settled down to tell the tale as we faced the hill.

"There was a powerful strong farmer livin' down on the road to Athenry, he had fine land and well stocked an' his three sons id be wonderin' how he'd divide it when the was gone. There was a big long lonely road leadin' up to the farm, an' one day he took the eldest out to go to the fair, an' as they were goin' along the old man spoke out his mind an'

says he 'Shaun, I'd be sorry to split up the bit o' land. So I'm thinkin' I'll give it to which ever of ye best shortens the road for me an', 'says he, 'I'll give ye the first chance as ye were the first come.' Well, Shaun, was a smart enough chap, an' he says to himself 'I'll be shortenin' that road somehow,' an' he thought, an' he thought, but sorra thing id come into his head but to be movin' the gate farther down the road. So one fine day the old man kem out of the door an' found me brave Shaun diggin' up the gate post an' workin' away for dear life. 'What on the livin' earth are ye doin,' ye omadhaun ye,' he shouted at him. 'Shortenin' the road for sure,' says he. 'Ye blitherin' idgit ye, come out o' that,' says the father, 'an' don't be ruinin' the gate.' An' wid that he gev the chance to the next son. Now Shemus was a slow kind o' lad an' night an' day he'd be thinkin' 'How'll I shorten that road? One night it struck him an in the mornin' he got up an' off wid him an' never a sight of him did they get till evenin' when he kem in all in a sweat an' grinnin' an' leppin' an' shouting' 'Come on father, come on till I show ye how I've shortened the road.' The old man 'an the two other boys followed him out an' half way down the road, an' there they stopped, for hadn't the fool planted a whole hedge o' blackthorn right across the way! Well I can tell ye the father was rightly mad then an' the other two raised a shout of laughin' ye'd hear on the top o' Croagh Patrick, an' would ye believe it! the poor innocent had never thought that he was cuttin' off the the road to the town an' that not as much as a calf could be driven to the market! The whole o' the next mornin' they were diggin' up the hedge; an' when the job was done the young lad turned to the father an' says he: 'Will ye take a walk wid me,' he says, 'an' see what I can do? An' the two started down the road. No sooner were they out o' the gate when Dan started tellin' a fine story an' they never noticed the miles slippin' by. 'An' now, father,' says he, 'didn't I shorten the road for ye?' An' so he got the farm an' stock an all an' married the girl he had his eye on an' lived happy ever after."

"That's a fine story, Tom, but it has only shortened half the road home; so you'll have to tell another to get us the rest of the way."

"To tell ye the truth, *asthoreen*, I haven't the heart for story tellin' the day, thinkin' o' poor old Martin McDonagh, God comfort him!"

"Martin McDonagh! Is that the old chap that is always making the Stations in the west?" we both exclaimed.

"Yes, sure, didn't ye hear about his son bein' drowned on Sunday?"

"No, God rest him! How did it happen?"

"Well it's a long story, for his misfortunes began six or eight years ago an' young Martin's drownin' is only cappin' it all. Ye know that big granite house near the barracks wid its back to the rapids above the weir?"

We both nodded assent.

"It's there Martin lives, an' it was takin' that house began it all. They do say there is some onluck on that house, whatever it is, but whether that's true or not poor Martin has had the height o' misfortune since he went into it. First his woman, God rest her! slipped comin' down the stairs one night an' died from the fall. She had wakened thinkin,' she said, one o' the children was cryin', an,

of course she got up. When she kem to the head o' the stairs she saw a strange woman, just the hight o' ye'r knee, cryin' an' moanin', an' she was so feared she just slipped, fell the whole length o' the stairs, an' in a week she was dead."

"The old man was heartbroken though he was that dogged he wouldn't move out o' the house even then, tho' all the nieghbors begged an' implored o' him to go before worse id happen; but not a bit o' him id stir. 'It was the will o' God she'd go,' he said, 'an' welcome be His holy will,' an' that was all ye'd get out o' him. He was a baker in them days, ye know, an' had a fine trade but, the old fool that he was, the home flour wasn't good enough for him, an' he got every bit he used from England. The traveler used to come roun' every six months or so, an' each time he kem old Martin id give him, forty, fifty, or mebbe a hundred pounds, but nary a receipt the rogue id give him. 'Just enter it in your books, Mr. McDonagh,' he'd say, an' old Martin, who was as honest as the day never misdoubted him. This had been goin' on for a good bit afore the wife was took, an' it was over four hundred pounds he'd paid to the scoundrel when he got a letter from the firm callin' on him for the money. He wrote off tellin' them he'd paid it all to the traveler, an' that there must be some mistake, but all the answer he got was to show his receipts. That he couldn't do, an he was sold out afore his woman was a year in the grave. O' course there wasn't one in the county but knew that he'd paid, for there isn't a more upright man than Martin McDonagh between the four seas o' Ireland, but it weighed on him that the judge and jury wouldn't take his word on it, an' he got kind o' dark an' queer, an' id never speak a word to anny one but just go from chapel to chapel sayin' his beads an' makin' the roun' o' the Stations.

"His son, young Martin, was a clerk up in the court house; as fine a lad as ye'd lie eyes on, God be with him! good an' steady an' strong, an' the best swimmer an' hurler in the country, or this side o' it anny how, an' it's manny a one is heartsore thinkin' o' him this night. Sunday was the confraternity mornin', an' glory be to God an' His holy mother! Martin was at the altar wid the rest, indeed the boy was never known to miss, an' that's the great comfort the father an' sister have now. After h'd had his breakfast he started out wid John Laine an' Ned Burke, an' the three o' them took a boat out on the lake. It was about twelve, an' they were turned for home an' were just in the river when a gale o' wind got up, an' before they could shift the sail over went the boat and the three o' them were thrown into the water. The other two were no good at the swimmin' an' so they struck out for the reeds at the side an' held on though poor Martin shouted at them to keep in the middle or they'd be stuck in the mud; but it id be better had he followed them himself, for they were got out by a passin' boat while he was caught in the current an' swep' down the rapids an' over the weir an' the life dashed out o' him on the rocks before a thing could be done.

"Ol' Martin's back garden ran down to the rapids as ye know, an' as God would have it so, the poor ol' fellow was stannin' watchin' the water rushin' an' dashing up in white spray on the rocks when down in the verra middle of it all, tossin' about like a bit o' cork, he saw his only son. Mary have pity on us!

that was a terrible sight for the poor broken down ol' man, an' with one awful cry that brought the daughter runnin' out he fell on his knees an' raisin' his han's to heaven he called out 'Into Thy han's O Lord I commend his spirit'; an' wid that he fell in a dead faint on the groun'. The daughter was like to take leave o' her senses for she had seen nothin' an' didn't know what had come over the father. But, God comfort her! the creature, she knew soon enough, for hardly had she got the ol' man carried in when they brought in all that was left o' the fine strappin' lad that had gone out that mornin'.'

"That's a terrible tragedy, Tom, but do you really think the unluck of the house had anything to say to it.?"

"Who knows! There is many a queer thing happens, an A'mighty God allows many a trouble, glory be to His name. But it's not good to be talkin' o' them things, *asthore*; an' besides we're into the town now, so God speed ye both, an' bring ye safe home."

"God speed you kindly, Tom, and thanks for shortening the road."

We turned off down by Cladact. The sun had quite gone and the night was dark and chilly. As we passed over the bridge we stood for a moment looking at the back of old Martin's house, picturing the tragic happenings of the day before. And as we stood the weird moaning and despairing wail of the *caione* was borne across the water—"*Och! och! och ahone*" it came through the darkness, again and again, till involuntarily we caught hands and simply ran towards the friendly lights and the sight and sound of our fellow-men. The tragedy the darkness, the rushing swirling water, and then the *keen* were too much for our over-wrought nerves.

Next day we saw the funeral go by, the poor old father, crushed to the very earth by this last blow, walked silently, tearlessly, after the coffin, which was borne on the shoulders of six of the lad's friends. The sunshine and joy of yesterday were gone and close fine rain came relentlessly down from a dull leaden sky. We shivered as we watched the procession pass, and again we asked ourselves the question we had put to Tom: "Had the house anything to do with it?" Common sense gave an emphatic "no," and yet—and yet—strange things do happen in that strange, dreamy land of ours that even in far-off pre-Christian days was known as the "enchanted island." The very air we breathe is full of the spirit of other-worldliness; on every side we hear tales as strange and as well known as Martin's story. They may be coincidences, but somehow we cannot shake off the feeling that there is something in it.

Anyhow Martin McDonagh was at last convinced, for that very week he left the ill-fated house and went to live nearer the West church, where from early morning till late at night we used to see him, going round the Stations or saying his rosary, on his knees before the image of the Queen of Sorrows. Since he left that house good luck has followed him. Undoubtedly "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

St. Patrick takes the Shamrock for a Text.

The King at last his Druids spurned;
Gave Patrick the word for which he burned,
To preach the Gospel of Christ, unfearing,
Up and down through the land of Erin;
Yet chose darkness himself. It was
At Tara that Patrick sought in the grass,
Found the dear shamrock and preached: Lo, see
The Miracle of the Trinity!
Lo, "Three in One and One in Three!"
Great numbers there received the Faith,
Ransomed to Christ from darkness and death.
Great honor that little shamrock has
That grows so green in the Irish grass.

—KATHARINE TYNAN *in The Rhymed Life of St. Patrick.*

REV. P. BROPHY.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

A new and improved system of ore concentration by the Rev. P. Brophy, of Omaha, Neb., for which a United States patent has been granted, will soon make a practical appearance in the mining regions of the west. It is simple in construction and operation. In speaking of the matter, Father Brophy said:

"While engaged for many years in ministerial work on the frontier, duty frequently called me to several of the mining camps of the mountains.

"My relations with prospectors, miners and millmen were such that I soon became acquainted with the mining situation, its wants and advantages. The question then as now, how to separate the "chaff from the wheat," how to treat at a profit the refractory and low grade ores in which the whole Rocky Mountain range abounds, engaged the attention of all.

"It was plain that without some new and improved system of concentration the treatment of high grade ores only was within the range of profit. The same is the condition today, though the solution of this problem has engaged the attention of mining and millmen the world over.

"There are vast bodies of refractory ore still unused on the dumps pending a cheaper system of treatment than any yet devised.

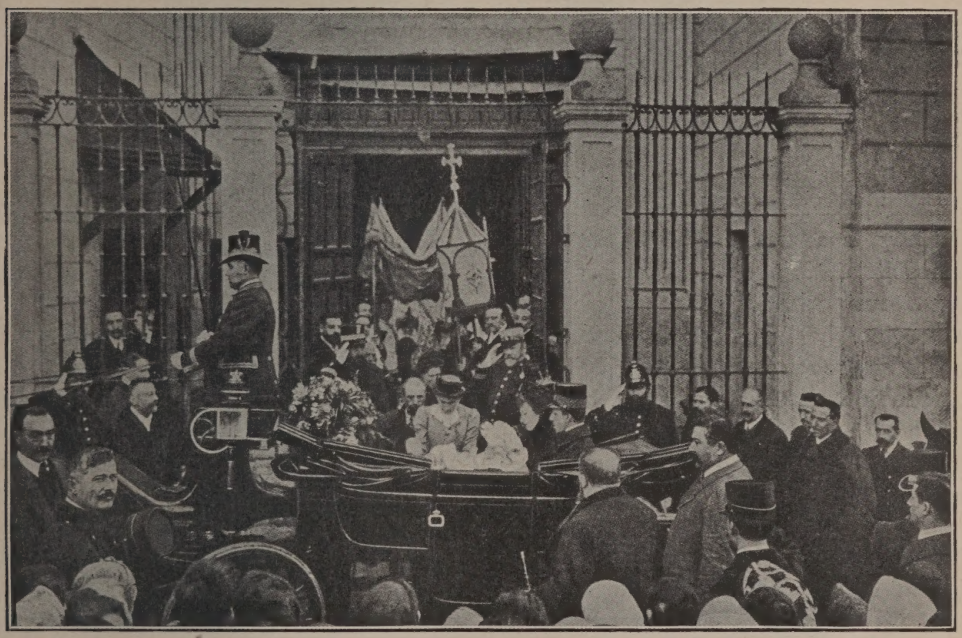
"Having realized the needs of the situation, I gave my attention to the solution of this difficult problem.

"My ore concentrating system has been modeled after an idea developed from the observation and study of one of nature's simple laws, and will, I am confident, facilitate and prove a saving and important factor to mining interests.

"The great bodies of low grade ore all over the Rocky Mountain range and elsewhere will soon disappear and many mines now inoperative will become hives of industry.

"The invention is applicable to all kinds of ore as well as the gold ores of the west and will be put in operation and its merits made known by practical test as soon as arrangements now pointing in that direction will be completed."

The King and Queen of Spain, in compliance with a time-honored custom of the Spanish Court, recently took their infant son, the little Prince of Asturias, to the Church of the Holy Dove, Madrid, and there presented him to the Blessed Virgin. After the ceremony the young parents drove off amid the applause of the vast assembly, brought together to witness this interesting event in the life of the heir to the throne of Spain.



THE PRESENTATION OF THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

CATHOLIC ROYALTIES.

XII.

The Crown Prince of Austria and the Heir Presumptive.

BY BEN HURST.

Archduke Franz-Ferdinand of Austro-Hungary is a man of whom the world hears little. His extreme reserve surpasses even what is expected from the princes on the highest step to a throne; so his marked avoidance of publicity is variously interpreted. He has the reputation of being fiercely "ultramontane," although no word of intolerance can be traced to his lips; he is supposed to be hostile to Hungary's revendications, for the simple reason that he elects to reside in Bohemia and Tyrol rather than in Transleitha during the summer months, he is suspected of strong reactionary instincts in spite of his accessibility to the toiling masses and his study of the housing and feeding problems of the poor.

There is no doubt that the Archduke has a strong conservative bias, and is less inclined to favor the inrush of modern ideas than the present Emperor, who, after many a gallant fight yielded to demagogic clamor in order to avoid greater evils. Fear of Archduke Franz-Ferdinand's uncompromising stubbornness is making the restless section of his future subjects strive with might and main to draw all possible concessions from the veteran Kaiser while still he guides the helm; but the heir to the throne, apparently a passive spectator, is the most powerful factor behind the monarch's restraining arm.

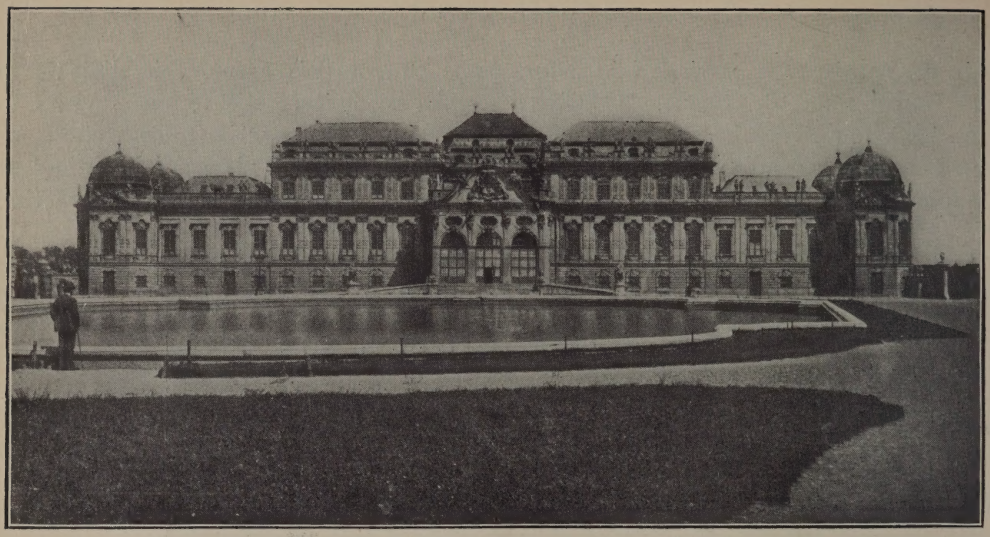
Always a devout Christian, the accusation of "extreme clericalism" was not hurled at the Archduke until after his marriage with a lady of known piety, the gentle and beautiful Countess Chotek, on whom the Emperor afterwards bestowed the title of Princess Hohenberg. The story of his romantic marriage is quite in keeping with all we know of the Archduke's steadfastness, and lofty and honorable ideals in private as in public life. Fidelity in love is the natural concomitant of a well-proven fidelity to principle and to creed.

By the tragic death of his cousin Rudolf, Franz-Ferdinand saw himself suddenly called to the succession,—a contingency which he had never contemplated and which was repugnant to his natural bent. He could not renounce the burden without treason to his race and land, so he set himself humbly to qualify for the wielding of a sceptre as onerous as glorious. But he did not feel called upon to put aside all hope of personal happiness, and refused to enter-

tain any project of marriage laid before the Emperor for his benefit. The truth was he had already bestowed his affections on a young lady not of royal birth, daughter of a Czech nobleman, whom he learned to know at the palace of his cousin, Archduke Frederick.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRO-HUNGARY,
with his wife, Princess Hohenberg, and their children.

Countess Sophia Chotek was lady-in-waiting to the Archduke's two eldest daughters, both charming and handsome girls, between whom, it was supposed, the Crown Prince found it difficult to make a choice. His frequent visits to Presburg Castle continued to excite comment; he did not himself understand at first the true nature of the attraction that drew him; finally the perspicacity of Archduchess Isabella, mother of the two young Archduchesses, discovered his growing attachment to their favorite companion. She hastened to warn the Emperor, at the same time most gen-



BELVEDERE PALACE, VIENNA.
Residence of the Crown Prince.

erously exonerating the young girl from all blame, and declaring that she believed her still unconscious of the impression she had created.

The Emperor at once took steps to separate the young people. Countess Sophia ceased to frequent the Imperial circle, and the Crown Prince was kept busy by constant journeyings through distant parts of the Empire. But it was now too late. Archduke Franz-Ferdinand learned that the Countess Sophia had refused several alliances and announced to her father her resolve "never to marry." He could believe that the sentiments he had not declared were nevertheless fully reciprocated, and he begged the Emperor to consider the feasibility of a morganatic marriage.

As might have been expected, he was badly received. Kaiser Franz-Josef was concerned in the first place for the interests of the dynasty. It was the kind-hearted Archduchess Isabella, in spite of the disappointment of a mother's natural ambition for her own daughters, who was mainly instrumental in persuading the Emperor that this union was indeed made in Heaven, and that from her knowledge of the character of both parties no change of disposition should be expected. The Crown Prince was put on a year's probation, however, during which time he did not once communicate with the lady of his heart. At the expiration of the term he went straight to the residence of Count Chotek, where the betrothal took place in simple fashion. Next came the act of renunciation, solemnly pronounced in public by Archduke Franz-Ferdinand on behalf of his future heirs, to the throne of Austro-Hungary; and then the marriage of the lovers—which aroused sympathy throughout the land and was crowned by the Emperor's blessing—took place.

Never has there been a happier union. The home life of the Crown Prince is the more ideal perhaps because it is safeguarded from the public gaze. The joy of the parents in their offspring is accentuated by the knowledge that these belong to themselves and not to the state. In his modest, highly-cultured wife the Archduke has found the true companion after whom his soul aspired, and the val-

iant helpmate who shares his toil. Her unswerving religious code has transmitted itself to her husband whose puritanical aloofness from certain "free" living, Semitical circles in Vienna is ascribed to Princess Hohenberg's rigidity of morals. She is said to spend more in charity than would have been her apanage had she rank of a Crown Princess. In the intimacy of the domestic circle Princess Hohenberg takes her proper place, and is a great favorite with the Emperor, over whom, as over everybody who comes in contact with her, she exercises her indefinable charm.

ARCHDUKE FRANZ-FERDINAND.
Heir to the throne of Austro-Hungary.

Archduke Franz-Ferdinand, known as one of Europe's first sportsmen, indefatigable in the chamois hunt, is also a keen art collector and possesses in his Castle of Ambas in Tyrol thousands of treasures. His collection of ancient weapons is supposed to be the finest in

COUNTESS CHOTEK,
Now Princess Hohenberg, wife of the Crown Prince Franz-Ferdinand.

the world, and he is ever adding to it.

He is fond of gardening, and with his wife spends many hours in the hothouses attached to his various palaces. To his interest in horticulture we owe many new flowers and many curious plant developments.

In politics, as has been said, the Archduke is severely reticent. Twice, however, has he uttered momentous pronouncements. One was to second his friend, Cardinal Gruscha, in the effort to obtain the rejection of a law permitting divorce; and the second—of international import—to vigorously deny that he had ever contemplated visiting the King of Italy in the Quirinal.

Young Karl-Franz, son of the late Archduke Otto, younger brother of the Crown Prince, and of his wife Archduchess Maria-Josefa—born Princess of Saxony—comes next to the Crown Prince in the order of the succession. He is a healthy, active lad, at an age when there is little to be said beyond the facts, that although he has passed successfully his public examinations in Prague, he is more devoted to sport than to books, and that he is a keen student of modern military tactics. Before he became a pupil of the Jesuits he had been already carefully trained by an admirable mother in all that should adorn the mind of a truly Catholic prince. His frank, kindly demeanor has made him, as well as his brother Max, a prime favorite of the Vienna populace. The young Archduke relates the following story against himself: When he

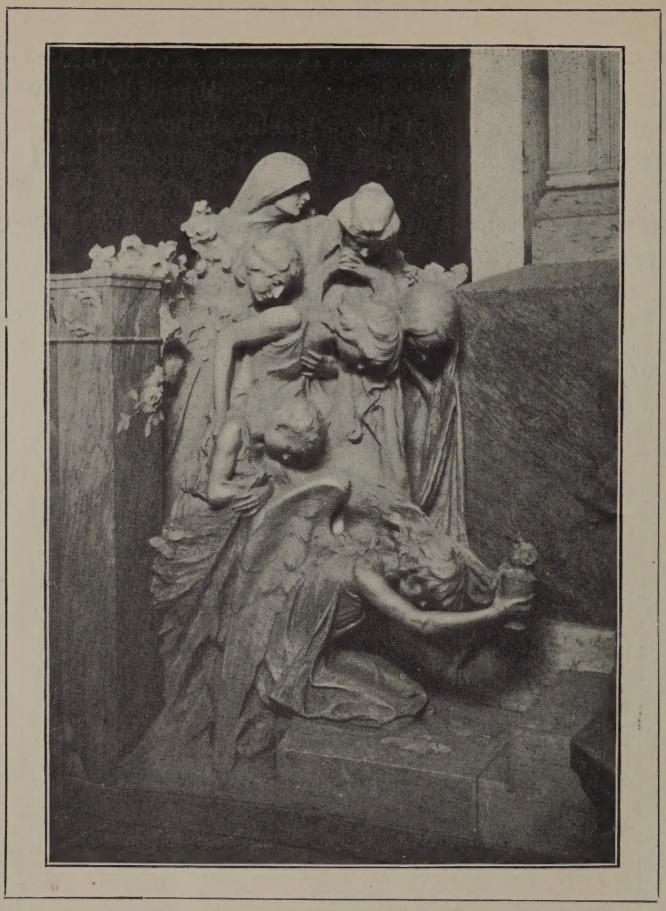
ARCHDUKE KARL-FRANZ.
(Son of Maria-Josefa and Otto) who will succeed his uncle, Franz-Ferdinand, the children of the latter being debarred from the succession to the Austrian throne.

first went to the Jesuit College, in Prague, he was agreeably surprised by the deference and civility shown to him on the part of his comrades. After the strict discipline of his home, where he was treated as an ordinary mortal, in no way superior to his brother or cousins, it was the status of every other boy and had the mortification of being laughed at besides. The laugh, however, was often on his side when he reminded his foolish comrades of how absolutely they had been at his beck and call during many weeks after his arrival.

ARCHDUCHESS ISABELLA, AUSTRO-HUNGARY.
A leading figure in Vienna society, patroness of numerous charitable institutions, and foundress of the Vienna "Creche" for waifs.

a delightful novelty to be waited upon, and he profited by his advantages. Indeed, he took to it so kindly, that his schoolfellows soon repented of their excessive politeness, revolted against his demands and one and all refused to fetch or carry for him any longer. With disappointment he saw himself reduced to

The young Archduke recently attained his majority and was presented with a sword by his grand-uncle, the Emperor. Since then his every movement has been followed with eager attention by statesmen and politicians the world over; for Archduke Karl-Franz is the greatest matrimonial "catch" of Europe.



ADORATION.

THE "PIETA" OF PIETRO CANONICO.

BY CLARE SOREL STRONG.

The work of great artists of their own day must always make special appeal to those who love art. Signor Canonico has the interest for us of a contemporary; —even the heightened interest of a "rising star." The sculptor looks boyish, although he must be forty years old. He had already produced very remarkable works, fourteen years ago. His beautiful groups of statuary, representing "The Dead Christ," "Faith," and "Adoration," have but just been erected in the scarcely-finished mortuary chapel of the Marsaglia family, at San Remo, on the Italian Riviera. His work lends glory to the place.

Some one said to Canonico the other day:—"Is it not difficult to *draw the line* in sculpture between realism and idealism?" And he replied: "Yes; because the real and the ideal actually touch each other; but you will see in my 'Pietà' where I have 'drawn the line'."

Again he said: "The famous, old-

time groups of the dead Christ laid across His Mother's knees are splendid, certainly. But do you not know the loving awe and reverence that make us shrink from touching our own dead? Well the Mother *stands* in my 'Pietà'."

This Pietà is not a piece of sculpture with a single chief aspect; for, seen from different parts of the little chapel, new beauties ever appear. It takes a long time to learn the great work by heart. For example, it is only by

FAITH.

Much is, of course, lost in the reproduction,—and on such a small scale as that of the illustrations, but even a photograph affords some notion of the masterly work. Whatever mere study and technical power can give is present in the two noble figures of the central group; and, besides all this master-craft there is a world of thought and emotion. standing close to His Mother's feet, that the spectator can see that the head which is turned toward her seems to be so turned *intentionally*, and that the expression in this aspect is one of the most touching tenderness.

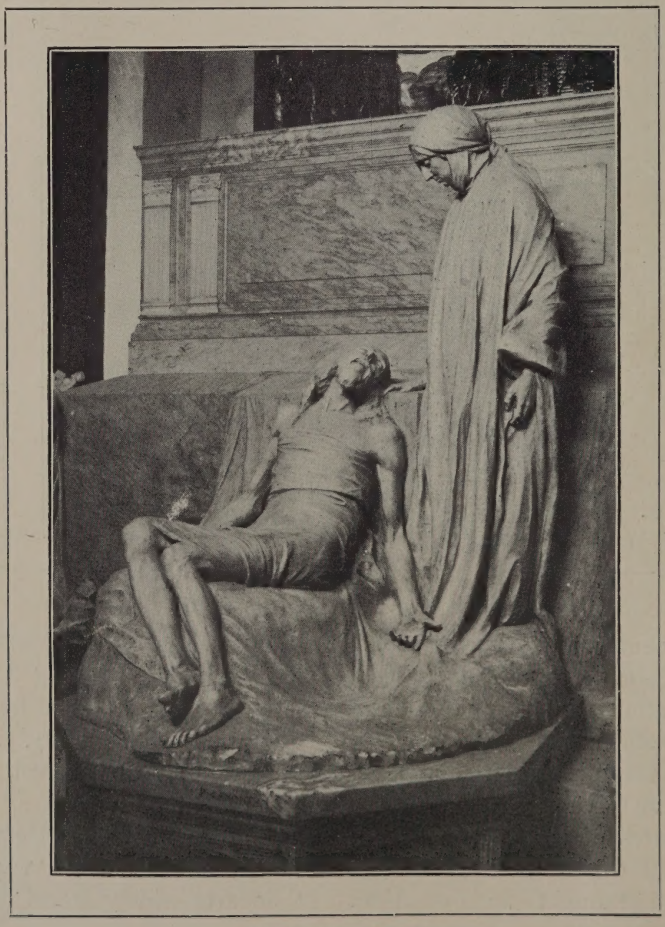
The type of this *Mater Dolorosa* is Jewish, and therefore true to history. It departs widely from the Greek type

shown in some crucifixions of the Renaissance period. It is also far removed from earlier (mediæval) models. Perhaps this departure from convention will prevent the whole-hearted *immediate* approval of the work by some critics; but this sculpture has already secured the enthusiastic praise of many in this country where art is held as something almost divine, even among the toilers for daily bread.

In one opinion all without exception agree: the details,—such as hands, feet, drapery,—are of exquisite finish.

The figures of the Pietà are more than life-size. The dead Christ lies prone against what looks like an altar but is actually the family mausoleum. His Mother leans her right hand upon this tomb, which, with the paneling above it, is of greenish marble. The statues and the pilasters of the paneling are of pure white.

The mortuary chapel is square, and in the angle to the left of the central group stands the lovely "Adoration." An angel holding up a flaming censer prostrates himself in the direction of the Pietà, and seems to draw after him five human beings with bent heads, and,



CANONICO'S PIETA.

in a lesser degree, a sixth—*she* is not yet fully under the angel's sway.

Fra Angelico's angel that looks down from the top of the triptych's rim, in the famous "Nativity," in the Pitti Palace, is not more deeply reverential than the worshipper in the "Adoration" who bends her brow above her clasped hands;—yet the Florentine angel was so soul-stirring that a painter who copied and re-copied angel after angel of all the rest of that band in *Il Beato's* triptych, could *never* paint the angel of the summit,—being always "tear-blinded" at the sight of the depths of love and adoration in that angel face!

A boy holding a palm-branch close against him is in Canonico's work the figure that comes next to the bending angel with the censer. This boy is urged forward by the hand of a woman, —herself pressing onward. There is a very wonderful sense of movement in this thronging stone group.

In the "Adoration" and in the "Faith" the marble figures are less than life-size, as is fitting in statuary second in importance to the central Pietà, where the figures are above life-size, as has been said already.

In the right-hand group an angel holds aloft a Host,—the symbol of our Faith,— and two other angels kneel in worship.

The floral accessories; the crown of thorns in the capitals of the pillars;— *everything*, in short,—has its appropriateness; but these accessories are restrained, and commendably unobtrusive. A desirable *oneness* is given to the work by the connecting paneling out of which the groups rise, as it were, naturally, and not as isolated pieces of statuary.

It is plain to see, when he speaks of his work, that the sculptor holds his Pietà to be by far the finest of the three groups. Possibly the generality of students may find the groups at the sides more attractive. The "Faith," at all events, may be contemplated dry-eyed. In the case of the "Adoration," and still more of the "Pietà," a tribute of tears is almost inevitable. Sightseers are impatient of an art that so touches their feelings!

In another remarkably original marble group Pietro Canonico has blended ideality and reality in a very singular manner. The sculpture is called "The Communicants." Two poor, plain-featured, common-place women kneel at the altar-rails. Their closed eyes and rapt expression tell more eloquently than words that they have just received the Blessed Sacrament, that they are welcoming their Lord to their heart of hearts.

"The Communicants" is a work that the world knows. It was at one at least of the great expositions. It has been photographed to reappear in the illustrated papers of Europe,—if not of America. But the "Pietà" never left the sculptor's studio in Turin until it was brought to its final destination at San Remo.

Some single letters appear in the illustrations. They are parts of texts upon the string-course of the paneling. In Italian, on the left of the chapel, is written: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me shall live." On the left there is: "Blessed are those that weep now." At the foot of the great group, in the pavement, are the Latin words: *Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi.*

The cypresses that are seen in the upper background of the "Pietà" belong to a very southern and appropriate landscape in a painted window above the tomb.

THE DOVE OF THE ETERNAL.

BY EDWARD J. H. O'BRIEN.

One night, as Coll mac Coll, the fisherman,
Lay dreaming on the hillock where, 'tis said,
The good St. Colum often held converse
With angels whom God sent to comfort him—
(Each time he spoke, as Adamnan relates,
A daisy came into the grass, or else
A bird arose with song for the first time,
And it was wonderful and sweet to hear),—
This night, the fisher watched the moonlight move
Across the sea, and in his heart desires
Were infinite as the ceaseless lapping waves,
And while he idly dreamt, he closed his eyes.
A footfall roused his slumbering sense, to see
A man before him young and fair of face,—
A stranger, but with eyes as dark and deep
As hill-tarns, and with hair like thistle-down.
The island fisher neither moved nor spoke,—
It seemed as though a spell were laid on him.
At length, "God save you." "And with you, mac Coll."
Could the Amadhan Dhu be greeting him,
Or was it the Green Harper, or the man
Who nameless dwells in caverns of the sea?
At thought of this, the shepherd crossed himself.
The Unknown smiled. "Be calm, and have no fear."
"What name bear you?" "Nameless I now must be,
But since you welcome me, whate'er you wish
I freely grant." But Coll, the shepherd laughed.
"Nor you nor other man can give me that.
For now, bereft of father, mother, kin,
I ask not for a house, nor cattle, nor
A boat nor nets, nor money, nor aught else."
"For what then ask you that I may bestow?"
"That all the glory, wonder, power on earth
Be mine, to have it at my feet, to know
All that the Father knows, that kings may come,
Consulting me how they shall rule the world."

"All this is yours and more," the stranger said,
And waved a twig of hazel in the air.
"Why do you wave this hazel-twig?" said Coll.
"I open in the air a door for you,
And now if you will banish all desires
But this, 'tis yours. Nay more, I freely grant
The sun, a golden gem in your left hand,
And in your right hand all the stars as pearls
For you to hold, that you may know all things
Behind the sun, beyond the moon and stars."
Coll waited for the miracle. He felt
The stranger gazing deep into his heart,
When, lo! a wave of feeling swept o'er him,
And tears came to his eyes. With sobbing voice
He cried:—"Grant me instead this one small boon,
A warm breast-feather from yon woodland-dove,
Winging her nestward way to waiting young."
He looked around him dazed. He was alone.
Sun, moon, and stars are dust beneath the foot
Before the infinite yearning of the soul.
A warm breast-feather from th' Eternal Dove
Alone can satisfy, until the eve
That brings the morrow's immortality.

A weight was lifted from Coll's heart, and now
Peace fell on him like dew upon the fields.
Slowly he wended homewards. Once he turned,
And saw far off a glorious shining form,
Transcending all men in its noble face.
Was it the good St. Colum come again,
Or could it be an angel, or, (but dread
The awesome thought), Iosa Mac-an-t'Saoir?*

* Jesus, Son of the Carpenter.

FUEL FOR THE HUMAN ENGINE.

THE GREATEST "DRIVING POWER" IS APT TO COME FROM A SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE FOOD.

There is an increasing tendency to mix brains with eating. This means that more people are interested in food argument and food cost. What food will give the greatest amount of physical and mental energy for the least cost? It's a question of food sense and food cents—food selection and food expenditure. It is a fact which many have learned that the most expensive foods contain the least nutriment.

It is also a fact that many foods which are shown by chemical analysis to contain all the nutritive elements needed by the perfect human body are not nutritious or strengthening at all, for the reason that they are not perfectly digested. It is what we digest not what we eat, that makes us strong.

A report issued by the Michigan State Agricultural College states that the ten cents' worth of Shredded Wheat Biscuit contains nearly two and a half times as much real nutritive material as ten cents' worth of sirloin steak and about four times' as much nutritive value as ten cents' worth of eggs.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

The Secret of the Statue and Other Verse. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Richard G. Badger, The Gorham Press. Boston. 1907.

This collection of poems from Miss Donnelly's graceful pen will be gratefully appreciated by the very large circle of readers the Philadelphia poet has drawn around her. Though not the title-number, the Legend of St. Joseph's Staff should have first place in March—and throughout the year for that matter. "The Secret of the Statue" conveys pleasantly a useful lesson for the young. "The First Ship of the American Navy" will be memorized by the boys who glory in such deeds as those of Commodore John Barry, commander of the frigate "United States," launched from the dockyard at Philadelphia, May 10, 1797, amid scenes that Miss Donnelly tells of in stirring verse. Among other selections which will be specially popular are "The Baby's Prayer," "Since Mother Died," "The Madonna of the Rose," "The Lights of Home," "The Things of God," and "The Lullaby." As an instance of this writer's skill in condensing into verse the substance of a sermon we may quote "At The Bar."

A monarch old, a warrior bold,
  And a grave philosopher, all three
Met at the judgment seat of God,
  To claim the prize of eternity.

"Long have I ruled a wide domain,"
  Said the king, "there plenty reigned and peace."
"Brave was my fight for th' cause of Right,"
  Cried the soldier, "wrongs thro' me shall cease!"

"Mine was the lore of earth and air,
  Of fire and water," the sage averr'd;
"The world shall bless my name for aye,
  For wisdom dwelt in my lightest word."

The while they spake, a spirit shy
  And closely veiled drew near the bar;
Within his arms a something shone
  More radiant than the morning star.

"Who art thou?" "Lord!" the spirit sighed,
  "I (lowly Brother of Charity),
Have brought Thee naught save this orphan child,
  Whose soul I rescued for love of Thee!"

"Approach!" the Judge exclaimed, "thy crown
  Is won! The joys of heaven are thine.
King, victor, sage is he who saves
  From ruin one lost lamb of Mine!"

Life of St. Brigid. By Rev. J. A. Knowles, O. S. A.. Benziger Bros. New York. 1907.

Writing in the Preface, the Rt. Rev. Patrick Foley, D.D., Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, to whom this book is dedicated, says to the author: "You have placed not alone the Sisters of St. Brigid and the Diocese of Kildare and Leighlin, but also all Irish men and Irish women, wherever they may be, under a deep debt of gratitude to you by the very interesting life of their great patroness which you have just given them . . . . You have succeeded in producing a very readable, edifying, and instructive life of the Irish saint who was second only to St. Patrick himself . . . . I feel confident that the devout clients of St. Brigid at home and abroad will read your life with great pleasure and profit, and will thank you for bringing within their reach the only Life of St. Brigid that has any claim to be regarded as complete."

To such high praise from such a source the reviewer need add but a personal word of gratitude for this concise and popular narration of the life of Ireland's great woman saint. The facts and legends which abound in the pages have been selected from the most reliable and authentic sources, and the entire work is a valuable contribution to the class of literature for which the educated Irish reading public shows a marked preference—books dealing with the religious or national history of their country.

The founding of the Brigidine Order and their subsequent history form additional chapters of deep interest in the study of educational movements, from the mother house in Tullow to the foundations in Australia and New Zealand. Of the latter an excellent account was given in this Magazine some months ago.

Rosette. By Mrs. William O'Brien. Burns & Oates. London. 1907.

The author of this tale of Paris and Dublin gives in the form of a diary some charming glimpses into the home life of middle-class families in France, and she also records experiences in convent life that should convince the doubtful of the peace and happiness to be found in the cloister. Sister Odile, the bright merry Cecilia, is most happily drawn, and in her unobtrusive way gains such a hold on the affections that even the heroine, Rosette, must yield place to her. Here is her portrait: "Cecilia is all life, all sunshine. She has a mass of golden curls and blue eyes, merry eyes, that seem always ready for a laugh, and rosy cheeks, not red like mine—which is

to my mind silly—but the color of a blush rose, or the inside of a pink shell."

Rosette begins her diary on her nineteenth birthday, and there is not an entry in it which will not reward the reader for the time spent on the little book. The life lived by Rosette and her parents—on the very highest floor of the house overlooking the Parc Monceau—would be an ideal home life were it not that religion has so small a part in it.

"It is as if we were living in a garden. We have the grass and the flowers and the trees under our windows, we might be miles out of Paris, out in the country. These spring mornings I love to hear the birds singing early, early, and to watch the crocuses in the grass, and it is a joy to our eyes when our trees—we feel as if they belonged to us—take on their fresh spring dress."

It is very pleasant reading—the gatherings under the roof where the merry chatter of the young French girls mingles with the singing of the birds, their little social diversions, their aspirations, and the careers they have planned for themselves. Marriage enters largely into the dreams of some, and according to the French way they settle down in homes of their own. Rosette is a Protestant, but by devious ways she is led to the faith her father abandoned. The reverses of fortune that come to all do not pass by the home near the Parc Monceau, and suddenly bereft of her father the young girl finds herself obliged to face the problem of taking care of her mother and herself. A convent in Dublin affords an opening for Rosette to begin teaching, and through this convent and the happy, holy souls she encounters there she reaches the solution of the question that had often come to her as to what her future should be.

The book is altogether charming in its simple, happy recital of ordinary incidents, and is one of the all too limited number of novels being issued at the present day that can be warmly recommended.

The Poetry of Life. By Bliss Carmen. L. C. Page & Co. Boston.

We have in the above volume a collection of essays on Poetry and the Poet, both analytical and æsthetic, together with some critical appreciations of the poetical names and efforts of the last century.

The essays are thoughtful and interesting, and delivered in pregnant fascinating prose. There is considerable display of analytical power though it is not altogether without that inconsiderateness of tone so common in modern essays which have more sound than depth—as, for instance, in the swift passing statement in which he identifies religion with art.

When it comes to the author's æsthetic appreciation of poetry whether in the abstract or concrete, we have no stint in our praise of him. Both his ear and his judgment are those of a poet to the manner born we see clearly—even were not the music of his own sonnets ready in our ears to remind us that it is true.

Famous Irishwomen. By Katharine A. O'Keeffe O'Mahoney. Lawrence Publishing Company. 1907.

Irish women famous before the world for bravery, for virtues, intellectual gifts, and marked executive ability in various lines are the subjects of the series of sketches forming this volume. The selections are made from all periods in Ireland's history, going as far back as pagan Ireland to Macha of "the red tresses," the beautiful daughter of Red Hugh who was Ireland's High King early in the fourth century before Christ. Here, too is Deirdre, the lovely and hapless, of whom the chief Druid prophesied at her birth, "a sword is this girl, and a flame that will burn up Ulster; on her account will the Red Branch be torn asunder."

Saint Bridget, Margaret O'Carroll of the fifteenth century, Grace O'Malley of Queen Elizabeth's troubled reign, and many another heroine of history is recalled. Nor are the claims of modern women overlooked—women who have ventured from their native land in cause of education, through missionary zeal, and the other noble aims that stir religious to make new foundations and extend the sphere of their usefulness. Among these we find Sister Julia, the Provincial of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, founder of Trinity College. The concluding chapter is devoted to some of the literary American women of Irish blood.

The Education of Our Girls. By Thomas Edward Shields, Ph.D. Benziger Bros. New York. 1907.

"The problems which are discussed in these pages are among the most important with which the educationalist, in theory and in practice, is called to deal," says His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, who writes the Preface to Dr. Shields' book. "While it is universally acknowledged that the education of women should be as perfect as possible, and should therefore be shaped in accordance with natural needs, and based on the most improved methods, it is not so clear just how this education is to be imparted in such a way as to bring out in their full value and beauty the special endowments of woman."

The most helpful means of reaching a final solution is found in the presentation and comparison of different views, His Eminence asserts, and he considers that Dr. Shields has done this "in a pleasing and effectual manner by bringing forward in his book typical representatives of opposite schools of thought concerning co-education."

The discussions take place in the most informal manner by the fireside of Miles O'Brien's hospitable home. Miss Geddes has the opening word, and she makes a strong argument for co-education.

Professor Shannon adroitly passes the chal-

lenge on to Dr. Studevant, and the discussion waxes warm, presenting so many difficulties that Mrs. O'Brien prudently interrupts it with crackers, cheese and coffee, and a further consideration of the problem is deferred to the next meeting. Miss Geddes has a rather hard time to hold her position against the allied forces, but Mrs. O'Brien comes to her aid occasionally with a tactful homely bit of remonstrance such as "Oh, it's easy for you to talk, Miles, but you keep the whole house waiting on you when you are dressing. Your studs have to be put in for you, and your tie fastened, and the dear knows all. Women aren't a bit slower in dressing than men are." The lady of the house is not so much troubled by woman's rights as to keep the peace among the various elements around her hearth, and she always appears at the right moment with her crackers and cheese. Thus when the doctor is giving free play to his views "for the children of different social *laminæ*" she interrupts genially: "Pardon me for interrupting you, Doctor, Miles is looking hungry, and we will all enjoy the rest of this conversation better around the dining-room table."

"Some Physical Sex Characteristics," "The Grading of School Children," "Co-Education and Marriage," "Cultural Development of the Sexes," "Men and Women Allies," "The Social Claim," and "Family Claim, "The Vocations of Woman," "Domestic Science," "Woman's College of the Future" and the "Homemakers of the Future", are some of the topics threshed out in Miles O'Brien's drawing-room. Dr. Studevant has the last word, and it is a strong one, advocating the education of Catholic women in schools for women and along the lines demanded by woman's nature. "If they are to remain faithful children of the Church and models of civic and social virtue to the women of the nation their education must be completed in distinctively Catholic schools. All that is finest and sweetest and noblest in woman withers and dies in coeducational universities from which Jesus Christ and the saving truths of His Gospel are banished."

Christine and Other Poems. By George Henry Miles. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1907.

In the first of the poems printed in this volume the writer has undertaken to give an example of that reversion from the modern to the mediæval spirit which in England and Germany, where it most flourished, is called the Romantic School. "Christine'' finds its inspiration in the days of the Troubadors, the Crusaders and the ages of Faith; and the poem owes its origin to a romantic incident of the poet's early career, interestingly narrated in the preface.

The second poem, "The Sleep of Mary," renders into vivid and touching verse a legend of Jerusalem concerning the assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It won the prize offered for the best poem founded on this event. The third and last of the poems, "Amin," has its scene laid in Egypt during the times immediately following the Moslem Conquest. The whole action of the poem takes place in the valley of the Nile, the first canto being occupied with the descent of the river and the second with certain events at Cairo. A lack of careful structure and finish occasionally shown in the poem will be condoned when it is known that the author was only twenty-four years old when he wrote it; in view of the fine quality of the greater part of the verse it is worthy of a place with the poet's maturer works.

The Boys of Baltimore. By A. A. Stavert. Burns & Oates. London. 1907.

The experiences of Terry and Jerry, the twin sons of Colonel Gerald Wentworth of Castle Dunnore, Munster, Ireland, in the time of King Charles I., will please not only the young friends to whom the book is dedicated, but all the boys whose good fortune it may be to read the story. It is sufficient to excite interest to know that the chapters deal with such subjects as an Irish school, a smuggler's cave, a raid on Baltimore, on board a pirate ship, in the slave market of Algiers, thrilling escapes, and other events which the youth of to-day will find as thrilling as did Jerry and Terry.

The Sunday-School Teacher's Guide to Success. By Rev. Patrick J. Sloan. Benziger Bros. New York. 1908. 75 cents.

The purpose of this book is to set forth briefly and simply the principles and methods which have been found most helpful to the teachers in Catholic Sunday schools. The rapid development of the Catholic Sunday school has necessarily increased the amount of work, and the difficulty of securing capable teachers is a problem that frequently confronts the pastor. Father Sloan gives practical suggestions for the training of teachers, and devotes a number of chapters to the consideration of such points as the Sunday school teacher's mission and reward, responsibility, fitness for the task, training, use of reference books, success in class methods, and personal influence.

Throughout the manual the teacher is spoken of as being of the masculine gender, though there are very few parishes where men conduct the Sunday school classes, and were it not for the young women—particularly the young women of limited leisure, to their honor be it said—many a pastor would be obliged to close his Sunday school for the lack of teachers.

Irish Songs. A Collection of Airs Old and New. Edited and arranged by N. Clifford Page. Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, Mass. 1907. Cloth $1.25. Paper 50 cents.

Here is a collection of Irish Songs for March —and every month in the year, for there is no season when such musical words and musical settings will not be appreciated. To glance

at the names of the song writers is enough to make one eager to turn the pages of the book and renew acquaintance with many a popular Irish song, from the days of Moore, and Lover, and Father Prout, down to our own day.

Sheer Pluck and Other Stories. By Rev. David Bearne, S. J. 1908. 85 cents.
Around the World. Vol. IV. 85 cents.
A Pilgrim From Ireland. By Rev. Maurus Carnot, O.S.B. Translated by Mary E. Mannix. 45 cents.
My Lady Beatrice. By Frances Cooke. 1908. $1.25.

Four more books from Benziger Brothers, to make leisure hours pass quickly in new scenes and in the best of company. The twenty-three stories collected under the title "Sheer Pluck" will increase the young people's stock of saint-lore, and in reading of these holy men and boys they cannot fail to learn many a useful lesson for the guidance of their own lives. The reverend author is so used to boys that he knows just how to treat them, and never fails to entain, while he also instructs them.

The latest volume of the "Around the World" series covers a great deal of ground—the land of the Esquimaux, through Canada, and into the United States to California, with numerous pauses on the way to note interesting features and events.

Mrs. Mannix makes an admirable translation of Father Carnot's charming story, "A Pilgrim from Ireland." Retaining the quaint and beautiful simplicity with which the author related every incident the translator reveals to us the snow-capped mountains, the green valleys, and the streams with their mossy banks; she introduces to us the venerable Sigisbert, the sturdy Ratos, and the gentle Columbin, who fell among robbers, and gives us a share in their labors and adventures. We regret when the last page announces midnight and the end of the story.

"My Lady Beatrice" is a sweet, sunny-tempered unspoiled city girl, who while seeking more rugged health in the country finds also the secret of happiness. She has the good sense to recognize the unprofitable and fleeting character of the pleasures of the social circle to which she belongs, and has no hesitancy in choosing for a life partner a sturdy young farmer in preference to Dion Halsted, the scion of wealth and social ambitions.

The Little Colonel's Knight Comes Riding. By Annie Fellows Johnston. L. C. Page & Co. Boston.

In her latest book Mrs. Johnston has culminated her "Little Colonel Stories" in a way worthy of her high reputation. The work is in her peculiar style, brimful of attractive girlishness of the most real kind while the graver touches are strong and noble in feeling. The ending is done with a grace and tenderness which it would be hard to surpass.

Mrs, Johnston's writing must be classed as household fiction of the highest and purest kind, and we cannot but regret that there is not more of its kind to engage the attention and elevate the affections of present day fiction-lovers, old as well as young.

Sodality Manual. Pustet & Company. New York. 1908. 25 cents.

This little manual compiled from approved sources contains all that is necessary for sodalists,—the various rules, forms of admission, and prayers; it is also a complete prayer-book. The entire contents make a volume of vest-pocket size.

The Catholic Hall and the Catholic Chaplain at Non-Catholic Colleges and Universities. Price 15 cents.

This is a pamphlet of some sixty-odd pages, containing a series of controversial letters, which were published consecutively in the *Catholic Universe* of Cleveland, Ohio, from May to August, 1907. The controversy was started by the announcement that Bishop McQuaid of Rochester had been considering a plan for the erection of a Catholic Hall at Cornell University. Some regarded his project as a prudent necessity, others as a rash venture. Both sides of the question are expounded and defended by able champions in the pamphlet above mentioned. Though the Bishop of Rochester has long since abandoned his idea, the controversy still rages with unabated warmth, and the question is fast assuming national dimensions on account of the principles involved. The pamphlet under review is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject.

Church Music,. The Dolphin Press. Philadelphia, Pa.

The January number of this interesting magazine is called the Lenten number, and includes in its contents Liturgical Notes on Ash Wednesday and the first Sunday in Lent; a second paper on Gregorian Rhythm, by Dom Andre Mocquereau, O.S.B. Odes to Organists, by H. T. Henry; The Art of Accompanying Plain Chant, by Max Springer; The Boston Diocesan Music Commission; and a variety of other topics discussed more briefly in Letters to the Editor; Chronicle and Comment; Notes; and Publications Reviewed. The Musical Supplement gives the Kyrie, Gloria, and Credo of the Mass in honor of St. Augustine, for treble, tenor and baritone, with organ accompaniment by Max Hohnerlein.

The International Catholic Truth Society renews its offer to supply kindly disposed persons with addresses of poor isolated Catholics to whom to remail Catholic papers and magazines. The simple plan of "passing" on Catholic periodicals and books is now an acknowledged factor in missionary work to supplement the labors of the priest in his scattered missions, and the letters of gratitude sent to the Society from persons so benefited attest to the great good done by this simple means. For addresses of persons to whom to remail address the "International Catholic Truth Society, 373 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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SPRING.

"We, too, shall rise, as did our risen Lord.
And He Himself will be our great reward."

Donahoe's Magazine

Vol. LIX. APRIL, 1908. No. 4

RESURRECTION.

BY REV. P. J. CORMICAN, S.J.

I.

The earth is dead and wrapped in spotless shroud,
The sapless life is chilled in shrub and tree,
With snowy plume the hardy pine is bowed,
Nor bud nor flower is seen on lawn or lea.
The erstwhile babbling brook is hushed as death,
And motionless the myriad-rippled lake;
The birds have southward flown from Winter's breath,
And songless now are wood and copse and brake.
The land from end to end is bleak and drear,
And all its dormant life is cold and sere.

Where are the perfumed many-colored flowers
That decked our gardens and refreshed our eyes?
The rambler rose and woodbine of our bowers,—
Will they regain their matchless scents and dyes?
The snow begins to melt, and see! the plain
And woodland teem with skeletons of things.
Will sapless roots and branches bloom again,
When Summer northward comes on sunny wings?
What earthly eye can find, by skill or toil,
The vanished last-year hues within the soil?

But Summer comes, and what a wondrous change!
With magic wand she calls from out the land
Her fairy forms, her visions passing strange;
And lo! they spring to life at her command.
The voiceless brook regains its former speech;
The songless grove is tuneful as before;
The foliage comes to maple, birch and beech;
The lawn is robed in velvet green once more.
What power can draw from out the sluggish clod
Such witching tints and shapes save only God?

II.

A seer in vision saw what made him grieve,
A valley filled with bones of thousand slain.
The Lord addressed him thus: "Dost thou believe,
O son of man, these bones shall live again?"
He answered: "Lord, you know and You alone."
A stir was straightway felt, a noise was heard;
Then bone did leap to meet its fellow-bone,
And sinew came to bind the bones that stirred.
A fourfold wind next blew upon the slain:
Behold, the dead have come to life again!

An angel clad in cloud, one foot on land
And one on sea, a rainbow on his head,
His face as fire, a trumpet in his hand,
In tones of thunder called: "Arise, ye dead,
And come to judgment all." The peal was heard
In hell and ocean depths and mountain caves;
And straightway, at the angel's piercing word,
The dead awoke from sleep and quit their graves.
Dust leapt to dust, bone sprang to fit its bone;
And millions stood before the great white throne.

With lightning speed the doom of weal or woe
  Is flashed and writ on every open brow;
The wicked shriek and flee to depths below;
  The faithful found receive their guerdon now.
The just are clad in gorgeous robes and bright;
  Their sighs are now forgot, their tears are dried;
Their faces beam with God's reflected light,
  And every mortal sense is glorified.
We, too, shall rise as did our risen Lord,
And He Himself will be our great reward.

S. Pepys Cockerell.

MESSENGERS OF GOD.

BY F. L. MARTIN.

The ministry of angels to men is the theme of many a picture, legend and poem; and no more beautiful theme could engage one's thoughts,—particularly at this time when the message of the angel at the tomb to the weeping Magdalen is so vividly recalled.

The story of the works of the angels presents them as heavenly guides, protectors, choristers in heavenly courts, and messengers between heaven and earth, obeying the mandates of One Who was Himself called "The Great Angel of the Will of God."

"There is scarcely a truth more plainly and more often written in the pages of the Bible from beginning to end than that of the existence of angels," writes

the Rev. H. G. Hughes, in "A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching." "Much moreover is there told us concerning their origin, their nature, their present state, and their occupations; so that if we believe in the Bible at all we must believe in those beings of another world.

This particular teaching of the Church and the Holy Scriptures no more than any other has escaped the attacks of modern criticism. Unbelievers have endeavored to discredit the very strong testimony which we possess in the records of the Old Testament to the belief of the Jewish people on this subject, by representing their doctrine concerning angels as having been borrowed by them from the heathen people among whom they lived in captivity, and particularly from the Persians. But it has not been difficult for Catholic and Christian scholars to show that the people of Israel had nothing to learn from other races on this matter. There is, it is true, a resemblance between the system of Persian mythology and that of the Holy Scriptures in regard to angels; but it is no more than a resemblance; and inspired authors of the Old Testament had written of angels long before their countrymen came in connection with the Persians. A similar objection has been made against the doctrine of angels as taught by the Christian Church. Christians, it is declared, borrowed many of their ideas on this subject from the old pagan religions of Greece and Rome. The only ground for this statement is found in the fact not always sufficiently taken into account, namely that not in their doctrines but in the *verbal* and *pictorial* expressions of their doctrines the early Christians made use of symbolisms which they sometimes borrowed from the more innocent elements of the old religions."

The cherubim who guarded the entrance to Eden after the fall of our first

Correggio. ANGELS.

Reynolds. CHERUB CHOIR.

Shields. ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

parents; the heaven-sent messengers who delivered Lot and his family from the city of Sodom; the record of Jacob's dream who saw the angels of God ascending and descending between heaven and earth by a ladder; and the sacred words of Our Lord Himself Who so loves children that He strictly enjoins that they be not despised, "for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father who is in heaven,"—all bear witness to the existence of these exponents of God's wisdom, power and beauty, "abiding in the immediate presence of God and radiant with the splendors shed over them by the Beatific Vision."

And in the Book of the Apocalypse how great a part is played by the angels. The teaching of the Church is explicit concerning a fact so plainly stated in God's written word. "God," declares the Vatican Council, "of His own free counsel in the beginning of time created from nothing . . . both spiritual and corporeal creatures, angels, that is to say, and the world, and lastly man composed of both body and soul."

The Hebrews, believing in the angels as personal guardians and avengers, regarded one in particular as the appointed protector of their nation and religion. He was named the Prince and appeared to Abraham at the door of his tent at Mamre, promising to him a posterity like the stars in heaven, and to Joshua at Jericho; and again and again his apparition marked decisive periods in the history of God's people. To the prophet Daniel he came as a being of dazzling perfection, to announce under what auspices the affairs of the world were then being conducted, and giving the name of him to whose charge the people of God had been committed, "Michael your prince."

He was regarded as the protector of the Israelites. He is now considered the protector of the Church. This great

Guido Reni. THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL AND THE DRAGON.

Mary M. Macomber.

ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

archangel was the prince of the faithful angels who opposed Lucifer and his associates in their revolt against God. Constantine the Great built a famous church in honor of St. Michael and in it miracles were performed through his intercession. Four churches in honor of him stood in Constantinople, and the number was afterward increased to fifteen. Michaelmas Day is mentioned among the great feasts of the Saxon chronicle.

It is related that in 493 St Michael appeared to the Bishop of Apulia, Italy, commanding him to build the church on Monte Gargano, which has ever since been a place of pilgrimage. A still more imposing apparition occurred in 590 when Rome was devastated by pestilence, and Gregory the Great ordered a three days' procession, in which all Rome joined as penitents, nobles and plebians, fathers and mothers with their children, monks and nuns, and abbots and abbesses. Gregory himself walked barefooted, and the Madonna of St. Luke was carried as a banner. On the third day, as the procession was passing the mausoleum of Hadrian, the Pontiff, raising his eyes, saw the Archangel Michael on its summit sheathing his sword, as if he had come triumphant from the battlefield of death. From that moment the plague ceased. A church was dedicated there in honor of St. Michael and the mausoleum has since borne the name of Castle Angelo. By order of Benedict XIV. a statue was erected there, more than 1150 years after the apparition, and may be seen to-day with its "vast wings poised in air, against the deep blue sky of Rome or lighted up by its golden sunset," and still seeming like a vision.

In 1469 a military order was instituted in St. Michael's honor in France; and after the Norman conquest devotion to St. Michael was naturally carried into England, and churches dedicated to this archangel abound in all the towns and

H. Ruland. ANGEL OF DEATH.

Walter Seymour. ANNUNCIATION ANGEL.

cities along the southern and eastern shores. There is also a Mount St. Michael on the coast of Cornwall; in fact there are few cities in Christendom which do not contain one or more churches dedicated to the warrior archangel.

In all representations of St. Michael in art he is "of severe youthful beauty." The earlier works robed him in white with many colored wings, and lance surmounted by a cross. In later repretentations, in the age of chivalry, he is the angelic paladin in coat of mail with sword, and spear, and shield; and from his shoulders spring two resplendent wings. In this guise he stands by the throne of the Madonna or worships at the feet of the Divine Infant, "an exquisite allegory of spiritual and intellectual power protecting purity and adoring innocence."

But the single figures of St. Michael usually represent him as combining the two great characters of captain of the heavenly host and conqueror of the powers of hell. He is armed, his foot on Lucifer, who is either in half-human or dragon form, and he is about to pierce him with his lance, or chain him down.

Another interpretation of St. Michael shows him winged and unarmed holding in his hand the balance. It is this representation which James Russell Lowell embodies in his poem, "St. Michael, The Weigher."

> Stood the tall Archangel weighing,
> All man's dreaming, doing, saying,
> All the failure and the pain,
> All the triumph and the gain,
> In the unimagined years,
> Full of hopes, more full of tears,
> Since old Adam's conscious eyes,
> Backwards searched for Paradise,
> And instead the flame-blade saw
> Of inexorable law.

Murillo. THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

THE ANGEL AT THE TOMB.

Falero. TO A BETTER WORLD.

Anderson. ANGELS.

In a dream I marked him there,
With his fire-gold flickering hair,
In his blinding armor stand,
And the scales were in his hand;
Mighty were they, and full well
They could poise both heaven and hell.
"Angel," asked I humbly then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men?
That thine office is I know."
"Nay," he answered me, "not so;
But I weigh the hope of man
Since the power of choice began
In the world of good or ill."
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race,
Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast,
Gems the wonder of the East,
Kublai's scepter, Cæsar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science vain
To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast, few,
Martyr-ash, arena-sand,
Of St. Francis' cord a strand,
Disillusions and despairs,

Raphael. SISTINE MADONNA ANGELS.

Tessier.

THE ANGELS' LULLABY.

Fra Angelico. ANGEL WITH TRUMPET.

Of young saints with grief-greyed hairs,
Broken hearts that break for man.

Marvel through my pulses ran
Seeing then the beam divine
Swiftly on this hand decline.
While earth's splendor and renown
Mounted light as thistle down.

Turning from St. Michael to Gabriel, "the strength of God," whose body was like the chrysolite, and whose "voice was like the voice of a multitude," we contemplate this angel most beloved by artists,—the "Angel of the Annunciation" and the "Angel of the Redemption." He is clothed with a loveliness that for twenty centuries inspired workers have sought to reproduce by brush or chisel or in mosaic. The fruit of their labors is seen in many a shrine. No religious subject is more widely known or more generally admired than that of the Annunciation in which the angel, beaming with the joy of heaven, salutes the Blessed Virgin.

The Archangel Raphael is prince of the guardian angels, guide of travelers, promoter and protector of holy wedlock.

He is glorious midst the angels,
Midst the highest there in heaven,
Standing almost in the furnace,
One of God's selected Seven!
He is special in his beauty;
Like unto him there is none;
Tender, patient, and pathetic,
Dear Saint Raphael stands alone

. . . . . .

Thou art Raphael the Healer,
Thou art Raphael the Guide,
Thou art Raphael the Comrade
Aye at human sorrow's side.

. . . . . .

O thou human-hearted Seraph!
How I long to see thy face,
Where in silver showers of beauty
God bedews thee with His grace!
But I see thee now in spirit
Mid the Godhead's silent springs,
With a soft eternal sunset
Sleeping ever on thy wings."

—*Faber.*

In the Book of Tobias Raphael's office as guide of travelers is set forth in his ministrations to the young Tobias. He is the healing angel, the "Medicine of God," and it is under this aspect that he becomes the patron of physicians. The devotional figures of Raphael represent him in pilgrim dress with staff and wallet —the angel of the journey. Again he hovers near Tobias and the young wife Sarah—making a wondrous story of sweet human affection as well as heavenly grace. "Never," says Eliza Allen Starr, "has the fidelity of art to the Written Word, to the cherished oral traditions of thousands of years, been more beautifully exemplified than in the masterpieces we have cited, inspired as they have been by Raphael, that most gracious, most amiable of archangels."

We come now to the guardian angels of whose mission the same author speaks as follows:

"Before the mother knew that another immortal soul had been created, had been committed to her care, to take flesh of her flesh, to be clothed by her with a body which, mortal as it must be, is to rise again united to its own soul as an undying existence,—at the very moment of this miracle of conception—a miracle still, though every hour and moment enacted the world over,—at this very moment, unconscious as the mother may have been, one of the shining angels before the throne of God was deputed to be the guardian of this newly created soul, its protector until its birth; its protector during its infancy, its youth, its manhood or womanhood; from which no circumstance in life could separate it; no temptation, not even sin; protecting it against evil spirits at the hour of death; defending it against malicious accusers at the bar of judgment; consoling it amid the pains of purgatory. One place only this faithful guardian does not enter, one anguish only is it not allowed to mitigate; the gate which closes upon the sinner condemned to everlasting punishment being the only one which closes upon the guardian angel, while it joyfully conducts its charge to Paradise itself and its everlasting joys, the friend, the companion of the beloved soul through all the cycles of eternity."

The guardian angel is therefore a subject dear to artists. They love to depict sleeping infants in the angels' care; or toddling children whose feeble steps are taken under heavenly guidance, and from whom dangers are averted through the ever vigilant care of their celestial guides.

For a homely illustration of the guardian angel as a comforter we may take that exquisite little poem, "The Angel's Whisper" in which the sleeping infant receives from its guardian angel assurance of the safety of its father at sea. Having interpreted aright the smile on the infant's face the weeping mother dries her tears:

Her beads while she number'd, the baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"Oh! blest be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me—
And say thou would'st rather they'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

Lover.

Another tender little poem, "Comforted," portrays the angel of death bearing from earth a beloved child, which he places safely in the Blessed Virgin's arms:

The angel took the little child,
And bore him past the shining ranks
Of singers and of harpers, past
The golden streets and lilied banks,
Upon a quiet, restful place,
Where Mary sat, with wistful eyes
And tender smile and outstretched hands,
To welcome him to Paradise!

He was so small and mother-lost.
So dazzled, and so half-afraid,
He could not bear the bliss of heaven,
Or view the hosts in white arrayed,
Until the clasping, loving arms
And gentle voice dispelled his fears,
And dimmed the memory of pain,
And dried the last faint trace of tears.

He nestled close against the heart—
The mother-heart where Christ once lay,
And felt the blessedness of peace
Balm all his hurts and griefs away;
And Mary sang until he smiled,
And rocked him till with life elate
He faced the wonders and the joys
And splendors of his high estate!
—*Emma A. Lente.*

And how unceasing are the labors of these holy ones:

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
And come to succor us that succor want?
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul friends, to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch, and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant
And all for love, and nothing for reward!
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such regard!"
—*Spenser.*

In "The Dream of Gerontius" the guardian angel who has had the supreme happiness of bringing his charge with him to heaven thus records his achievement:

My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleluia,
For evermore.

My Father gave
In charge to me
This child of earth
E'en from its birth,
To serve and save,
Alleluia,
And saved is he.

This child of clay
To me was given,
To rear and train
By sorrow and pain
In the narrow way,
Alleluia,
From earth to heaven.

And the soul in turn tells of the work of the angel, of the strong and pure celestial life and of the keen ecstatic love of God which informs the angels of His will, empowering them to sympathize with mortals in their sorrow, rejoice when they are reclaimed from evil ways, and conduct the souls of the just to heaven when earthly life is over—the triumph which the angel of Gerontius acclaims in these words:

We have gained the stairs
Which rise towards the Presence-chamber; there
A band of mighty Angels keep the way
On either side, and hymn the Incarnate God.

LEFT BEHIND.

BY MARGARET CHADWICK.

To those who remember New York of forty years ago, few names will be more familiar than that of the hero of this little story. Many will recall his imposing, eminently prosperous, figure and general air of what the French so expressively call *bien-etre* as he took his daily walk along Fifth Avenue. This was one of his chief pleasures, after the stormy efforts of a politician earnestly striving for truth and honesty among the degenerate group so well known as the Ring—many of whom deservedly spent the time in which they were not plundering their city in the seclusion of the jail or wandering fugitive upon the face of the earth.

John Hilton's well-known and honorable sobriquet would at once reveal his identity to the reader, and, therefore, may not be mentioned while lifting the veil from his domestic life; not indeed that it can matter much to one who, having out-lived his family, has himself long since gone to rest.

We, that is our elders, knew John Hilton very slightly for some time,—though he was a comparatively near neighbor in that pleasant summer village where so many New Yorkers spent their summers—until the night of a mighty storm, during which my father was terribly injured at the beach and was carried home unconscious by some of the sorrowing villagers.

He had gone through a terrible experience. While enjoying his welcome swim after the heat and dust of a day in the city he was caught in the water by a tornado so terrific as to be still remembered in the village as the "great storm." Despite his prowess as a swimmer he had much difficulty in getting out of the water and into his bathing house, where he was hastily dressing, when he felt the house lifted into the air and carried out to sea. Using his utmost strength he tried vainly to force the door, preferring the lesser evil of battling with the waves rather than being drowned helpless in the hut. Instead the in-going waves tossed him back to the beach where the bathing house with its heavy planks was dashed to pieces, severely injuring poor father who was found beneath the ruins, apparently beyond aid.

Real medical or rather surgical help there was none; the little village doctor frankly confessed his incapacity, and advised mother to telegraph for New York's greatest surgeon, without a moment's delay.

It was advice which, while excellent, proved almost impossible to follow. The different men appealed to flatly refused to go out with their horses on such a night to a station twelve miles away. "Raynor's barn has been carried away," they said, and "Mrs. Rogers, her house was lifted over the fence and flung right into the next field." It was a question of life and death and no one responded to the appeal; indeed, mother hardly felt justified in asking any one to imperil his life, and yet, as the doctor declared, every moment rendered my father's plight more desperately dangerous.

Imagine, therefore, mother's mingled feelings when John Hilton appeared at our gate with his superb black horses, long the admiration of the village, a pair of pampered equine darlings hitherto shel-

tered from every kind of hardship. Yes, he was going. He simply laughed at the idea of danger, and begged my mother to take courage. "As fast as man might he would, with God's help, bring back the doctor."

And he did. In the early dawn they came—the great surgeon, calm and gentle, taking hold of the situation with that skill so inspiring to anxious watchers, while John Hilton stood behind him in the doorway grimly smiling with that truest happiness, the consciousness of a service rendered to a fellow creature.

Small wonder that what had hitherto been a merely bowing acquaintance strengthened as far as John Hilton and our people were concerned, into a friendship ending only with their lives. But it was apparently frowned upon by Mrs. Hilton, a seemingly sullen, and very plain woman, whose every word, and they were ungraciously few, denoted complete illiteracy.

She was always distinctly disagreeable to visitors, and even mother, who had the happy faculty of winning friends at every turn, found her visits to the wife, despite all her gratitude to the husband, a veritable penance.

Poor, misunderstood Mrs. Hilton! We all remember her as she trailed up the aisle on Sundays in her husband's wake, her gaunt, high-shouldered figure frightfully over-dressed, in dreadful contrast to the simple costumes affected by the other ladies at the seaside. And I am afraid that she and her wonderful bonnets very often served to amuse the youngsters during the somewhat lengthy sermons of our parish pastor.

She would kneel, poor woman, piously saying her beads, evidently unmindful of the preacher, her eyes lifted to the beautiful altar-piece brought from one of the Italian cities. For among other instances of culture John Hilton was somewhat celebrated for his taste in art and dearly loved to enrich this little church for which he had a peculiar affection.

A summer or two later, when my father, who had never fully recovered from his accident, was dead, and my mother a sorrowing widow, Mrs. Hilton's health began to fail, and with the first autumn winds she gave up her slender hold on life and lay quietly expecting the end.

"Do you know poor Ellen would like very much to see you," her husband said to my mother one day on the way from church. "You see she is a very shy, retiring nature and takes to few, and I shall be more grateful than I can tell if you will come and sit with her sometimes. She is very, very lonely."

Needless to say mother from that time forth devoted part of each day to the invalid, who received her gratefully, although with a certain constraint at first, which, however, soon melted away under the warmth of mother's sympathy. She would lie watching her husband with a wistful devotion, most touching to see, and one evening as—after carefully arranging some flowers and a cool drink on the table beside the bed—he softly closed the door and left her with mother she looked after him, the tears stealing down her cheeks.

"My poor, kind John!" she said faintly. "He will soon be free;" then catching my mother's hand as it lay beside hers on the coverlet she unburdened her heart to her of her sad little life story.

"Let me tell you, dear," she said. "It'll do me good, for I lie here thinkin', think-

in' of all that's come and gone, so that it's just eatin' the heart out of me, and not one I dared to speak to.

"You see, dear, what a fine, handsome gentleman John is now—none finer I think (with pathetic pride) and as good as he's handsome.

"Oh, well! he was always that, though things was different with us once—Listen! is there any of them servants listenin', d'ye think?"

Mother reassuring her she went on:

"Sure, dear, we were just boy and girl when we knew each other first in Kinsale, and us livin' two doors or so away. Ye mind the little cabins ye'd see in Ireland with the thatch on them and the weeny bit of a window near the door?

"Well, that was the kind of place we was raised in, and plenty of the black hunger and cold and rain were that-a-way. We'd be spendin' half th' night tryin' t' patch th' thatch over us, and scarcely a bit of meat or a potato in the house.

"John was courtin' me then"—she paused wistfully, looking at the wedding ring on her wasted hand, "but there wasn't any thought of marryin' for there was little earnin', and what he'd get must go to his own, and why not?

"But his poor mother died, God rest her! A kind, good woman, and a fine, clever head she had and left to her son. You'll see it in him learnin' quick; and the cabin—no matter how poor she'd be—would be like a new pin, for it was a sayin' she had that she'd never sit down under trouble but rise up against it, and it's what he's done all his life as she bid.

"Well, dear, he went away then with the hop-pickers to England where there was work. And the way he worked! Didn't he make far more than the wages the others was getting, and says he when he come back 'It was thinkin' of my Ellen put the heart in me, and we'll be asked on Sunday.'

"And so we were, and married before the month was out, and seein' as there was no way at all of doin' in Kinsale we come out here to this country, one neighbor and another strippen' themsels as you might call it, to help us along. There was one woman—an' a good woman she was, didn't she give us a fine, large feather bed she had, she havin' been a lady's maid at the hall, and Mrs. Leonard there giving her two when she was married. But see now, it was raining when we went aboard ship, pouring rain, and it was days before my poor bed dried in the sun. But there were lots like us, God help them!

"I keep thinkin' of all these things, dear, lyin' here in this fine, grand bed, and servants waitin' for me to order them, and it's like a queer dream I've been in all these years, but not sayin' a word to a soul for fear it'd shame John that's so different from me.

"We felt poor and lonely enough standin' there in Castle Garden, lookin' for work and afraid of th' night comin' on. But God was good, and there was one and another kind to us; and Father Sweeny he came in there an' got talkin,' and didn't he know Father Dolan, our priest, havin' been at Kinsale three weeks in a summer.

"God bless him! he got John his first job—settin' grates, and from that time he was never without work; and we took a tidy little room with a widow, a Mrs. Maloney, from the next parish, and if we weren't glad to be so well settled.

"Well, you may believe me John stuck to his work, gettin' extra jobs whenever

he could, workin' over-time; and it was a pound of tea or a bit of nice bacon, or some little treat, he'd bring me whenever he got a little more like that. But what he'd buy for himself 'd be an old second-hand book he'd get maybe for a cent or two off some stall, and he'd sit studyin' over it till the morning'd be breakin', learnin' himself to read and write. There was a boy lived in the same house, he was studyin' to be a teacher, and he was that wastin' poor, that he was glad to earn any trifle John could give him, for helpin' him along with the learnin', and offered to teach me, too, if I'd like. And oh dear, I *tried*, I tried hard, tilll my head'd be dizzy and achin', and the letters dancin' before my eyes; and what I'd learn one day, 'd be gone the next, till I'd be ashamed before Mr. Duggan (that was the young man's name) till John saw the way it was; and he took the books away from me, and says he:—

"'Don't be frettin' yourself tryin' to learn, my poor Ellen. It's different for a man that's got to make his way in the world; but there's no need, thank God, for my poor girsha to be wearin' herself out, and me gettin' on so well.'

"But och! didn't I know it was his kind heart speakin' all the time. Well, dear; things went on better from year to year—it 'd be a long story in the tellin'. It was a fine big foundry John was workin' in, and they thought the world of him there, he was that steady and clever; till at last, one of the sons dyin', that they were lookin' to, to carry on the business, didn't they take John in a partner.

"Well, if you could see the proud man he was, the day he brought me to the big house on 34th street, with the three servants there waitin' to be ordered about. But sure, I always kept feelin' it wasn't for the likes of me, and it was only unaisy I was, with the servants; and nothin' at all to do but just sit and knit stockin's, for John 'd never wear any but the ones I'd make for he'd say it was poor, rubbishy things you'd *buy*, and that there was no one could make stockin's like me.

"Och! indeed he tried his best to make me happy, and if I ever felt lonely and sore-hearted like, it was never his fault, never once was he ashamed of his poor ignorant wife, and he'd be for takin' me to all that was goin' on, *if I'd go*, but for all that, it's for many years I've been prayin, that I wouldn't live too long.

"Listen, dear, I've been longin' to tell you all this when we'd be alone; and I want you to promise me something. John's fine and strong, you know, and a young man yet, and not a gray hair in his head, thank God.

"Sure, I *know*, for it was only yesterday mornin' I was lookin' to see while he was asleep, and his hair as brown and soft as when he was a boy courtin' me in Kinsale.

"Little did he know what his poor Ellen was thinkin' of; he lyin' there so peaceful, and me cryin' till I couldn't see, thinkin' of us boy and colleen together in the ould land.

"So now take my hand and promise, dear, that when I am dead and gone a while that you'll let him know how wishful I was that (the poor lips quivered and the voice failed) that he'd marry again—a *lady* this time that he'll be proud of. Ah, I'd have no hard feelin's thinkin' of her. No, no, it seems to me that I'd be glad if I could know it, even if it was that I was in heaven.

"And just say to him now and then,

dear, if he'd ever be lookin' sad and lonely, thinkin' of the old times and us so happy together, that it was nothin' but blessin's I left behind me for the kind, good man he was."

* * * * * *

It was only in the course of years when both husband and wife had passed away that we younger ones heard this simple but perhaps too common story. The first wife had been dead—I think it was five years—when John Hilton did marry again a widow of high social standing and great grace of manner, the very wife for a successful politician. But mother always felt—despite her better judgment—a certain grudge against the brilliant second wife, feeling ever the intense pathos of the contrast between her and the faithful, guileless heart beneath the sod.

IN THE OLD DAYS.

BY MARY WEST.

The day is just as fair as yesterday,
  Rose dawn and sunset gold,
Hope in the heart and soulful song all gay,
Heaven overhead and sunshine on the way,
And yet—there is no day like yesterday,
  The yesterday of old.

There is no rose like that of yestereven,
  In beauty and in grace,
None by such dear hands gathered, blessed and given,
None that so holds for us the dreams of Heaven—
Oh, just because it was that yestereven
  None other can displace!

Oh, Time that steals from us our yesterday,
  And brings Death's white rose, cold,
With touch that lingers not, nor brooks delay—
Lead us where dwell forever and for aye
The friends, the flowers, the dreams of yesterday,
  Fled with the days of old.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

Lucretia Smith was an enigma to all her acquaintances.

I say acquaintances advisedly, not friends—because the lady was never known to have called any of the townsfolk by such an affectionate name. Her advent to the village belonged to a period as remote and uncertain as the obscurest dynasty of Egypt. No one knew for a certainty whether there had been such a thing as an advent, or whether she had been associated with the village from the first moment of her peculiar existence. Lucretia vouchsafed no information.

As long as any bona-fide oldest inhabitant could remember the Smith house at the edge of the village was always the Smith house; poor-looking enough now, and battered into the semblance of an historic relic. Yet in spite of its poverty, it was endowed with an aristocratic air that many a costly palace might emulate but never attain.

With the life of the village "Creesha," as everybody called her, had very little to do. An occasional visit to the meeting-house—so occasional, indeed, as to make the mention of it sound like a bit of sarcasm—and a weekly jaunt to the village combination store, constituted the sum of her associations with the people who in spite of their own claims to antiquity were placed by her in one category and called the "newcomers."

Newcomers were they to her forty years before; newcomers would they be to the end of the chapter. At times the members of this despised race sought to break in upon her privacy, but the reception they received was so far from cordial that no one had the courage to tempt fate a second time. Even the Reverend Joel Harlow, who farmed during the week and varied this occupation by occupying the Baptist pulpit on Sunday, met with such a rebuff upon his first attempt to reclaim Lucretia from the burning that not even a crown of glory could persuade him to run a second chance of being a martyr to the cause.

"Pay for that load of hay I let you cut," said Creesha. "Them as don't practice what they preach has no gumption to get up in a pulpit and talk about decent folks as pays their bills."

Mr. Harlow was sorely tempted to put the woman under the ban, but he deemed it quite advisable to wait till he had the money to pay for that hay.

So Lucretia continued her calm, uneventful existence, until one certain August day which brought in its burden of heat and dust a trivial incident that was destined to make history for anyone who would be tempted to record the biography of the unloved and unloving woman.

That special August day she had come in from the berry pastures where she had spent many hours, from early morning filling the milk pail with the choice berries which she alone seemed able to discover. It had been wearying work out under the burning sun, and it was with a sigh of relief she put the pail on the kitchen table and came out again to sit in the shade of the maple that was older even than Lucretia.

As she fanned herself with the pink beribboned sunbonnet—built upon models

long since defunct—musing upon things which she would have been unable to systematize had she cared to impose on herself such a task, her attention was drawn to a boy who came along the dry, dusty road, hesitated at the front gate, and finally had the temerity to venture inside. Lucretia was provoked at a familiarity she never tolerated, yet she did not cease to wave the versatile sunbonnet.

"Well?" she exclaimed, sharply, condensing into one word every question imaginable under such circumstances. Had the boy been sensitive he would have fancied himself deeply hurt by the incisive quality of the lady's voice. But not even that which flayed the townsfolk seemed to deter him in the least from making known his quest.

"Please, ma'am," he said timidly, "I'm terrible dry."

"Are ye? Well, I can't help it. Go over to the pump and help yourself, and *don't* break that cup. There's been dozens and dozens of 'em bruck. I'll have to put a tomato can there, I guess."

The boy paid no attention to her comments. It was sufficient that his request was granted, and the old creaking pump which sent the shivers through the sensitive frame of its proprietor was the sweetest music to his ear.

"Lan' sakes, you were dry, wa'nt you?" she said, forgetting to fan herself in her amazement at seeing the boy drain three cups with scarcely a breath between them.

"Yes'm," said the boy, tenderly resting the handleless, rim-chipped cup on the pump as if it were the daintiest Haviland ware.

"Where'd ye come from?" asked Lucretia as the wayfarer murmured his thanks and started for the gate.

There was a look on the lad's face amid all the dust and perspiration which induced her to question him. She knew him to be a stranger in the town, for if anyone could recite the pedigree of every youth native to the place it was this same Lucretia, who many a time had been the victim of boyish pranks.

"From Hillsboro, ma'am. I walked it."

"Ten miles! my land! and on such a day. No wonder you're dry. Come over here and sit down in the shade. You're just tuckered out."

The boy did not hesitate. The water had revived him, but it had emphasized to him his weariness. Without any more persuasion he threw himself upon the grass within a few feet of Lucretia and perilously near the bonnet on which she had relinquished her hold.

"Don't sit on that bunnet!" she said warningly and so alarmingly that the boy drew away from the pink creation as if it were a snake in the grass.

"Now, tell me," she continued, "what ye doing such a crazy thing a day like this as walking from Hillsboro?"

"I was going to Cliffdale" said the boy.

"Cliffdale! another ten miles! Ain't you any sense at all? It's just like boys."

"I had to."

"Had to? Do you live there?"

"No, ma'am." He hesitated and then added quickly, "I don't live any where in particular—now."

"Bless me! and what's your name?"

"Peter, Peter Dalton. You see," he continued, encouraged by the woman's evident interest in him, "I am an orphan long as I can remember. Dalton ain't my right name. When I was little some one left me at Dalton's farm and they brought me up. Mrs. Dalton was good to me, but she died last year, and

Mr. Dalton died last month, and his cousin up and got the farm and he kicked me out. Somebody said as how I could get work in the mills at Cliffdale, and so I started to walk."

It was an unvarnished tale and as such it reached the heart of the woman who never had been accused of being encumbered with such an organ. She was silent for a moment, looking earnestly at the boy.

"Ten miles," she murmured, "and ten more to go. Why, lad, you ain't strong enough to go and do it. And I bet you ain't had a bite to eat for a long time. Honest?"

"Not since morning," said the boy. I hate to beg."

"Well, you don't need to beg here. Lucretia Smith ain't as black as some folks say. You've gone far enough today. You're a good boy, I can see that. You ain't like the villains of this town. You can stay here tonight and start for Cliffdale in the morning; and now trot into the house and I'll get you a bite. There's twenty quarts of berries anyway, and I picked 'em all myself."

During all that night Lucretia slept but little. There had come into her life a new experience, or rather, the reawakening of the motherly instinct which had been crushed within her when her first and only born had been laid away. She pitied the poor deserted lad who had nobody to care for him, pitied him as if her own litttle boy, who would be grown to manhood now, were in such a plight. What a little chap, indeed, to be thinking of burying his childhood amid the clatter and roar of the mill machinery. These thoughts of Lucretia were long, long thoughts which gradually led her to the formation of a resolution which she shared with her guest when he sat down next morning to the delicious breakfast she had prepared for him.

"So you're going to the Cliffdale mills, to-day?" she said, looking intently at him.

"Yes'm."

"Do they expect you?"

"No, ma'am. I ain't told nobody, but folks says work's a plenty there."

"And if they don't want you—what'll you do then—starve? Here lad, I'm an old woman. I'm all alone, but if I live to be a hundred I ain't a going to starve. How'd ye like to live with me? Yes, I meant it," she continued as she saw his silent surprise. "I like your looks, and folks says a woman must do some good in her life. But it ain't all charity. You can go to school, and church, too, if you want to, and do my chores and I'low as how we'll pull together all right. It's better than working all day long in the dirty mills."

There were tears in the boy's eyes.

"You mean it, ma'am?"

"I never waste time saying things I don't mean."

And so the contract was signed.

They tell me that Lucretia never regretted the bargain she had made with Peter Dalton. The only time there had been the slightest danger of a rupture was on the first Sunday of their partnership, when the boy was getting ready for church

"What church ye going to?" asked Lucretia.

"Catholic," said Peter.

"Catholic!" echoed Lucretia, "and you'll be getting in with them Irish boys that go round plaguing folks and robbing orchards. I'd rather you'd be a Baptist. That's what I was when I used to go to church."

"But I was brought up a Catholic," said Peter, surprised that anybody would suggest such a thing to him as membership in the Baptist church.

"Yes, but still you don't know but what your father and mother were Baptists. Any way I suppose ye'll get good teaching in the Catholic church if ye listen to it. Only if I see you round with them bad Irish boys there'll be an end of our union."

So Peter went to St. Michael's, the little Catholic church of which Father Kelly was the idolized rector. The bright-faced lad who never failed in his catechism soon won his place in the priest's heart, and in a short time there came to him the great reward of being made an altar boy.

That day he hurried home to Lucretia with the good news, bringing to her another boy's cassock and surplice as patterns for the garments she was expected to make for him.

Lucretia was pleased but not very enthusiastic. "Humph!" she said, "So they're going to put girls' clothes on you. I never saw such things with the Baptists. But seeing you want them, I'll tell you that I won't buy such cheap goods as that. If you want a dress, I'll make you a decent one."

It was a marvel, the cassock made by Lucretia; and as to the surplice—no bride's veil ever surpassed it in loveliness.

"There," she said, when they were finished and she made Peter dress up in them, "I'd like to see anyone beat them. You look just like one of them angel pictures. I 'low it's too bad I can't see you wear them in the church."

"You can if you want," said Peter. "Father Kelly's nice and he said to me one day why don't I bring Aunt Lucretia with me to church some day."

"He did, did he," said Lucretia. "Trying to convert me already is he? Well, you tell him I'm a hard-shell Baptist, I am. But seeing he don't object, I think I'll just go Sunday and see how much nicer you look than all them other boys."

That was the reason of Lucretia's presence in St. Michael's. To those who caught sight of the old faded bonnet, peculiar as the woman herself, and therefore unmistakable, her presence there was the occasion of many a surmise. But if Lucretia heard any of the remarks she was philosopher enough to pay no attention to them. She had eyes and ears only for her boy, who, if Lucretia knew anything about the serving of Mass, was superior in every way to the other lads, who must have felt poverty-stricken in comparing their cheap garments with Peter's expensive cassock and surplice.

There were some things in the service which Mrs. Smith did not understand, and it pleased her greatly to think that what puzzled her old head was just as plain as could be to Peter, who knew what to do without anybody telling him.

But the sermon was plain, and full of consolation, as were all of Father Kelly's sermons. The Gospel of the day was about the Good Samaritan. It was the most sublime poetry brought down to the level of the uneducated mind that drank in eagerly the lesson of love the Master gave. None drank it in more eagerly than Lucretia. It awoke tender memories in her soul, and there was a mist before her eyes that persisted in remaining despite her efforts to rub it away with her carefully mended gloves.

"Did I do well, Aunt Lucretia?" asked Peter when they reached home, and he

saw that his guardian had no intention of breaking the silence.

"Lovely, Peter," she said, "till the sermon. After that I couldn't see anything, but think, think all the time of that Good Samaritan. I heard tell of him afore but the priest made him more human-like than I ever thought; and I thought how God must love us if He's anything like what Father Kelly says. Did you pay attention to it?"

"Yes," said Peter, "and every time as he spoke of that good man—what do you call him?—I just thought of you, for you did the same thing. You took in a little feller that nobody else wanted."

"Well," said Lucretia, "if one is to believe the Lord, I suppose these things do count some. But I wish the Lord had told us if that Good Samaritan ever became a real good Christian."

* * * * * * * *

That was the story told me by the Reverend Peter Dalton on the day he was appointed pastor of old St. Michael's, and he took me to drive to see the dilapidated house. Strange faces appeared in the shadow of the old maple tree where Aunt Lucretia loved to sit and fan herself. There was a break in his voice as he reached that part of the story, and he became silent.

"And what was the end?" I asked. "Did she get the light of faith?"

"Yes," he said, "Thank God! Long before I had any intention of entering the priesthood. It was she who led me to the sanctuary. Her earnest faith is the great inspiration of my life. You fellows at the seminary often wonder at my great love for the gospel about the Good Samaritan. You understand now."

I understood well.

JESUS HATH CONQUERED

BY HENRY COYLE.

The Maries brought rare spices and perfume
  At dawn, where He, their Lord and Master lay.
They found Him not—the stone was rolled away—
The watchers gone—and all was wrapped in gloom.
When suddenly a light illumined the room
  Within the rock, with brightness as of day,
  They saw an angel fair, and heard him say:
"The Master is no longer in the tomb!
Fear not, for He is risen from the dead;
  Go forth, tell His disciples what ye see.
  Tell them to seek their Lord in Galilee,
And far and wide the joyful tidings spread:
  Jesus hath conquered—Victor in the strife,
  He is the Resurrection and the Life!"

THE LAST SERMON.

BY HELEN HUGHES.

Oh, Time, how quickly your floods roll and how completely you blot out the weak traces that we poor human children make in our passage!

Here was a noble forest trailing down to the sedgy banks of a swift river; here a log cabin in the shelter of the friendly hemlocks; here a rude chapel on the rising hill, where priest and people prayed in the Gaelic tongue.

What is left to-day?—hardly a name of the old Scottish clan, hardly a grove of the proud forest. Only the river is the same and the faith of the people.

And as an heirloom or keepsake from one generation to another a quiet old graveyard lies on the hill. It was once laid out in a clearing from whence the timber was taken to build the chapel but is now a corner in a field of waving wheat. Here the first pastor lies with his flock, a tall spruce tree keeping watch over his grave now level with the ground.

This was all nearly a hundred and fifty years ago. George the Third was still king, and Pius the Sixth ruled from the chair of Peter. Liberty had found a nursing mother in the young republic of the United States; and Canada, deserted by the mother-country, was in the grip of its natural enemy.

St. John's Island—of so little importance as to attract the attention of neither friend nor enemy—lay ice-bound and white-robed in its winter sleep. Great stretches of black forests enclosed snowy plains or frozen lakes; groves of white birch stood ghastly in the stillness; the rivers flowed under their coat of ice.

The few inhabitants were scattered in settlements in different quarters; some Acadians from the desolated village of Grand Pré were seeking an asylum in the deep woods around Malpeque and Rustico. The aborigines, who were of the Mic Mac tribe of Indians, were wintering in the heavy timber of Lennox Island; Port La Joie had a number of mixed inhabitants, and was the principal post; and at Scotch Fort was settled a band of Highlanders, who had been virtually driven from their own land for conscience sake.

They were the former tenants of McDonald, Laird of Boisdale. A renegade Catholic himself, he tried to force his tenantry into apostasy, even going to such lengths as to stand at the cross roads of a Sunday morning, with his yellow walking stick in his hand, pointing, skirmishing and waving to the people on their way to Mass, in his attempt to direct them to the Kirk which he attended himself.* His tenantry with naive Scottish wit referred to his theological convictions as "the religion of the yellow staff."

At last the strain between landlord and tenant became unbearable. He called a meeting and laid two courses before them—a fair deal in the matter of rent if they would in a body attach themselves to his favorite sect, or terms that practically made it impossible for them to keep body and soul together if they still adhered to their religious convictions.

*MacMillans History of the Early Church on Prince Edward Island.

The brave Highlanders never wavered, at worst, it only meant death.

They went to their comfortless homes and after the first shock was over, they began to talk about the future. One made this suggestion, another that, until at last the various waves of thought crystalized into one grand plan. Across the ocean they heard there was a new land, smiling and fertile, where man might plant and sow and enjoy the fruits of his toil and be free to worship God; and all at once the whole talk of the country-side was of the land beyond the tossing, hoary sea that stretched away to the sunset; even the little children who listened wide-eyed with astonishment to their elders talked of nothing else and played that they were living in a rich land where every one was free and there were no landlords, introducing into their play at the same time as much tyranny as their little hearts and minds were capable of.

But how were they to reach this land of promise! They could not walk across the water, and they had no means. At last Providence appeared in the form of a McDonald, Laird of Glennaladale. Perhaps not without selfish motives he chartered a ship, and Scotland sent forth a quota of that mass of people who were to build up a new world and a new civilization. The great black emigrant ship rode at anchor beyond the breakers and the "strong peasantry—their country's pride"—were gathering their little stock of goods on board—the old resolved but helpless, the young filled with life and new ambition.

Father James McDonald of the parish of Drummond watched the people of Boisdale preparing for their departure. He saw nothing of the worldly advantages that might come to them, but the thought "they will lose their faith" beat on his brain day and night. The very faith for which they were sacrificing all would be forgotten in the strange, wild land to which they were going. He had heard something of the Isle of St. John, the point of their destination. No church, no priest, the old would die without the sacraments, the young would grow up without instructions.

But what could he do—ask a starving people to remain and starve under the shadow of the house of God? At last a light broke on him,—the message had come to him as to Abraham of old, "Go forth out of thy country and from thy kindred and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I will show thee."

The priest went to his bishop and pleaded to be allowed to follow the people of Boisdale into exile. He represented that his knowledge of the French and English language as well as the Gaelic would make it possible to minister to many neglected people in that part. The very argument that many a man would have used in seeking promotion, he gave as reason for turning away from all the comforts of a civilization of centuries and casting his lot among people poor, in a distant and unknown land. His prayer was granted. And now after thirteen years of toil the release was at hand.

In Donald McKenzie's log cabin there was light long after the usual hour. It came partly from the wide hearth and partly from the wick that floated in a saucer of fish oil and burned with frequent sputterings. The rough benches arranged around the wall were empty, for the occupants of the cottage were on their

knees, their eyes directed towards the bed where lay the gaunt figure of Father James. The pale face and sunken eyes and shallow irregular breathing showed that the soul was on the threshold. The faithful Donald—who was his right hand all these years, who opened up the little chapel in the early summer mornings, or cleared a pathway through the snow in the winter, who laid the worn vestments in order for him and served at Mass, when he could spend a few days in the settlement—now sat beside the bed and wiped away the death damp that gathered like dew on the broad, deeped-seamed forehead, wetting the straggly grey hair, or closed the stiffening fingers over the blessed candle with his hard but kindly hand.

All hope was gone, and even the most inexperienced knew that the priest was dying. But the passing was long. They had said the whole fifteen mysteries and the prayers for the dying twice, and the prayer for final perseverance and the Psalter of the Holy Name; and he still breathed painfully.

The one blessed candle in the house was getting shorter and shorter. "He is going back," said Margaret McKenzie to a neighbor, who knelt with her at the foot of the bed, "going back over his road." And the neighbor understood, for did not she also believe—as was common among their race—that when you came to die the soul returned over the way it had travelled in life, nor could it depart from the body until it had revisited the house of its nativity. And the whisper passed among them, "he is going back." And once more they began their beads, but this time no one led and there was no noise, only the click of the beads and the labored breathing of the dying. Even the grim king "Death" seemed to stand waiting for his return. And every soul there, though the lips moved, and the beads slipped through the fingers, was with h m in spirit as their imagination carried them. They were with him on the heathery hills of home, or the streets of the Eternal City, or the church where he said his first Mass,—while brother priests guided his newly-anointed hands in each unaccustomed movement,—or they were with him as he passed among the miserable homesick, seasick passengers as the black emigrant ship plowed her slow way through strange unfriendly waters.

There was a deeper breath, and a quiver of the sick man's eyelids! He looked around as one waking from a dream. His eyes sought the face of each of the kneeling watchers. How fast and how far the feeblest of them would have run for a priest or a doctor! But alas! there was neither within the confines of that desolate island. If his illness had not been so sudden some of the strong young men would have tried to effect a crossing to the mainland for aid, but now it was too late.

At the first sign of motion from the dying priest, all rose to their feet,—the ready sign that showed their willingness to hear and do,—just as often before they rose when he turned to read the Gospel. Only a murmur came from his dry lips. Margaret brought a little water and would have raised that dear grey head, but just then came the thought that the last woman's hand that rested there was his mother's, so she drew back and gave the cup to Donald. To Margaret's mystic soul he was a hero about to enter on his victory over the world and the flesh, nor would she crumple a leaf in his crown of laurels.

When Donald moistened his lips Father

James spoke in such a clear voice that for a moment the hope that he might yet rally made their hearts leap, but from the threshold of eternity, as the door of life closed upon his departing soul, he gave his last message, "KEEP THE FAITH." The light in his eyes quivered for a moment and then went out; the body relaxed, and the grayness of death spread over the face.

Then the strongly repressed grief of his people burst out in weeping and sobbing until it took the form of the *caoine* or keen peculiar to the Celtic race—the articulation or musical expression of grief which makes it a luxury akin to great joy, as, like joy, it is a deep, powerful stirring of the human heart.

Margaret McKenzie, a descendant of a Scottish minstrel herself, gave the words which the others followed. This keen, of course in Gaelic, was common among the people as late as fifty years ago and possessed considerable merit inasmuch as it expressed the feeling of those who were present at Father James' death.

"The Priest is dead," was the burden of the song repeated drearily, like the beating of December rain that falls without hope of a harvest, or the tears of the aged that drain rather than relieve an overfilled heart. The following is a rough translation from the original Gaelic:

"The priest is dead." Young men! away
Through the frosty mists of the morning grey
On ringing skates to the River Head
And tell the people "the priest is dead."

Let others follow the river down
Until they come to the far-off town;
And in Port La Joie let the word be said
"In Scotch Fort parish the priest is dead."

On showshoes light let others go
Through the plains and forests to Rustico
And e'er the setting sun burns red
Let the Frenchmen know "the priest is dead."

To Lennox Isle speed your lonesome way
Across the ice-fields cold and grey,
Where the Indians dwell in the forest deep,
And say "the Father is gone to sleep."

Oh, toil-worn priest, you are lying low!
No more you battle with rain or snow;
The trackless wastes no more you 'll tread
For you lie at the end of your journey, dead.

Oh, swift was your foot on the "call to speed,"
But you were alone in your hour of need;
And lonely are we around this bed
Where he that could comfort is lying dead.

Cold is the hearth when the last spark dies,
And empty and lone are the western skies
When the red sun sinks in his cloudy bed;
And cold are our hearts, for the priest is dead.

We may hollow a grave in the church-yard drear,
And weep and pray by his lonely bier,
But the altar is dark and no Mass is said,
For the only priest in the Isle is dead.

For five years after the death of Father James, no priest visited St. John, now called Prince Edward Island. But how well the people kept the faith may be judged by the fact that there is not a hill on the island from which the observer cannot see at least one church spire pointing like a white finger toward the blue sky. And not a land in the old or new world has given a larger quota of young men and women to the service of God in holy religion.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE SITE OF THE GREATER BOSTON COLLEGE.

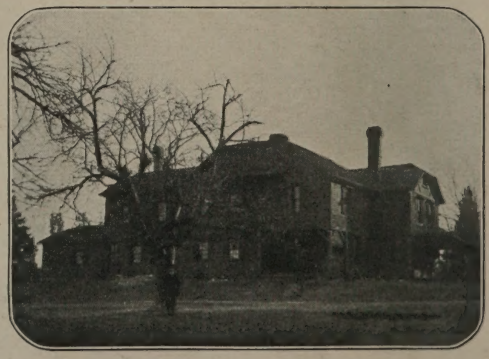
See next page.

VIEW OF THE LAKE.

GREATER BOSTON COLLEGE.

BY H. M. C.

Boston College was chartered in May, 1863, under the corporate title of "The Trustees of the Boston College in Boston," and in September of the following year began her career of teaching. Though not yet half a century old, she has quite outgrown the premises where she once moved with ease and contentment. The College has now nearly six hundred students, and this number is likely to increase from year to year. Hence the authorities felt obliged to seek a new site and better accommodations elsewhere. They determined to leave the old buildings to the academic department, and erect new ones for the college proper in a more desirable section of the city. Already in 1898 a step was taken towards the beginning of such an undertaking when the athletic grounds on Massachusetts Avenue were purchased. From that time on, every effort was made to prepare for expansion, and at last, under



THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

the present President, it was found possible to acquire extensive grounds for the new College.

MOST REV. WILLIAM H. O'CONNELL, D.D.
Archbishop of Boston.

On the 18th of last December, thirty-six acres belonging to the Hinckley estate in the Chestnut Hill section of Newton, were secured for the new site. The beauty of the grounds has captivated every eye and silenced all opposition. Even those who were most attached to the old quarters and most opposed to the new project have to congratulate the trustees on their good taste and their initial success. They have purchased one of the most beautiful

spots in all New England, and certainly the most academic site in the vicinity of Boston. It is situated just beyond the city line, and looks out upon the city reservoir, which has all the charm of a natural lake. The beauty of the location is attested by the numerous villas of the wealthy which dot the adjacent slopes and crown the neighboring hills. Even in winter the place has an air of warmth and comfort, which is partly due to the many firs and pines which abound in that neighborhood. But the charm is vastly increased when all the trees are in

RT. REV. JOHN BRADY, D.D.

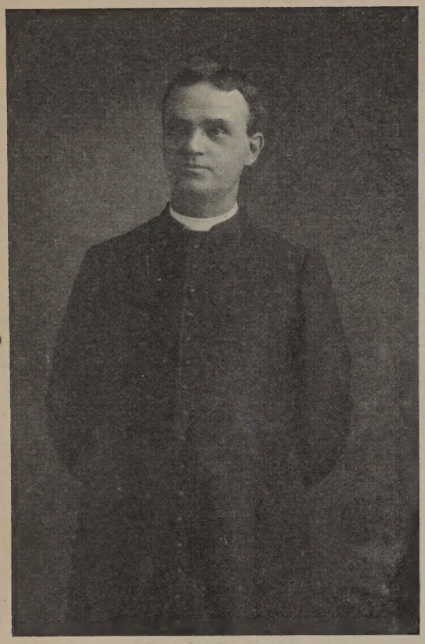
On St. Patrick's Day Bishop Brady Contributed $1,000 for the Greater Boston College

bloom, and when the city parkway, surrounding the lake, is trimmed smooth as a lawn.

The higher portion of the new property adjoins Commonwealth Avenue, the most beautiful of Boston's many suburban driveways. The lower part touches Beacon Street, which is another fashionable thoroughfare. The upper section lends itself to architectural effect, and may contribute largely to immortalize some talented architect. The lower section is well adapted for a college campus and an athletic field. The present Rector, Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, is already considering plans for a harmonious group of buildings, which will be erected in due time as donations come in. He has publicly announced that the first structure to go up will be a recitation hall, and the second a well-equipped gymnasium. He is a firm believer in the full and harmonious development of man's whole nature—intellectual, moral, and physical. He wants

Photo by Conlin

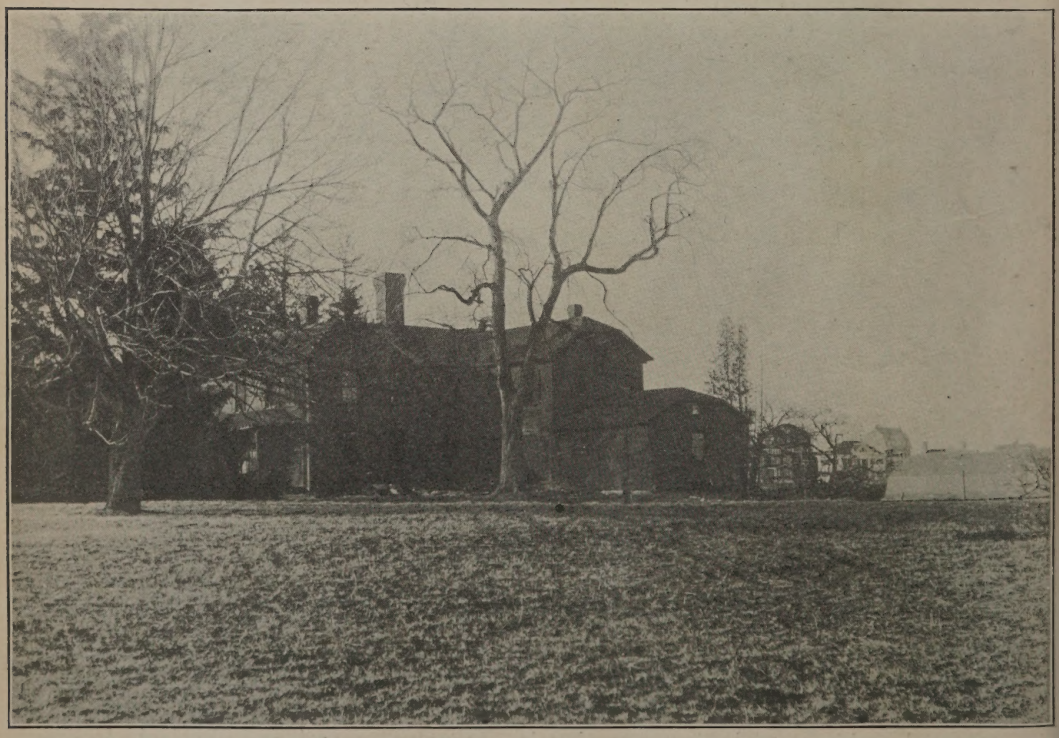
REV. THOMAS I. GASSON, S. J.
President of Boston College.



REV. P. H. CALLANAN.

a sound mind in a sound body. To bring about that result the students must have abundant opportunities for healthy exercise as well as for intellectual attainments; a good gymnasium in winter, and a large campus for the rest of the year.

To attempt such a vast project during a great financial crisis requires courage and more than courage; it supposes confidence in God and faith in the generosity of our Boston Catholics, whether lay or clerical. Nor has Father Gasson's confidence been misplaced. Already one or two wealthy laymen have intimated that they intend to erect a memorial building in the new College as a family monument. The Alumni and friends of the new venture have pledged almost enough to pay for the first projected structure, and we have every reason to hope that they will be as good as their promise.



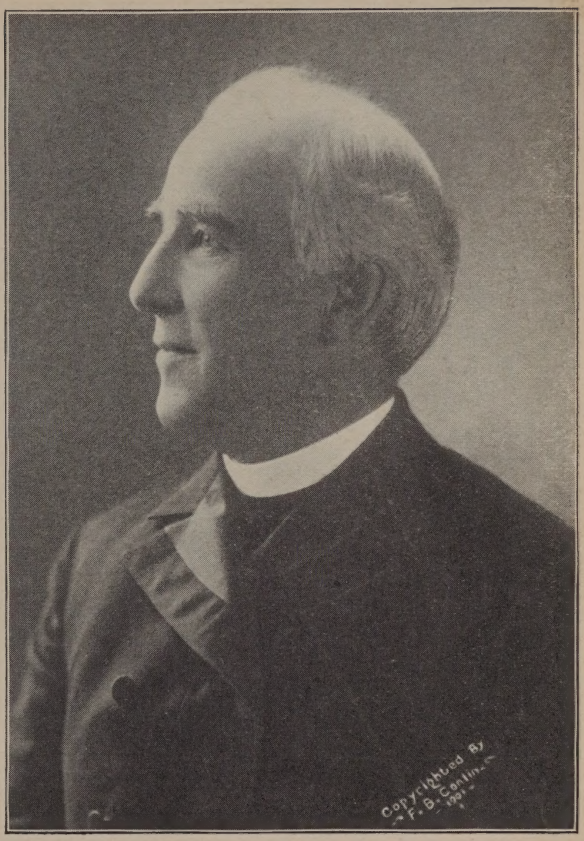
A FAVORED SITE.

The very day that the announcement of the plans for a Greater Boston College was made public, December 18, the first contribution to the project was given by the Rev. P. H. Callanan of Newton Lower Falls, who contributed five hundred dollars. On the same day he also wrote to the members of the class of '77 and secured the promise of each member to contribute five hundred dollars. This agreement was ratified at a formal meeting of the class of '77 at the residence of Rev. N. R. Walsh of Beverly Farms, January 6, 1908, and a written pledge was drawn up and forwarded to the Reverend President of Boston College.

All classes of the Alumni welcomed the project and immediately their Association began to devise ways and means for its execution.

They called a mass meeting for January 20, and appointed a campaign committee, consisting of the officers of the Association, one representative from every class, together with some prominent old students who did not complete the course nor take their degree. The committee comprised the following gentlemen:

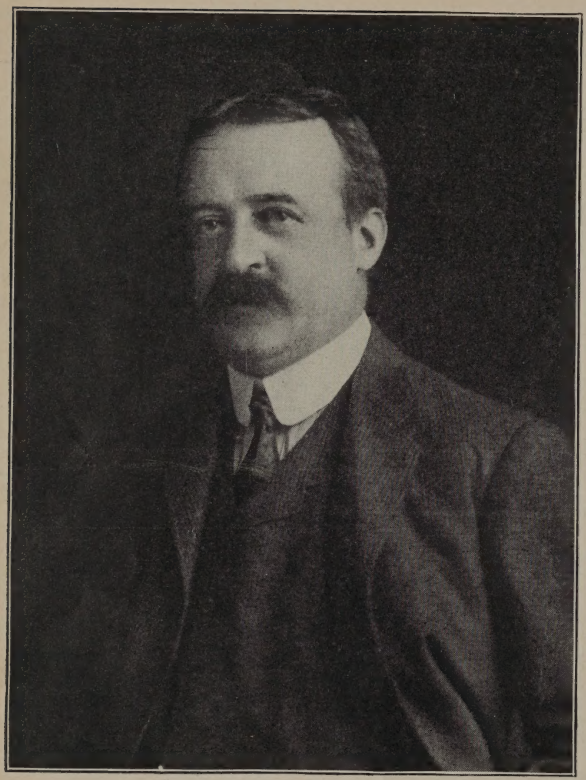
Dr. John F. O'Brien, '88, president of the Association; Rev. Michael J. Scanlan, '95, first vice-president; Francis R. Mullin, 1900, second vice-president; Dr. Timothy J. Murphy, '88, treasurer; Francis J. Carney, '98, secretary; Rev. John F. Cummins, '72; Dr. Michael Glennon, '78; Richard Sullivan, '78; Rev. Joseph A. Fitzgerald, '79; Rev. Francis J. Butler, '80; Thomas P. Flanagan, '81; Rev. Denis F. Lee, '82; Hugh J. Malloy, '83; Dr. Eugene A. McCarthy, '84; Rev. Dr. P. J. Supple, '85; Dr. Francis J. Keleher, '86; Dr. Joseph J. Dermody, '87; John A. Brett, '88; James H. Leary, '89; John D. Drum, '90; Joseph C. Pelletier, '91; John A. Coulthurst, '92;



REV. JOHN F. CUMMINS.

Dr. Thomas P. Fitzgerald, '93; Rev. David F. Regan, '94; Rev. Thomas J. Golding, '95; Charles J. Martell, '96; Rev. Albert C. Mullin, '97; Rev. Maurice F. Flynn, '98; John J. Hayes, '99; Rev. William B. Finnigan, 1900; Rev. Dr. Edward F. Ryan, '01; Edward J. Fegan, '02; Thomas E. Kelly, '03; William T. Miller, '04; John T. Kearens, '05; John B. Godwin, '06; Leonard S. Whalen, '07; James H. Carney, Edward J. Brandon, Dr. Thomas J. Giblin, James H. Gormley, Dr. James A. Reilley and Edward J. Callanan.

This committee made a point to reach every former student, as far as possible, and request him to be present. Their efforts were crowned with unusual success, and their appeal collected a large and enthusiastic audience. Seldom has a more loyal and spirited assemblage convened since the days of the Crusades. Unfortunately, one of the most distin-



WILLIAM F. FITZGERALD.

guished Alumni, Archbishop O'Connell, could not attend the meeting. He sent the substance of his speech in writing. His address was read by Father Gasson and it evoked prolonged applause. His Grace declared himself heartily in favor of the expansion movement and promised his loyal support. The following is an extract from his letter:—

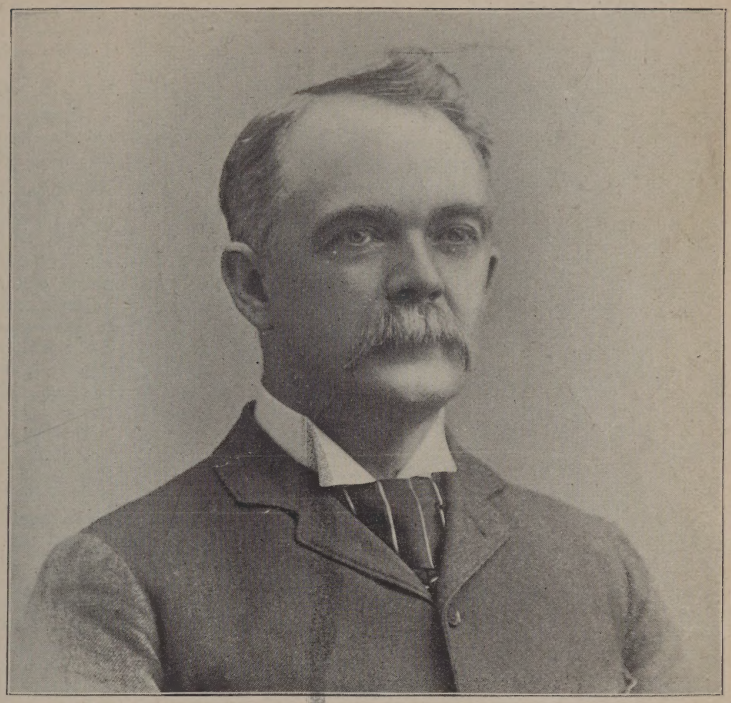
> Each succeeding day brings stronger conviction that the Catholic school and the Catholic college are an absolute necessity to the progress of faith and the welfare of this land of ours. The Catholic Church stands firm in her position. However others may cloak over neglect of the moral training of the young she will never compromise her true position. In our parish schools the child, before he completes the grammar school, has a well-defined knowledge of the great moral principles of life, which will never be obscured unless they are torn up by the roots.
>
> But we must look beyond our parochial schools if we are to do our full duty in preparing young men for life's higher responsibilities. We must think of that ever increasing number who are entering the professions and high mercantile pursuits. We need now, and we shall need more every day, the doctor of moral convictions and a Christian conscience, who looks upon his patient not as a mere combination of cells, but as a child of God; who will go to the sick chamber with his knowledge of anatomy and medicine and a firm belief in God and the charity of the Christian heart. We need more every day the lawyer who holds the law as a sacred thing—not merely to toss about as jugglers do for mere gain and barter. We need the Christian merchant possessed not only of a shrewd business sense, but of a strict Catholic conscience. For the training of such men the Catholic college is a necessity. No Catholic community can be content without a Catholic college.
>
> For many years this diocese has been blessed with Boston College. That institution of learning has done its work well, but it has outgrown its present condition. It has got to the point where it must take a great step forward. The cost, while large, will, in the end, prove to be a very small one. Boston College has purchased a new site, and now is the time to aid her.
>
> I am well aware that I am not talking to rich men nor rich men's sons. The days of our struggles are scarcely behind us. But what of that? We can at least help according to the measure of our ability. We can at least be as strong as our fathers in our determination to do our duty toward the faith, even at the cost of sacrifice. Less than this were unworthy of Catholic Alumni. I feel certain that by God's providence whatever you give you will not only not miss, but it will be doubled and tripled in your favor.

As to the other speakers of the evening we take the following extract from an article in the Boston College *Stylus*, by Michael J. O'Keefe, '08.

> Enthusiastic addresses were then made by Rev. Michael J. Doody, '80, permanent rector of the Church of the Annunciation, Cambridge, on "What Boston College has already Done," and by Dr. Francis J. Barnes, '84, of Cambridge, on "Catholic Higher Education." After these followed Rev. Patrick H. Callanan, '77, rector of St. John's Church, Newton Lower Falls, on the "Need of a Greater Boston College." To help satisfy this need Father Callanan, in the name of the class of '77, announced that each living

member pledged $500 towards the carrying out of the project. This was the first pledge that was announced and drew forth hearty applause. Father Gasson was introduced as the next speaker and he undertook to unfold his plans and views with regard to the new College buildings and incidentally invited suggestions. When he spoke of his purpose to erect a gymnasium simultaneously with the first lecture building, he elicited prolonged applause from the undergraduates. He said in part:

"The Catholic Church has ever been the promoter and generous patron of education. The school, the college, the university, have ever been objects of her greatest solicitude and her devoted affection. She regards them as the outer fortifications which safeguard the citadel of truth and the sanctuary of piety.



THOMAS B FITZPATRICK.

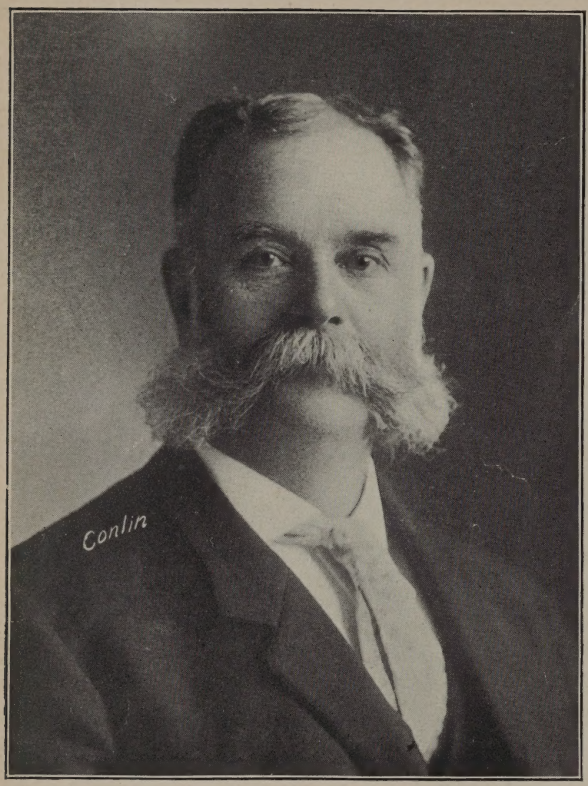
JAMES J. PHELAN.

"The college, then, may be considered as the fortifications which guard the sacred temple of truth and as that temple is enlarged, so must the fortifications be expanded.

"Since the days when this college was started, the Church has grown beyond the fairest dreams and the consequence is that we all feel the need of enlarging the fortifications, that is, of expanding the college. We must have more room, we must have other surroundings, if we wish to do justice to the system of training for which the Catholic Church stands.

"Then we need a modern gymnasium, with corresponding opportunities for out-of-door sports, and this is a building which would call for early erection.

"Nor must we neglect a proper home for the quiet thoughtful boy, who loves to peruse in quiet the treasures of past ages and the wisdom of sages. No group of college buildings would be complete without a library and a hall, both for the lodgment of the treasures of wisdom and for the delivery of lectures upon the great problems which agitate philosophic and scientific minds.



JAMES M. MORRISON.

"Nor must we forget the shrine of piety, in which the youthful mind must be taught the solemn destiny of life and the means whereby man is lifted to the highest planes of Christian virtues."

Toward the close of his address Father Gasson manifestly struck the hearts of those before him when he said, "Gentlemen, I am giving my life to the building of this new college. Every bone in my body, every drop of my blood, every nerve and fibre is given to the making of a more resplendent Boston College." He felt the pulse and held the heart of his audience. What Boston College man could listen to this manifestation of self-sacrifice, of heroism in encountering the many chilling and wearying influences attendant upon the carrying out of such a work, without wishing to be at the side of Father Gasson to fight to the end? Determination is there, and whatever the odds, while we are true to our general, they will be overcome. Let us rally round our brave leader, a Napoleon not only in stature, but in mind and purpose.

Among the others who spoke were Rev. John Cummins, '72, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Roslindale, who was infectious with good humor and bright prospects; Rev. Thomas F. Brannan, '85, of the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston; Rev. Thomas F. McCarthy, '89, of the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Charlestown; Arthur W. Dolan, '97; Edward J. Brandon, '84, city clerk of Cambridge; Judge E. M. Sullivan, '00, of Ipswich; Francis J. Carney, '98, of Cambridge, secretary of the Alumni Association. John T. O'Hare, '08, represented the student body and his intensity of expression was such that his remarks, which were indeed fitting, received full value and brought out not unmerited applause. Mr. O'Hare's speech made him a reputation among all B. C. men. The last speaker was Timothy W. Coakley, '84, who spoke with all his eloquence, and terminated his remarks by reading an original poem.

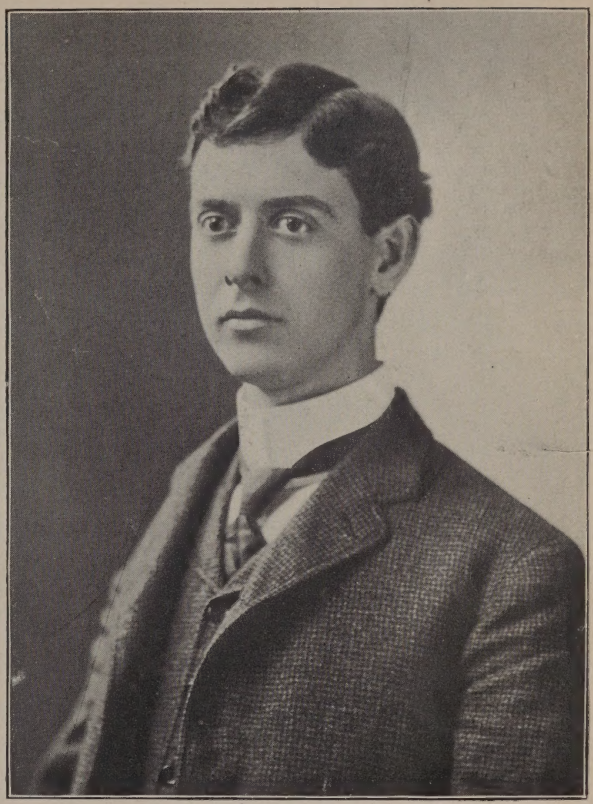
During the period of open forum many pledges were announced from the floor and one of the motions passed was to the effect that another mass meeting be held a month hence to find out what had been accomplished during the intervening period.

When all was added up the pledges showed that $50,000 had been promised, but we have only started. Some that were received are as follows: William F. Fitzgerald, of Brookline, $10,000; Father Callanan on behalf of the class

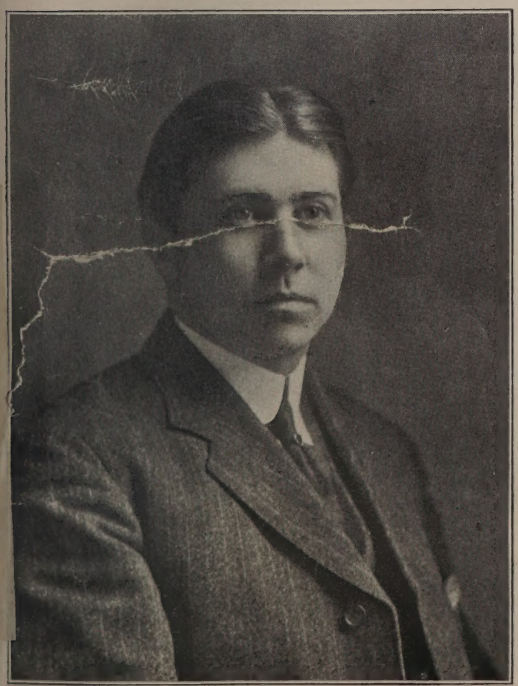
DR. JOHN F. O'BRIEN

of 1877, promised $500 from each member, namely: the Revs. John T. Broderick, rector of St. Teresa's Church, West Roxbury; John M. Donovan, rector of St. Joseph's Church, Ipswich; Wm. J. Millerick, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Stoneham, and N. R. Walsh, rector of St. Margaret's Church, Beverly Farms, and Dr. Michael Glennon of Stoughton, and Dr. Wm. G. McDonald of Boston. Father Cummins on behalf of himself and his fellow classmates of 1872, Edward A. McLaughlin, formerly clerk of the State House of Representatives, James R. Murphy, Dr. William A. Dunn and Dr. Henry C. Towle, pledged $1000 from each. Mr. Carney pledged $10,000 from the class of 1898.

It remained for Mr. Coakley to blend the useful and the agreeable. The poetry of the situation and the enthusiasm of the occasion find a fitting expression in the following beautiful ode which was written as a greeting to the Greater Boston College.



MICHAEL J. SULLIVAN.



FRANCIS J. CARNEY.

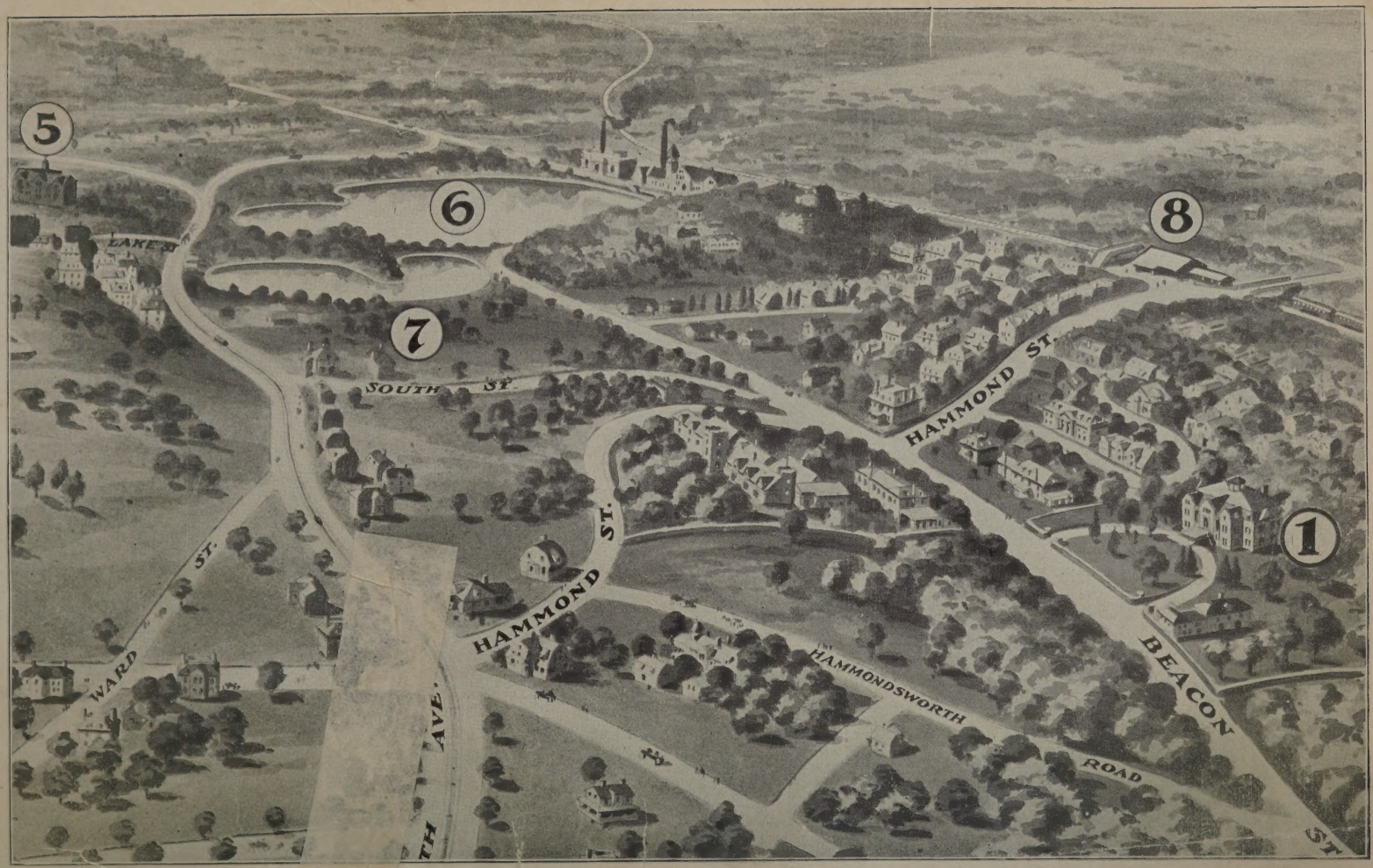
THE COLLEGE BEAUTIFUL.

BY TIMOTHY WILFRED COAKLEY, '84.

Because fact is born of vision, because faith makes all things whole,
We have prayed that our eyes be single and swerve not from the goal.
Look! On the grass-clad hilltop, where chestnut and maple blow,
And the groping elm-trees yearn to the mother-green below,
Embodied in marble and granite, throned on the lake's clear blue,
Real as the sky and the sunshine, the Dream that we dared is come true.

It is builded, our stately cloister, where Wisdom makes her home,
The stem-like columns flower into arch and sculptured dome,
The pillared halls are vaulted and lofty like the night,
And each embrasured window is a rose of rainbow light.
Behold the court of science, and yonder the house of art;
And higher yet, God's altar, aflame with the Sacred Heart.

Here Goodness, Truth and Beauty are worshipped as one, not three,
And Faith companions Reason; and Order, Liberty.



(*Courtesy Boston Globe*)

SITE OF GREATER BOSTON COLLEGE.

5. St. John's Seminary, Brighton
6. Chestnut Hill Reservoir
7. Site for new buildings of Boston College.
8 Chestnut Hill Railroad Station
1. Home of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy

Here echoes the mystic Word which only the angels ken;
Here beckons a Light to the Gentiles. The Rabbi is teaching again.
The children of men are patterned on a God self-sacrificed,
And the circle of life is centered and squared on the Cross of Christ.

In the glowing forge of boyhood, tomorrow is wrought today.
What we think in our hearts, we shall be, we create when we dream or pray.
So we pay our debt to the future, that righteousness may not cease;
Humanity here is drilled to fight for the Prince of Peace.
Soldiers, equipped, alert, mount guard at the Gate of Truth,
The Company of Jesus, the living fort of youth.
Scholars are they and priests, yet ever, and fore most, chums;
For goodly and great is learning, but love can solve all sums.
And these serve under Him Whom only love can reach,
And Who came as a friend to friends, since only a friend can teach.

Loyola, we bring by the million recruits for the war you plan.
God's Laity marches behind you. Hear the long acclaim of our clan;
We are the stone of the corner, the body of belief.
We rear college and altar. *We* are the world's relief.
Saints and martyrs and sages, prelates and pontiffs all
They are the answers we offered when we heard the Master call.
Patriarch, prophet and psalmist, to each our lines we trace.
Flesh of our flesh is the beauty that was Mary's virgin face.
Ours is the flock and fold of the spotless Lamb of God;
We gave to Christ the blood that drenched Golgotha's sod.

Life gives and is given forever to foil the miser, Death.
Love is the price of living and breath is spent for breath.
What yet may we give, dear Lord, that is worthy in Thy sight?
In Thy name, all we have, all we are, we proffer our College tonight.
Lord, hear the prayer of Thy people. At Thy heart we have kindled a star.
Let its radiance grow in the darkness 'til all men sight it afar
And are drawn to the Flame that feeds it, to the Light the world has lacked,
And the shadows pass and the semblance and we face the Eternal Fact.

It would be wrong to suppose that the alumni turned, with the proverbial fickleness of love, from the old site to the new, from the buildings of the past to the more magnificent structures of the future without a sigh of regret. That the old halls and playgrounds are endeared by happy memories is shown by the following poem, which was read — and read well —by Father Doody, class of '80.

OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE.

EDWARD F. BURNS, '80.

Mast and wheel are at her door,
Short her paths to rail or street;
Traffic's breakers 'round her roar,
Dust of tombs is at her feet.

Vistaed elm or colonnade,
Lawn or hilltop, grove or grot,
Stream that glides through golden glade,
Sylvan arbor, she hath not.

Yet, while crowds may pass her by
Tagging fame or chasing gold,
From her windows you and I
True Arcadian lands behold.

Underneath our mother's eaves,
Care is brief and joy is long;
In her little lane of leaves
Builded I my nest of song.

Through her portal floats a breeze
Sweet with scent of fruits and flowers—
Apples of Hesperides,
Bud and bloom of Tempe bowers.

On her altars, day and night,
Kindles she her high desires,
Giving all her sons a light
Sacred as her vestal fires.

Giving all the gift to find
Youth and beauty, truth and art
In the mirrors of the mind,
In the highways of the heart.

Vistaed elm or colonnade,
Lawn or arbor, grove or grot,
Stream that glides through golden glade,
Sylvan arbor, she hath not.

Yet, if knolls or woodland dells
Should entice her from the sea,
Wheresoe'er my mother dwells
Is my mother's house to me.

A second mass meeting was held February 17. It was no less enthusiastic than the first and was not only a demonstration of love and gratitude on the part of students of the College, past and present, but of other representative Catholic men from the professional and mercantile ranks. Dr. John F. O'Brien, President of the Alumni Association, presided, and after paying a personal tribute to the work of the College and the need of enthusiastic support to ensure the enlargement of its sphere of action he introduced the Rev. John F. Cummins, who made a strong appeal for college education and offered some practical suggestions for promoting the securing of funds. Father Cummins said in part:

"We who enter upon this work are undertaking a noble task. We are to aid in elevating the fine arts by establishing a great university. We have a great leader, mild, quiet and silent, but with the noblest soul that ever leader had.

"Here is my plan to assist in raising the $10,000,000 we should have to build properly that great university. I suggest that Father Gasson, through his friends in Rome, request the Holy Father in Rome, whose fiftieth jubilee will this year be celebrated, to send us home one of the many presents he will receive, a golden chalice, perhaps. Then we shall set up this present and have a voting contest among all the priests who have passed through Boston College, the present to be awarded to the most popular. I would be in that contest to the end, and I know all my fellows from Boston College would do the same. We should raise $50,000 at least.

"Then we can let in the doctors by putting up a medal for the most popular one, and also the lawyers and the teachers and the commercial men.

"I renew the pledge of my class to give $5000 to the fund.

"I believe, too, the collegiate spirit aroused in these meetings ought to be perpetuated. And for that purpose I move that on next Monday night at 8 o'clock all the students of Boston College, past and present, meet with Father Gasson, and form a Boston College Club."

The motion was adopted unanimously and the meeting then heard the reports of the class representatives who had been appointed to receive subscriptions and pledges. From the following pledges were received:—

Class of '80	$2,900
Class of '82	1,700
Class of '84	5,000
Class of '85	6,000
Class of '88	6,000
Class of '89	1,700
Class of '90	1,000
Class of '92	2,500
Class of '93	1,500
Class of '94	3,000
Class of '96	10,000
Class of '97	5,000
Class of 1900	5,000
Class of '01	5,000
Class of '02	2,500
Class of '03	2,500
Class of '04	10,000
Class of '06	4,500
Class of '07	3,000
Eugene Lynch	1,000
A friend	1,000
Boston College Club of Cambridge	10,000
Previously pledged	50,000

Others who addressed the gathering were Mr. T. B. Fitzpatrick, the Hon. Joseph H. O'Neil, Judge Michael J. Murray and Mr. Edward J. Brandon of Cambridge.

Those who were privileged to listen to him will not readily forget the words of the Reverend President, Father Gasson, who made a forceful presentation of the need of Catholic higher education in the present age, and spoke of the vast results to be accomplished by such an institution as he hoped to erect in Boston, which is the "centre of the nation's intellectual activity."

"The leaders of the Church," said Father Gasson, "have been the most bountiful patrons of letters. Her Pontiffs have founded universities, her Cardinals have endowed professorships; Bishops and Archbishops have vied with each other in the establishment of colleges, while her clergy hold positions of honor in every department of human knowledge.

"Salerno, Bologna, Padua, Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Naples and Rome—to mention these names is to recall but a few of the many famous institutions of learning which owe their origin and distinction to the Catholic Church.

"Fitting then it is that we in the new world should be true to the traditions of the old; and most fitting is it that here in Boston a movement in favor of Catholic higher education should be inaugurated which will, we trust, show forth the powers of the Church, as the mother of letters and the patron of intellectual supremacy.

"A college education is to prepare men for leadership either in the clerical, the legal, the medical, the scientific or the commercial career. It is essential that our leaders should have the best possible training, and that this training should be according to our own standards and ideals.

"What those standards and ideals are we have learned lately from the epoch-making encyclical of Pius X. and from the masterly pastoral and able speech of our illustrious Archbishop. For there is a degrading literature; a pseudo-philosophy and a false theology which we must banish from the halls of learning, and there is a healthy literature, a sound philosophy and an uplifting theology according to which Catholic boy life must be molded.

"Consequently to a sensuous, decadent literature a vigorous, wholesome literature must be opposed; a superficial, boastful science must be met by a deep, broad, solid science, a science which holding fast to the immutable principle that every effect must have an adequate cause, realizes that back of all the wonders which strike the senses is an almighty, eternal, personal God to whom we owe responsibility—to a philosophy which undermines the very foundations of human thought, which has not and cannot have any fixed principle of conduct, must be opposed the wisdom which rests upon truths which cannot be shaken, and which frames those laws of moral guidance by which individual integrity, civic righteousness and national security are ensured—a theology which is a tangle of absurdities and of abysmal folly must be dealt with by a theology which has the approval of divine power and the characteristics of divine wisdom.

"Such an institution we hope to inaugurate in Boston, the center of the nation's intellectual activity. We want to give to the Catholic youth of this neighborhood the best that can be given in the line of literature, science and of philosophy, and, in addition to this, that sterling discipline of moral character which produces loyal sons of the Church and upright, devoted citizens of the Commonwealth. To bring about the best educational results, both for Church and for State, surely this is an object which merits the cordial endorsement of every true-hearted man and woman."

From the very moment the project was mentioned, the clergy of Boston, with that keen insight which belongs to them in a special way, expressed their approval in a manner that was most inspiring. All to a man recognize the deep wisdom of the words of the Most Reverend Archbishop, himself an educator of the highest type; and all realize how much depends upon the establishment among us of an up-to-date, well-equipped college. In fact the logical condemnation of modernism should be a strong movement in favor of Catholic education along all the lines and branches of knowledge.

Not less comforting, also, has been the enthusiastic encouragement of the prominent laymen of the city. Few who were present at the second mass meeting will ever forget the sincere words of Mr. T. B. Fitzpatrick, the manly speech of Mr. Joseph H. O'Neil, or the fervid utterance of the Hon. Michael J. Murray, who declared that, in order to do the necessary work of the Commonwealth, Boston College must become a university that would welcome to its walls men of every race.

This project should find its strength in the hearth-stone of every Catholic home in New England.

"In the Archdiocese of Boston $2,000,000 are raised annually for charity, and should we hesitate at this herculean task we are not worthy of the traditions of our forefathers, we are not worthy to breathe the air of this grand Republic which we call our country.

"With undaunted eye, with stalwart heart we must help to erect a group of buildings wherein our youth may be trained in the perfection of a clean heart and noble mind, which shall give him courage to face the world with unbounded confidence."

When the words of these gentlemen are carefully considered, no one can have the slightest doubt as to the desire of our leading laymen in regard to Catholic education and Catholic colleges. Nor has this encouragement been limited merely to words; for several have given sound proof of their loyalty to the cause by the donation of substantial sums, and many others have promised to contribute in the near future. The sum of $1000 has

been given by each of the following gentlemen: Mr. T. B. Fitzpatrick, Mr. James W. Kenney, Mr. Eugene Lynch, Mr. James M. Morrison, Mr. James J. Phelan, Mr. Michael J. Sullivan, '93, and Mr. Charles N. Winship of Wakefield. A complete list of benefactors is in course of preparation, and the names of all donors, save those who wish to remain unknown, will shortly be published.

Nor does the success of the movement rest exclusively with the wealthy Catholics of Boston who, after all, are comparatively few. It must depend largely upon the support and the co-operation of the many. Any amount, however small, will help on the good cause, will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged. Indeed the very first donation to come from lay sources was a widow's mite—a hard-earned and hard-saved dollar from a poor widow. It is the contributions of the poor that have built our churches as a general rule, and the poor too, will have a prominent part in the erection of Greater Boston College.

"BRIAN'S BATTLE."

An Account of the Great Conflict of Clontarf, Fought on Good Friday, A.D. 1014.

BY THE REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

In the Icelandic Saga of Burnt Njal the great battle of Clontarf fought on Good Friday, April 23, 1014, is recorded under the above title.

This conflict marks one of the decisive epochs of the world's history; for had the heathen Vikings succeeded in destroying the Irish army on that day, the progress of Christianity in the British Isles would have been indefinitely arrested and the civilization of the world retarded to a corresponding extent.

That the Norsemen were defeated with great slaughter makes this battle the most glorious event in the chequered annals of Ireland. With forces greatly inferior, these brave sea-rovers had found no difficulty in the subjugation of England, the northern part of France and the Scottish coast and isles.

When, therefore, King Brian of the Tribute heard of the universal preparations made by the war-like Vikings; when he saw the immense and unprecedented numbers in which they were mustering,—knowing well their daring and courage—bold indeed, must have been his heart had he not felt some misgiving about the issue. But Brian was as brave in war as he was wise in council.

He saw that the decisive moment had come and resolved to rally to his standard the largest and most effective army that could be raised in his dominions.

Nor did Brian have the whole of Ireland to levy from, for the Ulster chieftains were as yet unreconciled to his usurpation of the crown; and Maelmuire, Prince of Leinster, a sworn enemy of the House of Kincora, was fighting, with all his troops, on the side of the Vikings.

It must not, however, be imagined that the whole great district of Leinster, as we know it to-day, was unrepresented

in Brian's army. Far from it; Leinster sent its noblest and best:—O'More and O'Nolan were there with their impetuous clans; Malachy, with the Meath contingent, fought on the right wing, side by side with the ever-glorious Dalcassians, who were under the command of the sons of the king.

The Irish centre division, comprising the troops of Desmond, or South Munster, were under the command of Kian, son of Molloy, and Donal, son of Duv Davoren of the Eugenian line.

The Irish left wing was composed mainly of the forces of Connacht, under the command of O'Kelly, Prince of Hy-Many, O'Heyne, Prince of Hy-Fiachre-Ahna, and Eachtifern, King of Dalaradia.

In all, the Irish army mustered the respectable number of 20,000 men.

All the commentators seem to agree that the Danish forces were superior in numbers, but the Irish troops made up in valor what they lacked in multitude.

It is extremely probable that no army could be mustered in any part of the world at that time that could withstand the shock of Brian's array on that day of Clontarf.

It is interesting to note that the Gaels of Scotland sent representatives to help their Irish kinsmen. The great Stewards of Mar and Lennox, with their clansmen, fought with the Irish, and gave their lives for the cause.

Strange as it may seem, some of the Vikings, too, fought on the Irish side. We know this from the Saga of Burnt Njal, which tells how the Danish leader, Ospak, with ten ships, refused to fight against "such a noble king as Brian" (sic); went over to the Irish king and, being baptized, fought on the Irish side at Clontarf.

The Danish forces, we are told, were disposed in three divisions, of which the first, or left, was composed of the Danes of Dublin, under their King Sitric, and the Princes Donat and Conmael, with a thousand Norwegians completely clothed in ringed mail, under the youthful warriors Carlus and Anrud.

The second division was composed chiefly of the auxiliaries from the Baltic and the Islands, the formidable Vikings under the command of Brodar, admiral of the fleet, and Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, with British auxiliaries from Wales and Cornwall.

When we consider that these Vikings had never been assembled in such force before, that they were commanded by their bravest and most skilful leaders;—when we consider that they lived by war on sea and land, and that the din of battle was music to their ears; when we know that in their ranks fought the terrible Bereserkers, who—in the heat of the fight—became demons of superhuman strength and fury;—we can form some idea of the magnitude of the task which faced king Brian Boroimhe, on the morning of the 23rd April, 1014.

But like some gigantic mountain peak lifting its hoary head into the sun above the obscuring mists, so on that fateful day, the great Ard-Righ rose sublimely above all doubt and fear.

Mounted on a richly-caparisoned charger, King Brian rode through the Irish lines with his sword in one hand and a crucifix in the other. The great issues that depended on that day he did not conceal from his brave soldiers;—it was religion and country against paganism and bondage.

As the chroniclers tell us he adjured them "to remember that upon this day Christ died for us on the Mount of Calvary."

He had brought his sons and nephews —even his grandchildren there, to fight, and this example was not lost upon the army.

He recounted in soul-stirring words the evil deeds of the enemy; the shrines they had plundered; the holy relics they had profaned; the cruelties they had inflicted even on "the servants of the Lord."

Then raising the crucifix aloft he invoked the omnipotent God to look down upon them that day and to strengthen their arms in a cause so just and holy:

"Men of Erin, men of Erin, grasp the battle-axe and spear;
Chase those Northern wolves before you like a herd of frightened deer.
Burst their ranks, like bolts from heaven: down on the heathen crew;
For the glory of the Crucified, and Erin's glory too!"

As the monarch ceased speaking, a shout—wild, furious and deafening, burst from the Irish ranks and they demanded to be instantly led against the enemy.

The annalists quaintly tell us, "The battle then commenced—a spirited, fierce, violent, vengeful and furious battle, the likeness of which was not to be found at that time." It was a conflict of heroes.

At every point mighty chieftains engaged in single combat. Irresistible was the onset of the Irish. The peerless Dalcassians opposed to the ten hundred mail-clad warriors of Norway desisted not till every man of the latter had bitten dust beneath the Irish battle-axes smiting like the hammer of Thor!

Brian's son, Morrogh, performed prodigies of valor. Ranks of men fell before him, and he hewed his way even to the pirate flag, striking down two successive bearers of it.

Then two Danish leaders, Carlus and Conmael, rushed on him together, but both fell, almost simultaneously, by his sword. Morrogh fell in the arms of victory when the Danish rout was complete.

The defeated host broke, and the survivors rushed across the swollen Tolka, towards their ships. The flow of the river was choked with their dead. At the weir of Clontarf, the body of young Torloogh —King Brian's grandson, aged fifteen,— was found with his hands entangled in the hair of a Dane with whom he had grappled.

Most dire disaster went hand in hand with triumph—the three generations of the Irish royal family were stricken down in that terrible melee.

King Brian was slain by the hand of the pirate Brodar, and the joy of victory was quenched in his blood.

The power of the pagan Vikings was annihilated forever, but there was weeping in the halls of their conquerors.

The account of the battle given by the Skalds in the Icelandic Saga of Burnt Njal is a complete and manly one.

The Vikings as a race were stern and brave to a fault, and it was never their policy to vilify an opponent. In the Saga we read how the battle was preceded and followed by terrible portents and mysteries, which are duly recorded, and which denoted ruin and death to all the Vikings who participated in the conflict.

Of Ospak, the Viking who joined the Irish the Saga says, "He was the wisest of all men." The description of Brodar, King Brian's slayer, is remarkable, especially as coming from the Skalds:—

"Brodar," says the Saga, "had been a Christian man and a Mass-deacon by consecration, but he had thrown off his faith and became God's dastard, and now worshipped heathen fiends, and he

was of all men most skilled in sorcery.

"He had that coat of mail on which no steel would bite. He was both tall and strong; and he had such long locks that he tucked them under his belt. His hair was black."

The following is the description of the fight given in the "Saga of Burnt Njal." I have rendered the description into blank verse, and except the first and second lines, and the four concluding, it is almost word for word with the original:—

"And now, like gathering rooks at eventide
The Vikings came unto their last great fight,
Earl Sigurd, Hlodver's son, from Orkney's Isles
Rushed to the field, and Thorstein, son of Hall
Hrafn the Red and Erling of Straumay
Bringing a mighty host. There Brodar came
With a great fleet and all in battle ranged
Fronted the host of Brian, on the day—
Good-Friday—when the Christian God was slain
And—for the day was holy—Brian the King
Refrained from blood, and so his heroes made
A shield-ring round him, where he knelt in prayer.
And as he prayed, the bloody fight around
Thundered amain, and bone and splintered mail
Crackled and crashed! Wolf the Quarrelsome,
King Brian's brother, led gainst Brodar's wing,
And Brodar made a lane of death thro' all
'Till meeting Wolf, he thrice was struck to earth
And thrice arose, then fled the stricken field.

Deep in the centre Sigurd battled hard
'Gainst Kerthialfad, King Brian's foster son,
Who with resistless fury hewed his way
Through rank on rank, e'en to the Viking flag
Slaying the banner-bearers where they stood.
Then Sigurd called on Thorstein, son of Hall,
To bear the banner, who made haste to hold,
But loudly cried to him Asmund the White,
"Bear not the banner, all who bear it die!"
Then called out Earl Sigurd "Hrafn the Red,
Bear thou the banner." And rough Hrafn out-
growled,
"Bear thine own devil thyself." Then Sigurd
said:
"Fitting it is the beggar bear the bag"
And plucked the banner from its standard-head
Hiding it 'neath his coat—when straight a spear
At random hurled transfixed his daring breast.
He fell in death, and by his side was slain
Asmund the White; and Ospak's sons fell there
With many another; then came panic dread
And flight broke out, thro' all the Viking host.
Thorstein, the son of Hall, alone of all
Scorned to fly, and knelt amid the rout.
To tie his buskin-string; him Kerthialfad,
The Irish hero, wondering bespoke:
"How now Oh! Dane! you run not as the rest?"
And jesting answer, made the Viking grim
"Why should I run, for Iceland is my home.
I can't win there to-night." And Kerthialfad
For his grim humor bade him live and thrive.

Hrafn the Red unto a river-bank
Was hotly chased, and looking in he saw
Hell and its fires, and so it seemed to him
The devils sought to drag him to that pit
And but he vowed a pilgrimage to Rome
To Peter's shrine, such would his doom have
been.
Then got he strength to ford the flood and save
His threatened life. Now crafty Brodar saw
How that full many of King Brian's guard
Had joined the chase. He charged the weakened
ring
And bursting thro', with one fell stroke lopped off
The King's head and the arm of Takt upraised
In its defence. The royal blood outpoured
Fell on the wound of Takt which healed outright
Upon the spot! Then Brodar cried aloud:—
"Now let men tell that Brodar felled great Brian."
But swift returning, Wolf and Kerthialfad
Ringed Brodar round and took the Dane alive;
And vengeful Wolf tore Brodar's entrails out,
And so he died. But Brian's corse they laid
On funeral bier, and lo! the severed head
Grew fast unto the body once again.—

* * * * * * *

So ends the tale the Northern Skalds relate
By blazing log-fires, when drear winter broods
O'er peak and fiord, and in the nightly sky
Like Viking-ghosts, the Boréal lightnings flit.

The description of the battle given in "Burnt Njal" is remarkable, for the blunt and generous manner in which credit is given to the Irish heroes, as well as for a certain grim humor, which was the peculiar heritage of the Vikings who were so accustomed to war and slaughter that they jested in the face of death.

We are frankly told that the great Brodar ran away from the fight, and hid in a wood, whence he watched his chance to kill the king. "Bordar went through the host of the foe, and felled all the foremost that stood there, but no steel would bite on his mail.

"Wolf the Quarrelsome, turned then to meet him, and thrust at him thrice so hard that Brodar fell before him at each thrust and was well-nigh not getting on his feet again but as soon as ever he found his feet again he fled away into the wood at once."

The valor of the Irish hero Kerthialfad is lauded to the skies:

"He came on so fast, that he laid low all who were in the front ranks, and he broke the array of Earl Sigurd, up to his banner and slew the banner-bearer."

So many of the banner bearers were killed that the Danes came to look on their standard as a fetish of ill omen, wherefore Hrafn the Red, when his leader called on him to bear it, shouted:—

"Bear thine own devil thyself."

Hrafn was indeed a rough diamond. When he came to the river bank in the rout, the war-fever had turned his brain so that he imagined he saw hell's fires below in the flood and the demons waiting to drag him down.

In this extremity the worthy Dane—who must have been a convert to Christianity—vowed a pilgrimage to Rome. The language of the vow was characteristic. "Thy dog Apostle Peter," cried Hrafn, "hath run twice to Rome, and he would run a third time, if thou gavest him leave."

Hrafn got away safe with his life, for we find him afterwards in "the Southern Isles" giving news of the battle to Flosi, the Chief of the Burners of Njal. It would appear from the Saga that the Vikings considered they were doing a peculiarly wicked act in forcing battle upon such a noble Christian king as Brian was, and especially upon the sacred day of Good Friday; so that this would be sufficient cause for the remorse of Hrafn the Red.

Amid the awful panic of the rout, when men's hearts were like water in their breasts, the mighty Thorstein, the son of Hall of the Side, rose sublimely superior to fear. He scorned to run, and to show his unconcern, bent and tied his shoestring. Then the terrible Kerthialfad, splashed with gore from the onset, came up and asked him why he did not do as the other Vikings—run away—"Because" said Thorstein, "I can't get home to night, since I am at home out in Iceland."

And Kerthialfad "gave him peace."

Hrafn the Red, long afterwards giving news of the battle to Flosi in the "Southern Isles," the following question was put to him: "What," said Flosi, "hast thou to tell me of my men?"

"They all fell there," said Hrafn, "but thy brother-in-law, Thorstein, took peace of Kerthialfad and is now with him."

It is easy to show courage in the clash of the onset, in the excitement of battle, or the glow of victory, but he is something more than a hero whose soul stares unconquered into the awful eyes of the Demon of Panic.

I know of no profane subject more worthy of a great painter than this meeting of the Viking hero and his Irish foeman on the bloody plain of Clontarf, while round about them an army fled in wide-eyed terror.

All honor to the Vikings! Never again had the Irish the pleasure of meeting such noble opponents on the field!

The Anglo-Saxons never praised their foes but vilified them with the most opprobrious calumnies. They fought treacherously, too, as the Irish soon had reason to know. What the sword could not do blood-money and the poisoned bowl did.

All honor to the grim Vikings! praising their enemies, glorying in the carnage, and laughing at death!

Their Raven-flag has passed from the wild hyperborean seas!

The savage, wintry surges whipping the wolf-toothed crags of Faröe and the Orkneys, sing their fitful requiem.

The halls of Valhalla are the habitations of the heroes.

THE CAMPUS.

CARLISLE INDIAN STUDENTS IN RETREAT.*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM J. ENNIS, S.J.

The title is misleading. One must read the article to find out the kind of retreat of which we are speaking. Harvard athletes know that "retreat" is not found in the vocabulary of the Carlisle Indian. Last year's foot-ball game proved this when the Crimson was defeated so decisively by the Yellow and Red. On the field the Carlisle boys may meet with defeat, but they know not retreat. They are made of sterner stuff. Thousands have seen the Indian team on the field. Many thousands more have not, and the name Carlisle connotes a place—whose geographical position is hazy—where the Indians are trained to play. Crowds have seen them play—few know that they pray. That is what the meaning of "retreat" is in the caption of this article.

Those who follow, or make a retreat, withdraw as far as possible from the regular routine of their daily life to take spiritual stock: to see how the profit and loss account of the soul stands; to correct all errors, forestall any future loss by the sincerest resolution of amendment in confession and a worthy Communion. This is what was done in the early part of February this year by three hundred and fifty Catholic Indian boys and girls at Carlisle, under the writer's direction. No elementary training was necessary; for they had been well prepared by the generous-hearted and zealous chaplain, Reverend Henry G. Ganss, D.D., and five devoted Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament—Mother Katharine Drexel's community.

This annual retreat for the Catholic Indians at the school is a fixture. It was

*For valuable data the writer is indebted deeply to the courtesy of the Reverend Henry G. Ganss, D.D., pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle, and chaplain to the school.

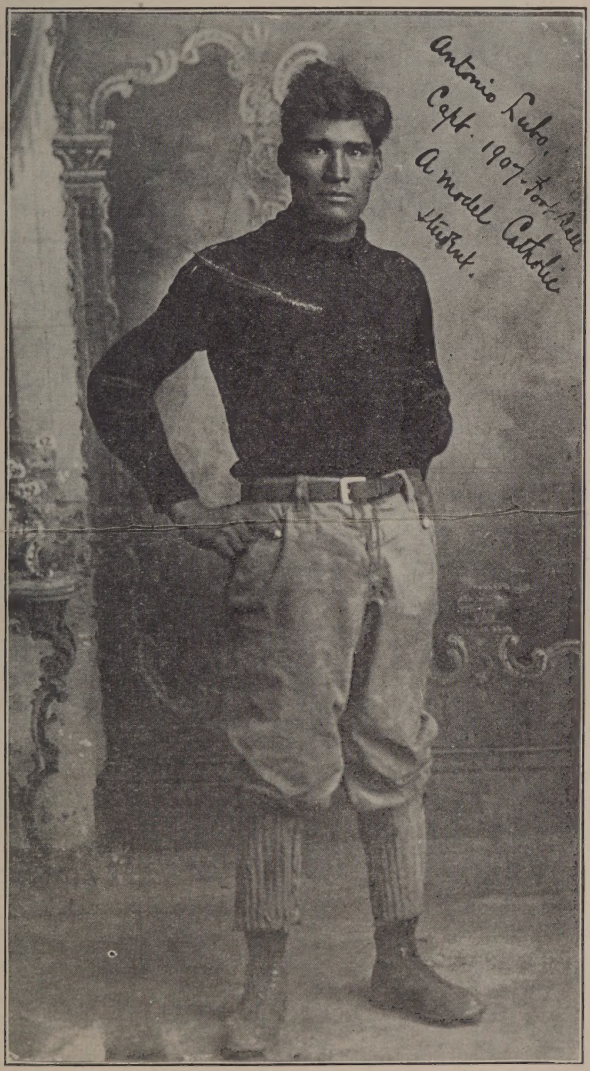
FOOTBALL TEAM, 1907. ANTONIO LUBO, CAPTAIN.

introduced through the tactful methods of Dr. Ganss, received the Government's approbation—which, understanding that it was beyond its province to teach religion, would oppose no barrier to it—and the consistent concessions granted the Catholic children and the privileges they enjoy, show the cordial understanding that exists between the Government and ecclesiastical authorities. The writer takes the present opportunity to thank the superintendent, Major Dickson, and his able assistant, Mr. Wise, for their kindness and considerate courtesy to him during a most pleasant and spiritually fruitful stay.

Bishop Shanley was the preacher of one of the first retreats, and he was followed by Rev. John F. O'Donovan, S.J., Superior of the New York-Maryland Missionary Band, and Rev. Patrick J. Casey, S.J. All join with the preacher of the last retreat in praising the docility, attention and spiritual fervor of the retreatants. There is no chapel at the school. A Y. M. C. A. hall, large, airy and light, is the place where all religious services are held. A Catholic altar and vestment case are in the hall, and one evening especially the transformation scene was rapid after a Presbyterian service, when the nimble and gentle Sisters changed a mute and lightless altar into one twinkling with tapers ready for the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

It was in this hall that the retreat talks were given twice a day. About three hundred formed the congregation, representing almost forty tribes. There was one bright Filipino lad among them, who looked as natty as a West Pointer in his military dress. The ages ranged from twelve to twenty-five. Even experienced prefects in boarding schools or mistresses in convent schools would be dismayed at the thought of addressing one hundred and fifty boys and youths, or girls and young women separately. But here three

hundred boys and girls were gathered in a small hall after their midday meal and at seven-thirty in the evening. The midday talk was given during their recreation



hour—the evening talk followed by Benediction, was during study period. Yet in the best of order and in the happiest of moods this crowd of Catholic Indian boys and girls marched in, took their places and sat down. At the clap of the hand all recited the "Our Father," slowly and prayerfully, and then the sermon began.

Every one had his or her eye on the speaker. All were attentive—serious—decorous and devout. The manly and womanly bearing and deportment are a high tribute to the efficient discipline of

BUILT BY HESSIAN PRISONERS IN 1777. NOW INDIAN SCHOOL GUARD HOUSE.

the school and the spiritual training of the cultured Dr. Ganss and the five devoted Sisters.

On the Sunday the retreat closed Mass was said at the school at 5.30 when all the retreatants received Holy Communion. At 9.30 they attended their regular Sunday Mass in town at St. Patrick's, of which Dr. Ganss is pastor, and after it renewed their baptismal vows and received the Papal Benediction. The congregational singing by the Indian students is exceptionally good, and their hearty rendering of "Faith of Our Fathers" was inspiring. The music of this hymn was written by Dr. Ganss, and has all the sublimity of a choral ode.

The singing of Christmas carols in the church by the Indians is one of the attractions during Christmas week. His Grace, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, was present at the carol singing during the past Christmastide and won the hearts of the Indians by his usually impressive and winning address. The evening when the Christmas carols are sung is one of the four red-letter nights of the year: for, by special privilege granted by the school authorities, the Catholic Indian students come to town in a body to church, the girls marching by one route and the boys by another. The other three nights are during the Forty Hours devotion. Their edifying behavior is a proof of their own and the deep and sincere faith of their forefathers.

And all this without clearing the mists in certain minds regarding the position of Carlisle. The writer was too anxious to tell others all about these Indian boys and girls who will hold so lasting a place in his memory.

Carlisle is eighteen miles south of Harrisburg in the fertile Cumberland Valley. It is rich in historical memories. Benjamin Franklin made a treaty with the Indians here in 1753. Hessian mercenaries captured at the Battle of Trenton, were brought here, and the present Indian School Guard House was built by them. In 1801, site and buildings became the property of the United States and were

known as the Carlisle Barracks. On the eve of the Battle of Gettysburg Gen. Fitzhugh Lee shelled the town and burned the barracks. It was rebuilt in 1865 and was used as a cavalry school until its transfer to St. Louis in 1872. In 1879 the Department of the Interior took it for the proposed Indian school, utter deadening of latent power. Initiative processes would be abortive. There are at present about 1000 pupils in all, representing no less than seventy-eight tribes. There is a rigid separation of the sexes, and boys and girls meet at common exercises only, under the eyes of teacher or disciplinarian. The school has its

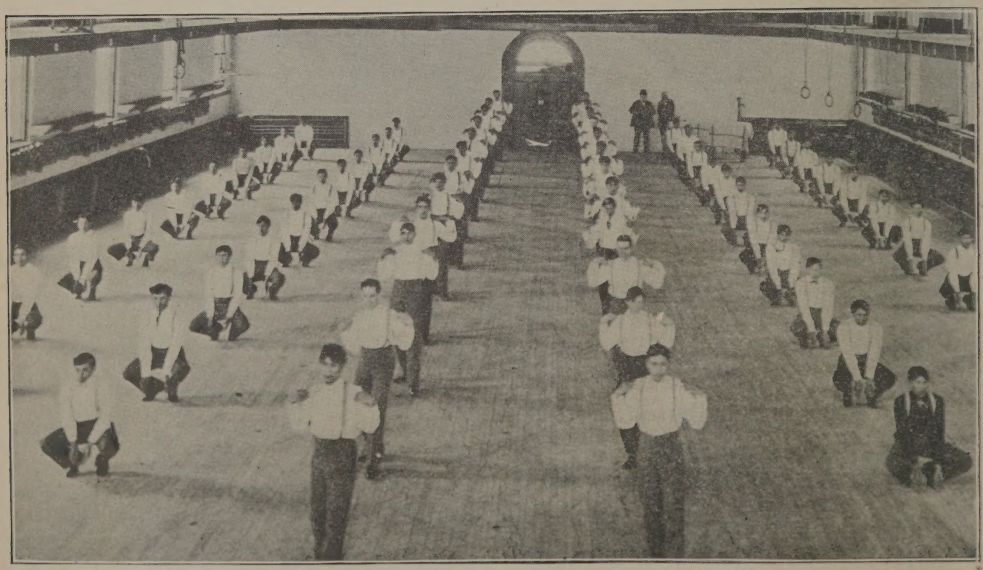
CARLISLE INDIAN BAND, FAMOUS AT BUFFALO EXPOSITION.

and Capt. R. H. Pratt, U.S.A., was its first superintendent. This was the first of the non-reservation schools, and that its educational standards and disciplinary methods are adopted in the other Indian schools, shows the unquestioned success of Carlisle. Segregation of the Indians from stimulating environment and their complete isolation within the low pressure tribal atmosphere would not aid the quickening but rather the academic and industrial departments, and every boy must choose a trade. The girls are taught all the branches of domestic science. Some are trained as nurses; hence, quite unlike some of their clearer-faced sisters, they may not worry the ear of a hungry husband with an intricate aria, but they can bake a loaf of bread without a leaden interior, and boil a dish of waterless potatoes. There are 270 acres of farm land where the future

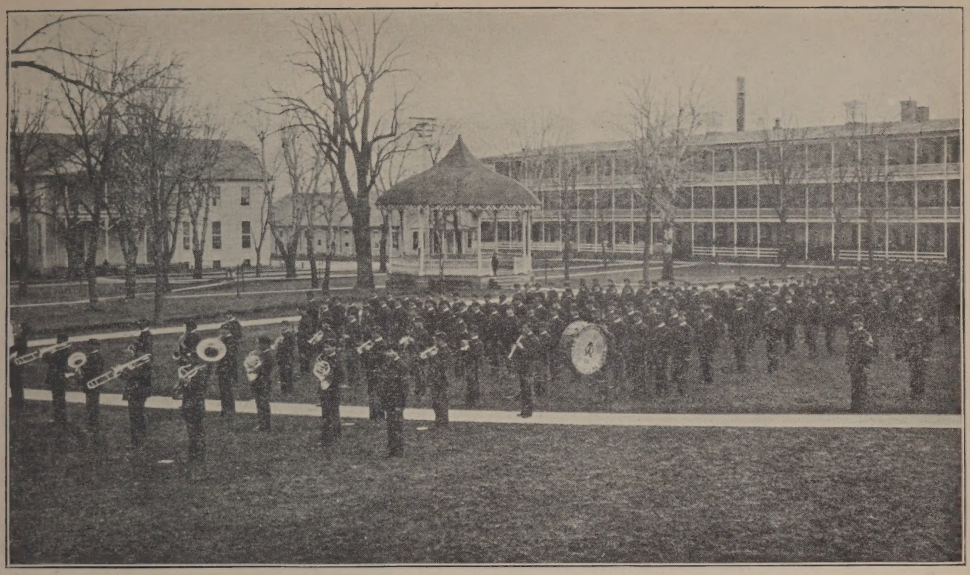
READY FOR THE BASKET BALL GAME.

farmers receive their practical instruction.

Almost 4000 Indians have passed through Carlisle since its opening; 497 of these were graduates. To quote the superintendent, these graduates and undergraduates "are to be found in every capacity—as teachers, clerks, trained nurses, housekeepers, dressmakers, farmers and stock-raisers; two as railroad car inspectors; some as section bosses and hands in railroad repair shops and other mechanical establishments. . . . . One is in the real estate business in



CALISTHENIC DRILL IN GYMNASIUM. RUNNING TRACK ABOVE.



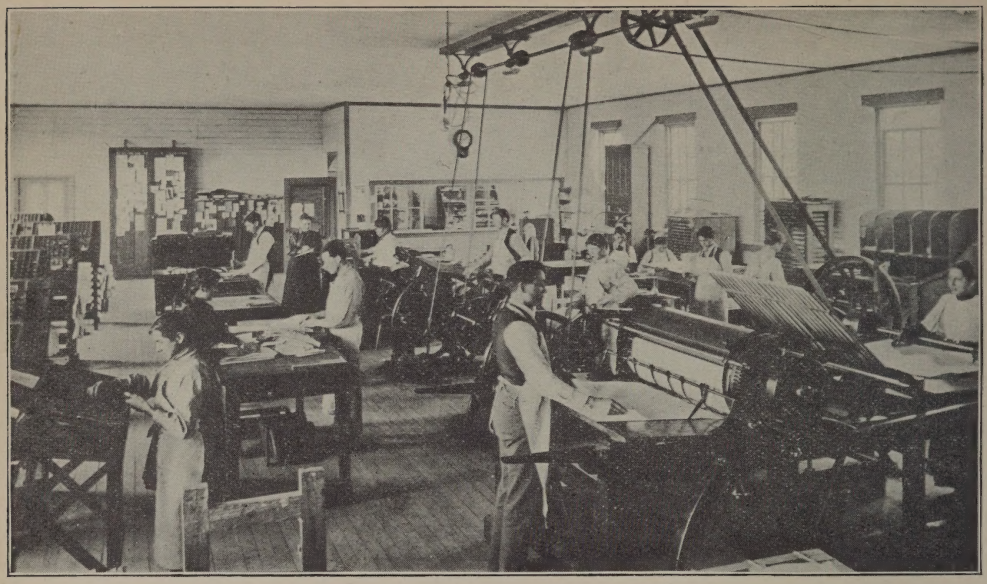
A PARADE ON THE CAMPUS.

Oklahoma and is vice-president of a bank there." (And this one is a Catholic). "A number are living on their allotments. One hundred of them were engaged in the Indian school service in 1902, filling positions as teacher, clerk, farmer, blacksmith, etc."

The question is often asked—"Does the Indian's future conduct on leaving school warrant this expenditure on his or her education?" To be guilty of a Hibernianism this question could be answered by asking another. "Does the future conduct of the graduate and non-graduate of parochial schools, Catholic colleges, convents, and non-sectarian colleges reflect creditably the teachings and principles learned at school? Are not Christian doctrine and ethics often abandoned for unchristian methods and lower standards? Is not Minerva dethroned and Circe put up in her stead?"

To answer the question directly let us take the authoritative words of Dr. Ganss: "In early days when the pupils were compelled to return to their original prairie homes there were a number of relapses into the old state of life—'a reversion of type'—and some of the graduates did not reflect the light on the school that was expected of them; in fact, brought it in disrepute. But the number has decreased until it has become a negligible quantity when compared to the uniform good accounts that come from the vast majority of 'returned pupils.'"

The Outing System is also the outgrowth of Carlisle. It is an experiment which has met with good results. By it all pupils are expected to spend at least one year in a country home, to become familiar with the practical work in house, farm, dairy, factory, and machine shop. While away from the school the pupils become wage-earners; one-half of their earnings they are allowed to use for their personal wants and comforts; the other half is deposited in the school bank where it bears interest and is given to them at their departure for home. The amount earned and deposited



THE PRINTERY.

in 1905, for instance, was $30,000. The separation of sexes is here again inexorably insisted upon, so that boys and girls are never placed in the same county, and under the penalty of expulsion are not allowed to visit each other. . . . . While away from school all Catholic pupils, whether in Catholic or Protestant houses, must attend Mass and Sunday school. Dr. Ganss—from whose article in the *Messenger* the foregoing is quoted—drew up the rules for the Outing Sys-

THE INDIANS BAKE FOR A THOUSAND HUNGRY MOUTHS.

tem and they have been adopted by the Department of the Interior. They look to the spiritual, mental and physical welfare of the students. Patrons, who promise in writing to abide by these rules are asked not to look upon the Indians as mere servants but as members of a race who are anxious to learn the refined ways of civilized society.

It would be the Catholic ideal if a Catholic atmosphere pervaded Carlisle—but Congress in 1897 abolished all Contract Schools, and Catholic Mission Schools are not able to meet the demands made on them. When the Contract Schools were recognized the Catholic schools received the largest share because the attendance was greater than all other schools. The "No Popery" cry was taken up, and a frightened Congress listened and rescinded the contracts. In 1889 the allowance made by the Government was $347,672; in 1906 Catholics contributed $57.570.16! What would the poor Indian boys and girls do without these Government schools? They ask for bread, surely we are not to hand them a stone. Were it not for the princely munificence of Mother Katharine Drexel many would receive scorpions instead of fish.

Many of the Catholic pupils at Carlisle have no church facilities at home. They would be lost to the faith if they did not attend this school. No parity exists between the attendance of the 6937 Catholics at non-Catholic colleges and universities, and the 5000 Indians who attend these Government schools. In the case of the Indian there is an absolute necessity and a desire of the uplifting influences of civilization. In the case of the former no such reason exists. Yearning for social exclusiveness and aspirations leads some to non-Catholic colleges, while for many it is an utter disregard and disdain for Catholic school, academic, and collegiate training.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

Anti-Christian Literature and its Fruits.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

VIII.

Anti-Christian Philosophy.

The Catholic mind in France had come forth from the disorders of the Revolution to a new awakening. The call to truer philosophic principles had been sounded in the romanticism of Chateaubriand, in the traditionalism of De Bonald and Bautain, in the extravagant universalism of De Lamennais. Through a mixture of error and truth the more solid and truer doctrines took form until they had thrown off the excrescences resulting from deceptive circumstances and emerged in all their grandeur of sane

and sound orthodoxy during the time of Louis Philippe and the Second Republic. Gratry, Montalembert, Dupanloup, Ozanam, Gerbet, and many like them, had demonstrated that truth, both intellectual and moral, was to be sought and found only under the guidance of the mother of philosophy, the Catholic Church.

During the same period, however, the forces of error had not lain idle. An infidel philosophy, born of the principles of '89, had arisen to combat the Catholic awakening. The rationalistic philosophies of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, crystalizing into that of Hegel, had invaded France and brought newer and more lasting sources of error into the life and thought of that nation. In 1855, Pére Gratry exposed the fact that this new pantheistic system was gaining ground and threatening the foundations of human learning. Hegelianism was, in principle, the identity of contradictories, the identity of truth and error, of good and evil. It was a system that insinuated that nothing really exists, that existence is merely a happening; that truth is not truth in itself, that there is no definite truth. It was the affirmation and negation of the same thing, fact, or being, at the same time. Hegelianism was important inasmuch as it led the way to the formation of French systems no less bizarre and destructive in the intellectual and moral order.

Not to speak of the eclecticism of Cousin in the earlier days of the century, a system which consisted in culling what he considered truth out of all the various philosophies of the past, without, however, having any definite idea of what was the truth, the chief product of German rationalism among the French was that Positivism which obtained so large an influence during the days of the Second Empire. It consisted in confining human knowledge within the sole domain of the observation of the forces of matter, and the study of the mathematical laws and conditions which regulate these forces. Beyond that domain nothing exists scientifically. Neither first causes, final causes, nor the essences of things, ought to be the object of scientific research, for these it considers, are not science, but metaphysics. Under the name of metaphysics were included religion, theology and moral teaching all of which were to be simply eliminated as of no interest to men of intellect. Hegelianism had closed the eyes of human understanding; Positivism mutilated it and cut its wings.

The author of Positivism was August Compt, (1798–1857), once a follower in the ranks of Saint-Simon, a man of feverous dreams and of strong mental tension. His system regarded religion as a mere plaything of the first ages, of the infancy of humanity. In his last days, however, this denier and contemner of religion felt the need of constructing a dogma and worship of his own; he dreamed of a church of which he should naturally be the pope; he promulgated oracles, signed "briefs," and even administered "sacraments" of his own invention, conferred in the name of "humanity."

This disorderly philosophy would have died with its author had not two of his disciples taken it up and given it a certain stability. One of these, M. Littré, gave a resumé of its teachings in 1845; but it was M. Taine who endowed it with a species of life, especially in his later writings. According to the resumé of Littré, Positivism would do away with

God, the Creator, the First Cause, the Final End, as subjects "worthy of childish minds. It declares that "outside the sphere of material and positive things the eye of the intelligence can perceive only an infinite void." It considered the soul, anatomically, as the *ensemble* of the functions of the brain and spinal column, and psychologically, as the *ensemble* of the functions of the cerebral sensibility. It denied all immortality and future life. "The dead," it declares, "survive only in the ideal existence which presents them to our memory, or in the part they played in the collective life of progress accomplished by humanity." There was to be no more religion or worship. Instead of supernatural ideas and the dogmas of faith it would substitute the cult of "humanity." Finally, in denying the existence of God it ceased to recognize the divinity of Christ, His miracles, and the divine authority of His Church.

The new philosophy became the fad in France. It was welcomed by young men impatient of restraint; it was preconized by free thought in a congress of students at Liege; it descended into the workshops, infested the schools, and became a necessary accomplishment for professors in academies and colleges. It was the peril of France, as it was characterized by Mgr. Dupanloup, then Archbishop of Orleans.

The danger was increased through the hypocrisy of its writings. "One of the characteristic traits of modern irreligion," says Mgr. Baunard, "is that taint of poetry mingled with mysticism which accompanies the most blasphemous negations." This is most evident in the unctuous atheism of Saint Beuve, whom this school characterizes as the prince of modern critics.

Out of the conjunction of Hegelianism and Positivism, the negation of absolute truth and the disdain of metaphysics, was born a new historical criticism which repudiated *a priori* the supernatural as false and impossible. M. Havet, in his "Christianity and its Origins, the New Testament," sounded the note of this new war upon Christianity. Here is what he teaches: "When criticism refuses to believe in the narration of miracles, it has no need to bring proofs to the support of its negation. What is narrated is false, simply because it cannot be." And again he declares—"The foundation of all criticism consists in setting aside in the life of Christ, the supernatural;" and again, "Nothing enters into human affairs but what is human; and every science, particularly history, must bid farewell definitely to the supernatural and to the divine."

This perversive philosophy once launched needed only a leader to present it in a concrete and popular form. For such a work the German Life of Christ, by Strauss, could serve as a model. A hand was ready in France to take up the enterprise. Ernest Renan, so well termed the modern Voltaire, a pupil of a Catholic seminary, one nourished upon the holy Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, was tempted to the work of betraying his Lord. His was that notorious "Life of Jesus" which might be called the great crime of the nineteenth century. De Bonald has said that "A dangerous work written in French is a declaration of war to all Europe." At the appearance of this work all Christianity felt the force of a blow struck from behind. Religion uttered a cry of alarm, true science protested, honesty revolted, and holy souls went weeping and calling out, in the

words of Magdalen: "They have taken my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

The Abbé Freppel took up the gage thrown by the apostate. The novelty of the work he proved to be as old as Arius, its erudition inferior to that of Strauss, and its respect for Christ the most utter blasphemy. Mgr. Gerbet, Bishop of Perpignan, brought his gentle but powerful logic to bear against the atheistic work. But it was Pére Gratry, in his "Critique et la Vie de Jesus," whose telling blows accomplished most in arresting the destructive course of the book. He declares that Renan's "Life of Jesus" is an episode in the great battle waged against reason and religion by the Hegelian philosophy, which is determined to leave nothing standing in Catholicity. The book is false, knowingly false, systematically false. "The author wished to show that Jesus Christ is not God, and at every page his demonstration is shattered like glass against the evidence of the texts. These texts the falsifier knows, he has them before his eyes, he has learned them by heart; his purpose, then, is to deceive, he lies for the sake of lying. He lies because in his Hegelian school no one assertion is truer than its opposite. It is not surprising that his citations contradict one another, that his judgments vary, that he relates facts that are not facts, and that hundreds of times he proves himself inconsistent." Pére Gratry compares him to a musical work composed in two tones which do not harmonize. Sometimes he adopts the respectful, unctuous tone of those who cried out: "Hail, King of the Jews!" In this frame of mind he speaks of Christ as "the man who even yet directs the destinies of humanity," "the man who has given the most beautiful code of perfect life that any moralist has ever traced," "the perfect model which suffering souls would do well to contemplate and imitate." He then proceeds to strike and spit upon the Face of Him before Whom he had just knelt. Hence he speaks of Jesus as "the young peasant, a little pedantic, an eccentric preacher, an anarchist in some ways, doing things which would now be considered the actions of folly," etc.

This intermingling of adulation and insult to the divine character of Christ had its effect. It seduced the simple-minded and brought the book into the hands of an imprudent and deluded multitude. It blinded the masses, it brought tears to the eyes of the faithful, it crushed the great heart of Mother Church, it gave a tone to lying criticism, it gave to blasphemy the character of elegance; it lent assistance to a policy oppressive of truth and liberty; it performed its part in the war of spoliation and sacrilegious confiscation; it renewed the hours of darkness around the Cross of the dying Redeemer; it essayed to make humanity, regenerated through the Blood of the Son of God, return back to Arius and paganism. His work has been the great blasphemy of the century, the crime of his times, the sin which has brought upon himself and upon France the vengeance from on high, and prepared his country for sanguinary disasters.

It is true, the work of Renan served as a stimulus to renewed activity in the Catholic field. Numerous lives of Christ written in an orthodox and sane style came from the pens of distinguished savants. Louis Vieullot, Pére Didon, Fouard, Bougaud, Le Camus and others presented works worthy of study not alone for their erudition and truth, but also for the glamor of style, diction, and general literary excellence which is found

in all of them. There was, however, no need of human genius to refute the scandals of irreligion, since no human production can compare in the evidence of truth and simplicity with the great original as contained in the four Gospels. Hence Lacordaire, writing in regard to a "Life of Christ" from the pen of his friend, M. Foisset, says: "The Gospel has an aspect that nothing resembles. In it I see Jesus Christ. I see, and I understand there something which is seen and understood only once. . . . Each word has a predestined place, a place which has been known and chosen from all eternity, a place sublime and unique, to which a grace is attached, because it is the place of the divine thought, of a thought which ought to be read there, and which, in that place, has touched souls and saved empires."

Even among non-Catholics the work of Renan found not a few who, persuaded by the discoveries of recent years, have termed his criticism extravagant and fanciful. M. Sacy, in the *Journal des Debats*, declared: "As to myself, I would prefer the simplicity of the old evangelists; their candor speaks more to my soul. . . . In a word, I believe in the Gospels of the Evangelists; I do not believe in that of M. Renan."

Towards the end of the Second Empire anti-Christianism underwent a change of life. The position held by Positivism was taken by evolutionist transformation as imported from England. Its authors were Charles Darwin, the naturalist, and Herbert Spencer, the philosopher. Entering into France between the years 1860 and 1880, their doctrines were received with welcome, especially by politicians, such as Bourgeois, Paul Bert, Clemenceau and Jaures. With these latter evolutionism was to replace Christianity. It became the State religion of the Third Republic. Jules Ferry, in the Lodge, *Clemente Amitie*, 1877, declared openly: "We can now throw aside our theological toys. Let us free humanity from the fear of death, and let us believe in a humanity eternally progressing." It was the religion of atheism, and it has been forcing its creed upon the French nation ever since.

Scepticism born of Kant and Hegel, had come to its throne. With Hegel all things are only relative; with Kant objects are only phenomena, and the truth of things is merely subjective; religion itself was to him only subjective, and was, moreover, relegated to things unknowable. In this he resembled Spencer with whom religion held the first place in the category of the Unknowable, that vast, dark and bottomless pit into which he consigned everything which could not be known by experimentation. This glorification of ignorance, elevated into a system, became known as agnosticism.

There were not wanting eminent champions of Catholic principles to meet this new development of anti-Christianism. The Abbé Guthlin, in 1870, the Abbé Empart, in 1869 and the Abbé De Broglie, in his work "Positivism and Experimental Science," dealt with the new theorists in a manner at once erudite, trenchant and overpowering. The system, moreover, met with a reaction during the last decade of the century. M. Paulhan, in the *Revue Philosophique*, 1890, declared: "There is to-day a strong reaction against that agnosticism, and a tendency to abandon that theory of the unknowable in which Spencer confines all that cannot enter into his philosophical formula."

Eclecticism, Positivism, Agnosticism—

the three forms of systematised irreligion in France — have promised much for the country, but have accomplished failure in their own domain and ruin in the social and political life of the people. They have failed. Virchow, the foremost of latter-day "emancipated" scientists, has acknowledged as much. Speaking of the theory of spontaneous generation, which anti-Christianism evoked to do away with the idea of a creator, he asserts that it is "a theory without any proof. No one has ever beheld a spontaneous generation in operation." Again, the *Revue Scientifique,* Nov. 5, 1892, declares: "Virchow has just proclaimed, in the face of the world, the inanity of that fiction of the *pro-anthropos* which for so many years has wasted the time and labor of Science." Renan had asserted that rationalistic science was to organize humanity scientifically. Yet, the fact is that, in France at least, humanity was never more disorganized than at present. Again Renan declared the same conception of science is of value only inasmuch as it can discover that which religion claims to teach. To this M. Brunetiere answers: "For six thousand years, with all the material progress accomplished by science, it has not helped us one step to the knowledge of our origin, of our nature, of our end. And so, as long as this science cannot give us an answer to these questions it will only be what Pascal calls a "diversion," i. e., a method of preventing us from thinking upon the only questions which interest us and of mocking us in the hopelessness into which we have been cast by our inability to solve them." To the question then as to what Positivism in science and philosophy has done for France, we can only answer that in striving to pull down the edifice of civilization, in robbing humanity of all that it held sacred, of all that it loved and all that it hoped for, it has left its votaries nothing but darkness, an infinite void, hopelessness and death. In a word, it has proved itself—according to the testimony of its own children—bankrupt.

The Cult of Satan.

The rationalistic philosophy in France had failed in its professed purpose; its real object, however, was to a great extent attained, namely, the perversion of the popular intelligence, and the creation of a spirit of hostility to religion. One of the most desolating fruits of its activity was the inauguration and development of a precise and definite cult of Satan. The testimony of this is found printed in cold type in the writings of the most prominent of the rationalistic philosophers. One hesitates to transcribe the brutal blasphemies whereby this new worship is enunciated; and we would not do so were it not that the exposure of such sentiments might serve to warn the Catholic reader of the fact that Satan has really assumed an active and undisguised leadership in the war of anti-Christianism against God and His Church. Jean Pierre Proudhon, in his "Economic Contradictions" and in his "Confessions," addresses a formal prayer to Satan, and then breaks out into a storm of insult against the Most High. These are his words: "Come, Lucifer, come! thou calumniated of priests and kings! Come, that we may embrace you, that we may press you to our bosom! Long have we known thee, and long hast thou known us. Thy works, oh thou cherished of our hearts, are not always beautiful and good to the eyes of the vulgar; but thy works only give a meaning to the universe and prevent

it from being absurd. Thou alone dost animate and fructify labor. Thou ennoblest wealth; thou art the essence of authority; thou givest the seal to virtue. . . . " Then follows a tirade of insult against the Almighty: "And thou, Jehovah (here follows an unprintable blasphemy). . . . The first duty of an intelligent and free man is to drive thee from his spirit and conscience; for thou art essentially hostile to our nature, and we reject in every manner thine authority. . . . . Thy name, so long the final word of wisdom, the sanction of judges, the strength of princes, the hope of the poor, the refuge of the repentant sinner, ah, well, that incommunicable name, Father Eternal, Adonai, Jehovah, henceforth given up to scorn and anathema, will be spat upon among men. . . . (here more unprintable blasphemies), etc., etc.

One reading such monstrous language might suppose that this spirit of Satan worship were only the ebullition of a mind unbalanced and irresponsible. But the same spirit is found in the works of writers more cool and calculating than Proudhon. Thus Scheffer would rehabilitate Satan, cut away his horns and hoofs, relieve him of all those attributes of ugliness and horror with which he is associated in the mind of the Christian. "Satan," he would tell us, "is without doubt the one who has gained most in the progress of light (i. e., anti-Christian light) and universal civilization."

The perusal of citations like these,—and they are to be found only too frequently in the literature of irreligion and impiety in France,—shocks the delicate sense of the civilized human being, and brings back to the mind the picture of that first war against God which took place in the vestibules of Heaven in the very dawning of the ages. That the results of this new combat will be the same as those of the old, no man who has read the history of humanity can doubt.

History.

The spirit of hostility to Catholic principle was strongly manifested in the historical works emanating from minds imbued with the doctrines of anti-Christian philosophy. It was only natural that French irreligious history should circle around the horrors of the French Revolution with the same enthusiasm that Catholic faith hovers about the times and scenes of our divine Saviour. Hence the profusion of such works as the "History of the French Revolution," by Jules Michelet (1798–1874); the "History of the Montagnards," by Esquiros; of the "Girondins," by Lamartine; of the "French Revolution," by Louis Blanc. One of the worst of such productions was the "History of the French Revolution," by Adolph Thiers, a man devoid of real religious ideas, rarely Catholic in his sentiments, often Voltarian, sceptical, incredulous, a devotee of fortune, who depicted in a false light the uprisings of the French people, and corrupted a whole generation. With him were Guizot, who possessed at least a certain Protestantism, and Edgar Quinet, who, together with Michelet, brought forth that series of violent diatribes against the Jesuits which occasioned so much harm in 1845.

Fiction.

From a biased and fantastic history to a corrupt fiction is but a step. The progress of corruption in the imaginative literature of France presents all the phases of a chronic disease. There is in it a stage of inception, a stage of progress, and a stage of mortification or gangrene.

The first of these stages was that termed the "idealistic," and flourished in the first part of the century. Its principal exponent was that notorious George Sand, a pseudonym for Madame Dudevant, a woman who wronged her own life and helped to ruin those of such geniuses as Alfred de Musset and Chopin. The evil of the "idealistic" school was, however, slight in comparison to that of its successor, the school of realism, as illustrated by Henry Beyle (Stendhal) Honore de Balzac, Gustave Flaubert, and Carl Joris Huysmans. Of the latter it has been observed that he "pushed realism to its extreme lengths in his selection of subjects and scenes that are usually banished from polite society."

The consummation of irreligion and immorality in modern fiction has been reached in the "naturalistic" school, whose chief exponent was the late Emile Zola. This school is described as attempting principally "to reach the beast in man."

"It is the beast that his (the naturalist's) temperament leads him always to see, and to see exclusively. A swarming, huddled mass of growling creatures, each hounded on by his foul appetites of greed and lust. All nobler aspirations and emotions he regards as the lying inventions of writers who deceived their fellows before the dawn of Naturalism."

The character of this school may be understood from the description of one of its heroines as given by an American critic:

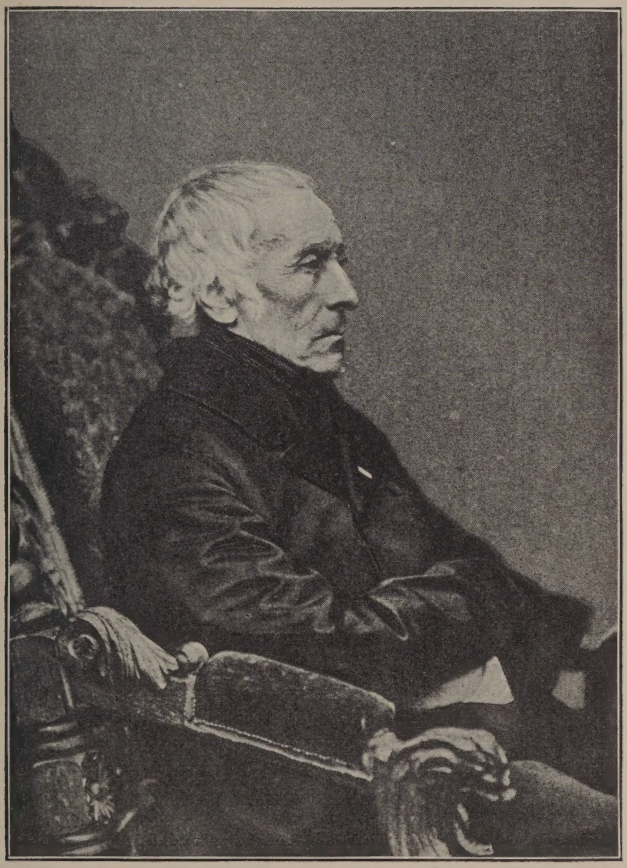
"In Zola's narrative, 'Nana,' and the class of courted hetairae which she typifies, is conceived as some fair ogress, into whose yawning and fatal cave multitudes of men, in hurried and endless procession, descend and are engulfed. There is room for all grades and ranks of the social hierarchy, from the Prince of Wales, who figures under the thin disguise of the Prince of Scotland, to the rudest athlete or contortionist whose salient muscles have provoked a moment's caprice. It is merely indispensable that each shall bring an offering of some kind in his hand. He that cannot defray the charge of the establishment, may pay the dressmaker; another shall furnish pin-money; another trinkets and bouquets . . . her net drags great and small; she seems to have infected a whole city. . . . She had grown like a rank weed, he says, amid the garbage of the Parisian pavement; she had the gorged luxuriance of a plant whose turgid leaves betray the compost bed. . . . With her, the cesspool, which *L'Assomoir* had shown us fermenting among the poor, strikes upwards, and permeates the social mass, befouling and cankering the idle and affluent. She becomes a malignant force of nature, a pestiferous yeast, tainting and disintegrating Paris, turning it sour like curdled milk. In one chapter she is compared to a gold-spangled horse-fly, spawned from ordure, hovering above the carrion that lies rotting by the wayside, sucking venom from its putrescence, and poisoning the wayfarer, whose cheek it brushes with its fœtid wing."

It is the description of one of many like characters in the novels of Zola, Kock, Goncourt, Daudet and De Maupassant. To my mind no better description of the realistic and naturalistic novel itself could be given. It shows the depth of depravity to which the human mind can descend when once it has thrown off the restraints of true reason, of religion and of morality. And more than all it has proved itself one of the most potent factors in alienating the people from all noble principles, and helping to turn their minds away from their duty to religion and God.

The Press.

The modern state recognizes officially three great powers,—the political, the judiciary, and the administrative. The trend of modern custom has brought another to the fore, a mighty vehicle of public influence, which demands obedience from the others,—the daily press. During the whole course of the century the press of France had ever been a source of constant hindrance to all the aspirations of the Church, and, especially during the days of the Second Empire and of the Third Republic, had proved itself one of the most potent factors in the spread of irreligion and immorality among the French people. About the year 1850, Paris had only twenty-six

daily sheets, representing nearly 200,000 subscribers. In 1900, Paris alone boasts of 2709 journals and 185 reviews. Of this number 164 are political in their scope, of which sixty-eight belong to the Moderate Republicans, thirty to the Radicals



FRANCOIS GUIZOT.

or Socialists, sixteen to the Conservatives, eight to the Nationalist Anti-Semites, and forty-two classed as independent. In the country the Moderate Republicans have 880 journals, the Radicals 223, the Royalists, Nationalists and others have 2,869.

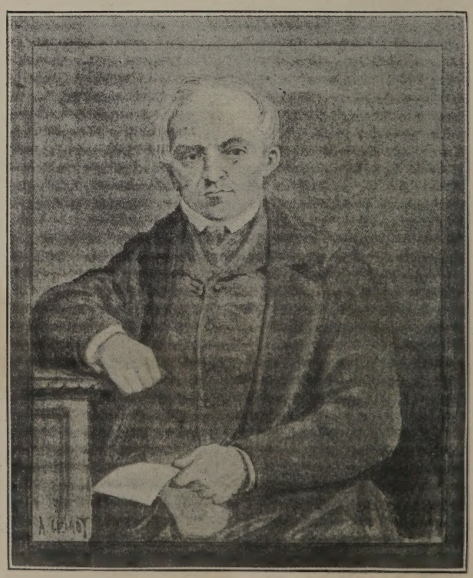
In 1897 M. Henry Beranger opened a symposium in the *Revue Bleue*, wherein the questions were asked: "What use has the press made of its enormous circulation? In our days we have seen how it has served as a complement to the school, how it has informed the public, and instructed the government. Has it done honor to itself in its direction of public opinion by expanding a lofty culture, by extirpating the base roots of instinct? Has it placed itself between the elite and the masses in order to bring them together upon a plane of morality? Has it been the instrument of reason and

MAXIMILIEN LITTRE.

liberty against the influences of wealth? Has it breathed abroad among all parts of the national conscience a respirable and luminous atmosphere?" The responses are almost unanimous to the effect that the press of France has entered upon a crisis of decadence and putrid decomposition, that it is in fact the most corrupt and corrupting influence of the century. Among the judges who subscribed answers to these questions was M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, whose decision seems to sum up the case finally.

It is a venal literature, selling itself to the highest bidder; the ruinous losses of the Panama schemes, and its shameful action in the Jewish affair of Captain Dreyfus have disclosed its methods. It is indecent, pornographic, professing to adorn with lascivious poetry the double meaning and low, and, under the cover of literature, holding a daily and public school of libertinage. It is trivial, a worldly, trifling and insincere literature, with no other rule than the fashion, no other spirit than that of laughter, disposing of everything with a *bon-mot*, placing upon the same level the affairs of State and the records of the sporting world, the Church and the theatre, and covering with an air of pleasantry the work of the moral and social demolition of France. It is sectarian, devoting its pen to the service of party hatred, for denunciation, for defamation, for fomenting division among the classes, for disturbing the beliefs of citizens, and in its fanaticism, excluding one party, and that the best, from common rights and from necessary liberty.

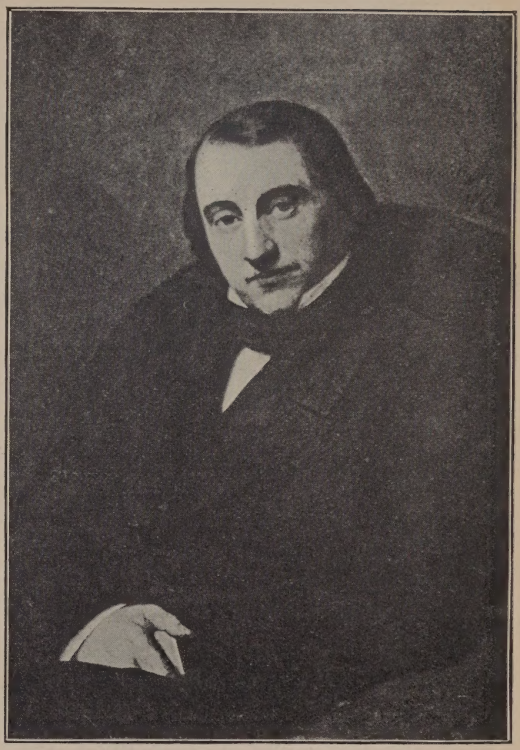
M. Henry Beranger is no less scathing in his arraignment of the French press. His vision betrays to him "the nation corrupted, licentiousness multiplied, authority destroyed, the best elements among the people discouraged, the army of crime recruited, blackmail and menace openly exercised, the parliament gagged or terrorized, in a word, all in the hands of rascals." In 1897, M. Tarde, wrote to M. Buisson, in the *Revue Pedagogique*, "The press filthy and rancorous, boiling with scandals and with the records of the police courts, awaits the scholar as he leaves the school. The penny sheet aids the glass of alcohol in drugging his heart." In 1882, according to the Minis-



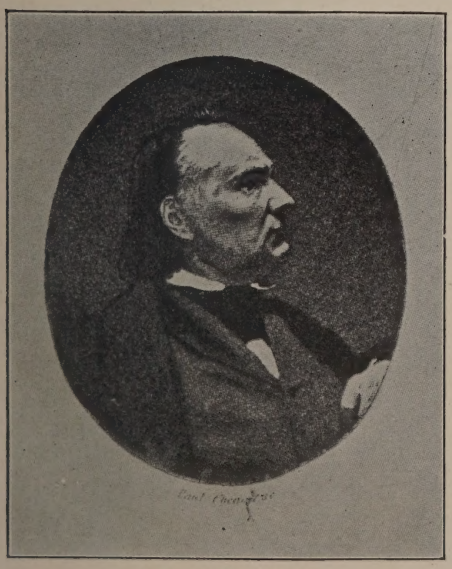
PROSPER MERIMEE.

ter of Justice, more than thirty thousand immoral sheets were distributed at the doors of the schools.

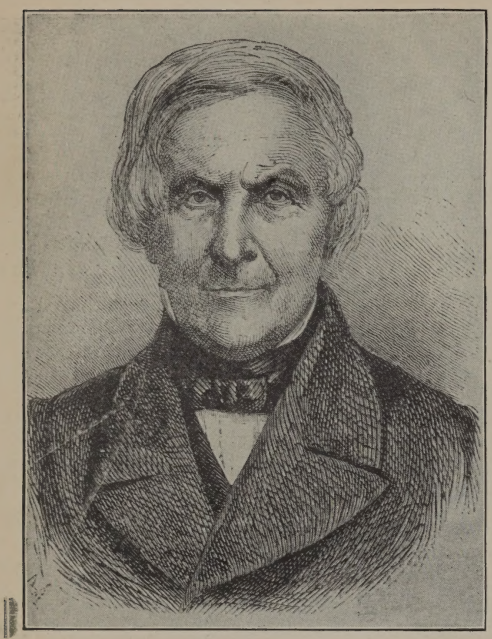
Such was the character of the popular press in France during the last half of the past century. Against its ever increasing flood a Catholic journalism struggled with ever varying success and discouragement. The days of the Monarchies had seen brave little sheets like the *Conservateur*, the *Drapeau Blanc*, the *Memorial*, but their influence could be only slight at the best. Even the *Avenir* was proud of a few thousand subscribers. The *Univers*, established in 1834, had many able writers, among them being that prince of journalists, Louis Veuillot. Holding a contrary and liberal policy was the old *Ami de la Religion*, which served its purpose so well in the struggle for liberty of education under the direction of Dupanloup. But it was only during the last years of the century that a powerful Catholic press was at all possible. Then we find the Daily Cross, *La Croix*, of Paris, with a circulation of 200,000, and the weekly *Croix* with 600,000. All over the country there were other editions of the *Croix* for the various centres of population. Catholic journalism was represented at the same time by such periodicals as the *Pilgrim* with 250,000 subscribers and the *Vie de Saints* with 550,000. There are also the *Etudes Religieuses* of the Jesuit Fathers, the *Correspondant*, the *Semaines Religieuses*, and other reviews of a like learned and religious character. The success comparatively of these journals, especially the *Croix*, excited the anger of the anti-clerical element, to whom any Catholic prosperity was an affront worthy of instant condemnation. Paul Sabbatier in his latest work, "Disestablishment in France,"



ERNEST RENAN.



VICTOR HUGO.



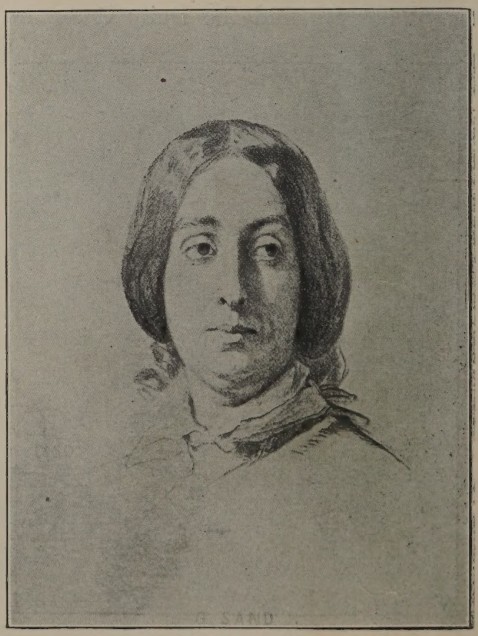
JULES MICHELET.

vents all the hatred of the Radical forces upon the *Croix* and in fact upon the whole Catholic press.

In a line with all the above evil elements making for the destruction of Catholic liberties one must not forget the influence of the theatre. The theatre was always one of the most potent methods of corruption, especially in a society already prepared for license and disorder. During the days of anti-clerical domination the theatre of France has displayed scenes that flattered the vilest of human passions. They displayed a spirit averse to all social order stirring up hostility between the classes, and very often holding up to ridicule the sacred symbols of our religion, deriding the authority of the Church and scoffing at her moral and doctrinal precepts.

It was but natural that the influence of such literature, both in its printed form and in its scenic representation, should produce fruits worthy of their source. I dare not give in full all the statistics of shame and corruption that owe their origin to the influence of the anti-Christian literature described above. Some figures, however, ought to be reproduced in order to show the trend of that civilization which anti-Catholicism would strive to erect in the place of religion.

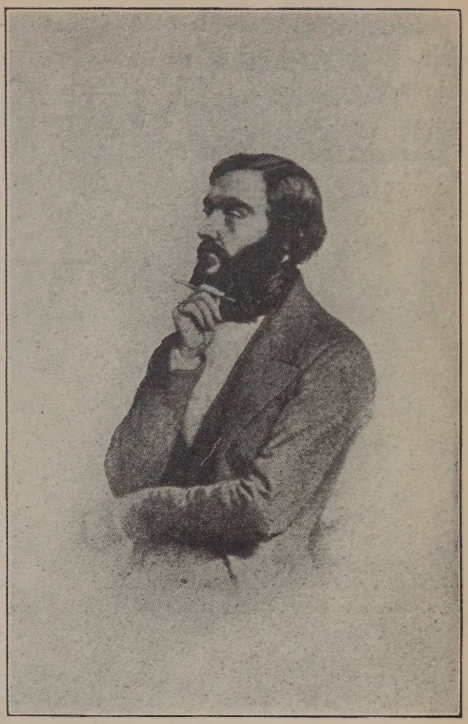
In the matter of births before marriage, or independent of marriage, the figures of 1879, when the influence of the Church was yet important in the country, showed 66,969 such births out of a full number of 956,929. Thirteen years later, when the anti-clerical spirit had long dominated the State, the proportion of such births was 71,086 out of 851,847. This proportion not only displays the increase in illegitimate births, but at the same time betrays the increasing rate of race-suicide, a rate that



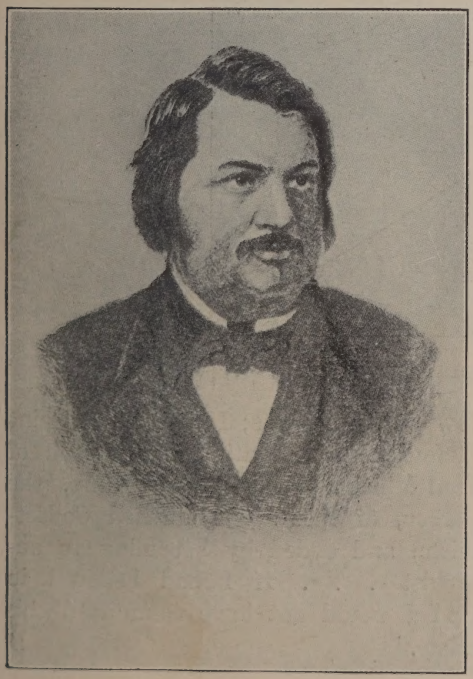
GEORGE SAND.

has gone on increasing in proportion every year since the anti-clericals have attained to power. In the year 1894, the births were 19,284 less than in 1893. This shameful condition becomes more apparent by comparison. In the census of Germany, completed Dec. 2, 1895, the population of that country is given as 52,279,901, showing an increase of 2,851,-421 souls over the census of 1890. The census of France, completed January 6, 1896, gives that country a population of 38,517,975, showing a gain in five years of only 175,027 souls. These figures speak eloquently of the comparative value of the two countries should they be called upon to face each other upon the plane of war, not to speak of other and more lasting interests.

As a consequence of uch license there came naturally an abandonment of family life and a disregard of the conjugal ties.



EUGENE SUE.

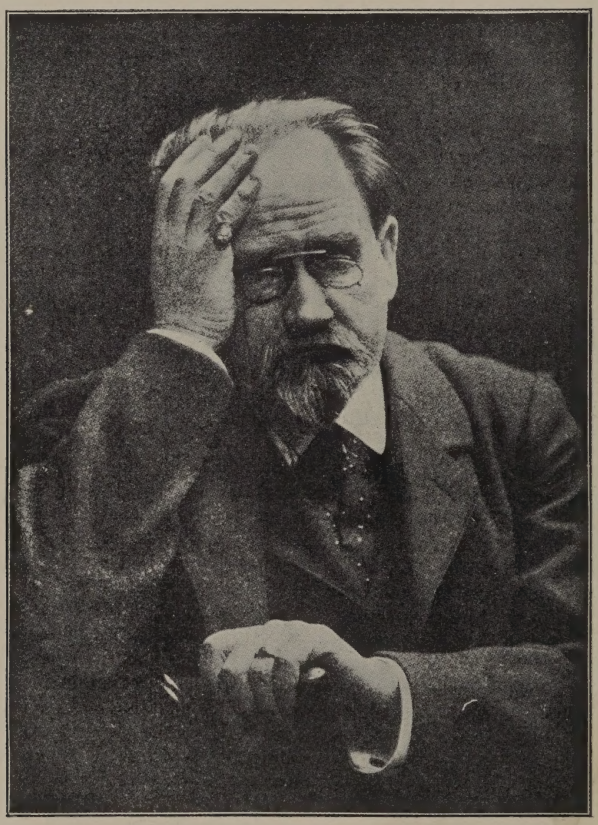


HONORE DE BALZAC.

Divorce is becoming more and more usual. In 1894 there were 6,419 divorces, an increase of 225 over those of the year preceding, and of these 1501 were in Paris alone. In 1892 there were 2641 applications for divorce in Paris. The figures increased as the time went on.

Drunkenness kept pace with immorality under the regime of the anti-clericals. In 1850 the consumption of alcohol amounted to 585,000 hectolitres; to-day the population absorbs 1,670,000 hectolitres. Absinthe, the great intoxicant of the French people, shows the same increase in consumption. In 1885, 85,000 hectolitres were consumed; in 1892, 171,000, in 1896, 256,000. No other country in the world can boast of such figures.

Suicide is the natural child of that despair engendered by a loss of the consolations of religion. In 1886 Paris had alone 889 suicides. In the course of fifty years suicides had increased 162 per cent. The doctrine of despair is bearing its fruits.



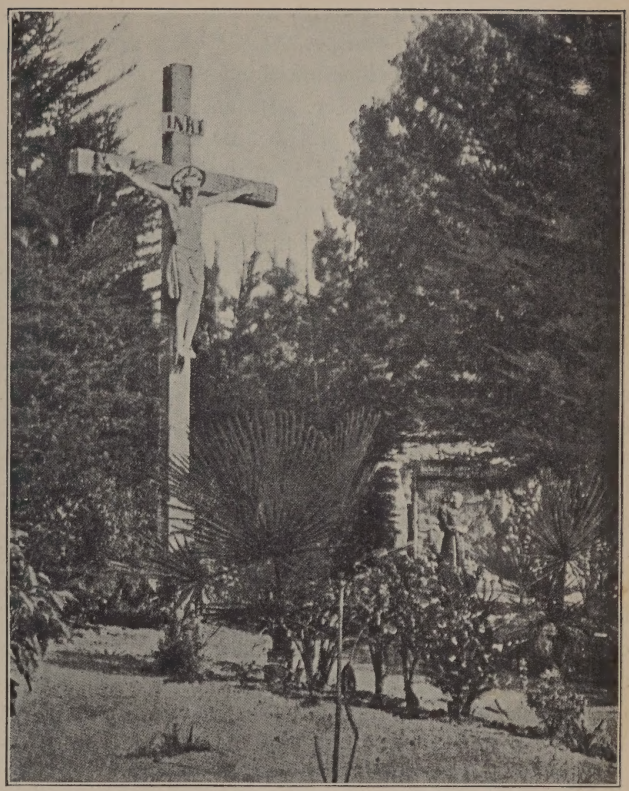
EMILE ZOLA.

The records of criminality betray a frightful and incessant progression in vice. In fifty years criminality has increased at the rate of 133 per cent. It is computed that the number of murders in France exceed 2,000 a year. The best reflection that can be made regarding these records of disorder can be taken from the words of the murderer, Ravachol, spoken before his judge, M. Atthalin: "My mother brought me up in the Catholic faith. I believed firmly then in God, and in the future life as I had been taught by my mother and my priests. One day I read the "Wandering Jew" of Eugene Sue; I listened at Saint Chamond to an anti-clerical speech of Paul Minck; I read the *Proletaire,* the *Citizen,* of Paris. I embraced Collectivism, and ended by becoming an anarchist . . . If I had believed in God I would not have committed this crime."

(To be continued.)

EASTERTIDE IN CALIFORNIA.

BY JAMES CONNOLLY.



A CORNER OF THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION GARDEN.

Here, between the mountains and the Pacific Ocean no finer symbol of the risen Christ could be imagined than that of the sun rising out of the summit of the Sierra Madres. Many a pleasant Easter morning has this sublime sight impressed itself on my mind and heart as I watched it with unspeakable admiration.

In the radiance of the new and perfect Easter day there is nothing wanted to put the Christian soul in perfect harmony with the feast of the risen Redeemer. Nature all around has adorned herself n the loveliest possible forms and colors. The mountains and the groves, which were Christ's first temples, take on the fresh spring charm of the year. They are vocal all day long with the sweetest warblings of the many California song birds. The meadow-lark and brown thrush pipe their full-throated canticles in the tall palms and pines close by your very door, and the mocking-bird—laureate of the continent,—pours his heavenly song from chimney top, roof tree, or the honeysuckle and climbing rose trellised up to your second story window. Song sparrows and house linnets in minor tones take up the burden of the mocker's melodies, and so the glorified day is vibrant with heavenly harmonies within and without these pristine temples.

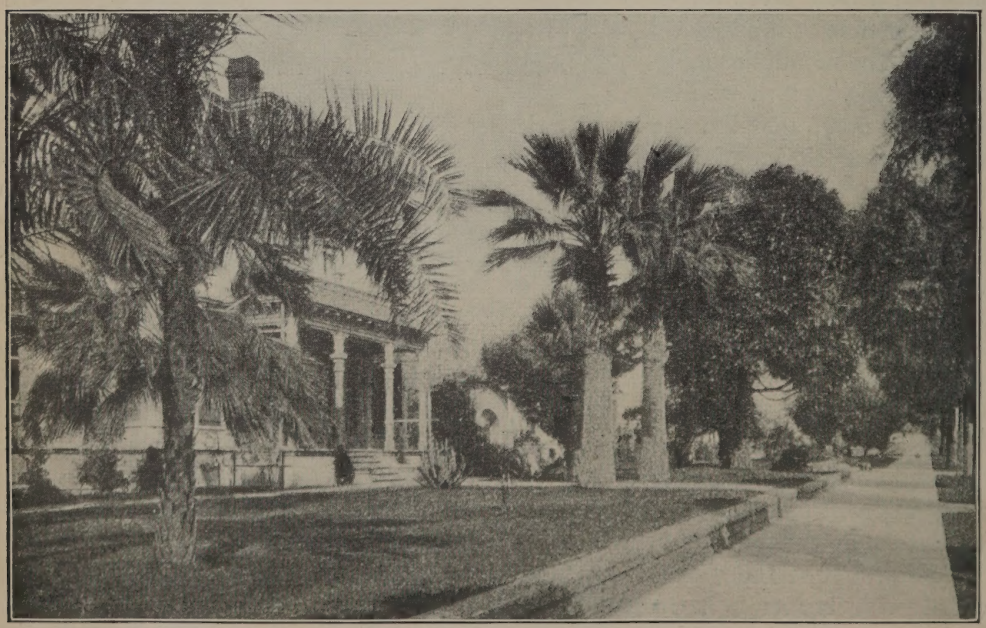
Weeks before the coming of the Eastertide the first rains after the long summer and fall drought have fructified the earth and arrayed it in the most lovely garments for the great feast. From week to week these grow to more perfect beauty as if the earth itself heard and obeyed the mandate "prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His path."

Nowhere is the perfection of the earth's yielding to the divine Will more charmingly manifested than in the whiteness of the Easter lilies, seven feet tall, with which the altars are profusely decorated throughout California. So pure is the white of these lilies and so beautifully do they contrast with the

waxen green of the smilax, festooning domes, ceilings and pillars, that there are rarely other floral decorations used in our churches at Easter. In a land where the best products of the four seasons are ever combined in one the eye is soon accustomed to a rich variety of color in the wayside parks, lawns and gardens, and this simple decoration of the churches is, therefore, most pleasing—a restful change to the eye, in a land that is all in blossom from the mountain summit to the sea. You may thus for a prayerful hour have a change from the brighter diversity of the landscape, but in the chant of the church choir and organ tones within the ear cannot become unconscious of the bird music outside. The mocking-birds on the cross topping the steeple will make their exquisite tribute heard in spite of all, thus asserting their right to kinship with man in celebrating the feast of Easter if no more. As a matter of fact here one gets so attached to these feathered little brothers and sisters of St. Francis that no celebration is complete without their presence and no music quite so divine without their voices having a part in it.

Delightful and spiritually uplifting indeed are the early morning scenes and sounds in California, and there is a fine bracing tonic in the mid-day and afternoon atmosphere. This is experienced at its best in walks or drives far afield on mesa, foothills, or even up the inviting mountains —the higher you go the more and better there is in store for you. The mountain streams and rivulets shine in the golden sunshine like threads and pools of polished silver.

Of all the two hundred or more varieties of wild flowers the columbine clings most insistently to its favorite haunts along the margins of these mountain retreats. Its yellowish-scarlet blos-



A RESIDENTIAL STREET IN CALIFORNIA.

soms are seen at their best "fringing the stream, peering over the bank as if to see their own loveliness there, or hiding in the greenest recesses of the woodland."

Under the canopy of luxuriant leafage the columbine treads lightly upon the close woven tapestries of the smaller star-shaped wild flowers, but it rarely encroaches far in on their bright domain that seems especially adorned.

Most of us "Westerners" have followed so happily in our Stoddard's "Foot-Prints of the Padres," and we have become so imbued with the atmosphere of their environment that we have perhaps less appreciation for the things without their range, yet it must be conceded that the old Franciscan Missions and the six hundred miles of "El Camino Real" connecting them are the hallowed and historical centres of interest in California. In the cities and towns newer temples and churches have sprung up, and in these the faith of St. Francis has its full share of faithful communicants and worshippers at Eastertide. Still on the Easter afternoon, when tally-ho and other driving parties are being made up, the Old Missions are the objective points chosen. Nor is this preference in the least confined to our Catholic people. On the contrary, and to our shame be it said, people of other denominations take far more interest and more practical interest in these relics than we do.

PAUL DE LONGPRE'S HOLLYWOOD HOME.

A Boston gentleman of no mean taste and wide travel whom I had the pleasure of accompanying to the edge of a tall cliff overlooking the San Diego Mission valley for many miles,—the foothills, mesa, and mountains all aglow with the verdure and blossoms of Eastertide,—

FATHER O'KEEFE.
San Luis Rey Mission.

was so impressed with the view that his admiration had to have vent. The ruins of the Old Mission, about six miles up the valley, were barely visible on the bluff, so over-topped were they by the cactus and other wild flowers. "There, Uncle James," the Easterner at last broke out, "that is the finest view I ever laid eyes on."

Too many Americans, blest or cursed with a superfluity of this world's goods, go abroad in search of that which we may find in richer variety in our own country. For the simple nature-lover, and those to whom the aboriginal life of our continent appeals, a greater enchantment may be in store in the Indian reservations and the still remoter haunts of the few remaining rancheres. These are mostly to be found in rather sterile canons and pockets in the mountains, which as yet remain uncoveted of the white man. A journey over the longer distance to these places is well repaid by the more primeval appearance of the forests, the richer hues of the wild flowers. Should you chance to win the confidence of the natives by some little word or act of kindness, your reward will be made richer by coming amongst them at Eastertide. The feature of this remoter region—the mountain haunts of the few descendants of the neophytes—that impresses one most is its striking resemblance to Palestine. Probably the number of shrubs and wild flowers are more numerous here at Eastertide—poppies, anemones, and other floral varieties that give such scarlet color to

PUEBLA INDIAN WATER CARRIERS.

A RANCH IN CALIFORNIA.

the landscape of the Holy Land as to suggest the significant name of the "Saviour's blood drops" flourish here.

In the joyous way in which the Indians—gathered on Easter morning in their little plain adobe chapel—to celebrate the feast of the risen Christ there are no signs of their temporal decadence. However deeply they may feel the absence of a priest to administer to them the Blessed Sacrament on Easter morn, they are still, for the greater number, loyal children of the Church. Their souls seem to be imbued with the spirit of Padre Junipero Serra, as they chant their simple canticles. Nay, one feels as one listens, that there is in their hearts something of the exultant joy of St. Francis of Assisi. Certain it is that there are many of the same "best specimens of humanity" among the Indians that are still found by travelers amongst what is termed "the lower classes" of Palestine.

Much as the unchristian custom of classifying men by the false standards of their temporal belongings has retarded the growth of the nobler spiritual life among these people, you still find the genuine hospitality of the Franciscan Mission days active amongst them.

How is this possible amid the privations and discomforts of their adobe or brush huts or wigwams, tule-thatched? The centenarian survivor of the Mission days, found in every reservation or hamlet, however small, tells by the camp fire of the prosperous happy days of the Missions. Thus at Eastertide he recalls the full granaries of the ripened fruits, the wide olive groves, and the broad vineyards, the overflowing wine vats and, —with the natural prosperity,—the spiritual growth that bore such fruit in the soul. From year to year they go on telling and singing of such long past happy days, especially at Easter-time. The faith of Christ is thus kept strong amongst them—even while they are steadily wast-

ing away before the onward march of "the wielders of power, the misers and minters of money," whose greed is their creed, and who have little part in the genuine spiritual joy and exaltation.

But this minor note should not be sounded at this season of rejoicing. The Easter afternoon drives or strolls along "El Camino Real," or in and out of the Old Missions are all the pleasanter perhaps for the brief glance at the seamy side of life.

In the warm afternoon sunshine, the atmosphere redolent with fragrance, there is no lack of means to the fullest enjoyment of the fleeting hours.

There where Padre Junipero trudged along slowly with bleeding bare feet on his way from San Diego to Monterey you meet gay parties in costly touring cars out for a "line-spin" along the line of the old Royal road. Here, nearer to the "Angel City," you have charming views of magnificent suburban residences. "Their lawns and parks'extended bounds" display all the rich variety and splendid diversity of growth of all seasons and almost every climate.

In the evening, when the Mission bells ring out their soft inviting call to Vespers, we can bow down in reverence before one of the conserved or rebuilt Mission altars. The Franciscan atmosphere and tradition still linger thereabout. Nor does the added element of modernity in the least lessen the effect of the Vesper devotions. We can thus more readily "Recall the pious life that once was theirs," and more fully realize "the blessed work" which the padres did. But to emulate it even in our Eastertide celebrations and daily lives were beyond our reach. We are too burdened with the complex and difficult obligations of our modern life. Yet with the appeal of so many allurements,—divine and natural, —present here, one can not but feel and enjoy the full glory and gladness of the Eastertide in the land of the Old Missions.

A MISSION GARDEN AT EASTER TIME.

GENERAL VIEW OF LOYOLA.

IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY: LOYOLA.

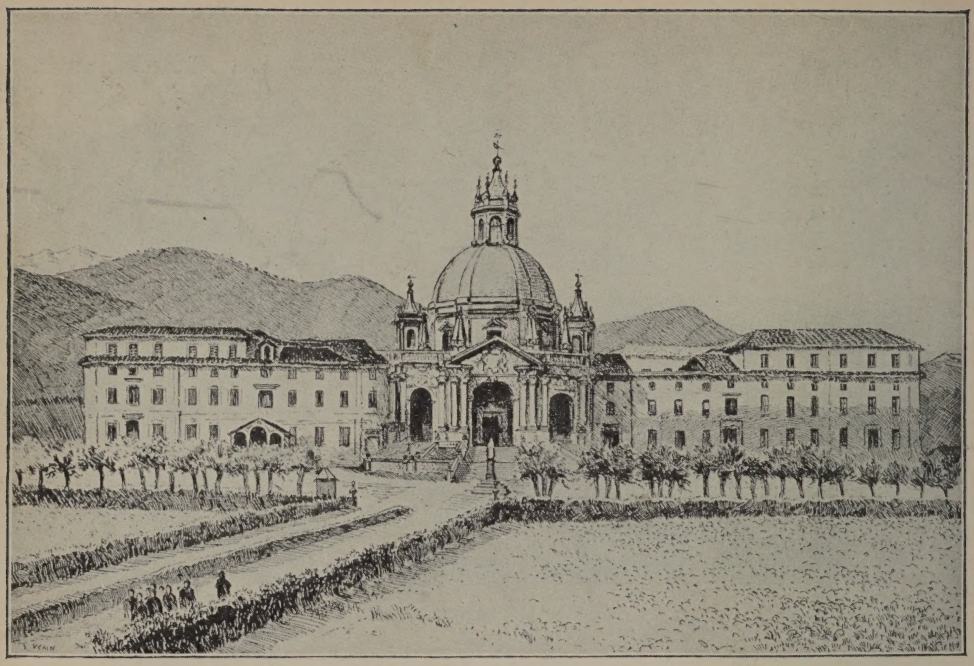
BY E. BOYLE O'REILLY.

"The only happy people in the world are the good man, the sage, and the saint: but the saint is happier than either of the others, so much is man by his nature formed for sanctity."—*Joubert.*

The Basque is still one of the sturdy untouched peoples of the earth. They still form the unmixed aborigines of Spain. They claim to be the oldest race in Europe, that their language came to Spain before the confusion of tongues at Babel. Certainly their difficult dialect remains a perplexity to the etymologist. Some believe it of Tartar origin; Humboldt considered it was once spoken all over the Peninsula.

An equally proud boast is that never Moor nor foreign invader conquered their sierras and valleys. The mere fact of being born in the Basque provinces confers nobility, an equality with the highest. Some derive their name from a Basque phrase "Somos bastantes," meaning we are enough,—a name that fitly describes their character of self-sufficiency.

Like most mountain races the Basque loves his corner of the world with an intense affection. Life for centuries in his free wild villages has bred in him a passionate independence. In past ages he would never join with the neighboring kingdoms of Navarre and Leon until his special privileges were ratified. And though these privileges were the important ones of exemption from taxes and military service he succeeded in keeping them intact until the late century. Then his sympathies with the first Don Carlos in the war of the thirties, and again with the Pretender's grandson, in the war of the seventies, lost him his ancient rights. However,—though to-day the Basques must pay taxes and serve in the army like every other province of Spain,—

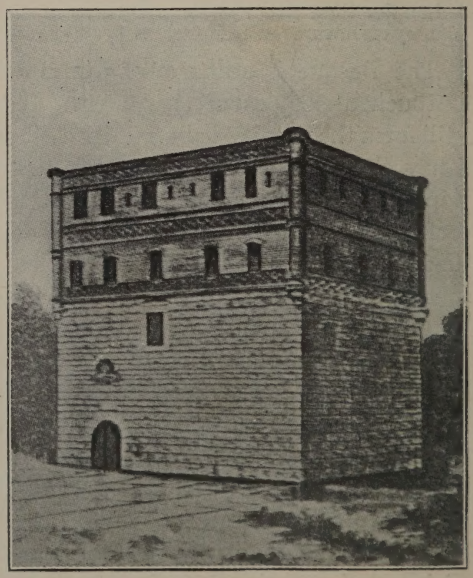


CHURCH AND COLLEGE OF LOYOLA.

their soldiers are usually employed in the customs, or as aids to the local police. Their red cap (like the French béret) and brilliant red trousers are a familiar sight among the valleys.

There are over 600,000 people in these well-wooded northern provinces of the Pyrenees. Though moist in winter the climate is good. The oak and the chestnut abound. Apples are plentiful—it is not an infrequent sight to see train-loads of the fragrant fruit carried unpacked in open cars, like coal. Along the coast the Basques make sturdy sailors, but naturally agriculture is their chief means of support. The farms though small are cultivated with great activity.

This strong primitive race clings tenaciously to its patriarchal customs. The men, wearing the *boina,* the dark blue cap of the province, tramp along the roads (among the best built in Spain); with guiding staff they patiently walk ahead of their cream-colored oxen whose yoke is covered with sheepskin, as it has been for centuries. The tiny donkeys are so



FAMILY HOUSE OF LOYOLA.

laden with bundles of hay that they appear like animated mats. Creaking carts go slowly by; each wheel is made of a solid block of wood bound in iron and emits a prolonged agonizing squeak. Sometimes the carts carry pig skins filled with wine. These unique wine casks always with three legs in the air—are mended with a kind of pitch that lends a slightly disagreeable flavor to the wine, but the Basque will not yield an old usage. In the little mountain towns the men and boys sit before their doors or under the trees of the *alameda* making the cord soles used in the peasants' shoes. The women, in groups of twenty and more, wash clothes in the public trough, or, more picturesquely, down by the river. The industry of all is unflagging.

Of the four Basque provinces, Guipuzcoa, though the smallest, is the most individual, an epitome of the national characteristics. Her valleys, so sinuous that the points of the meridian are changed every ten minutes, now serve as the passage-way for the rushing mountain river, now spread out into the plains where the towns are pleasantly set. Each town has its shady *alameda*, its plaza, and a court for playing pelota—a kind of tennis—the national game of the provinces. There are frequent *casas solares*, or family manor houses, like small fortresses in their massive strength. One such city house—not soon forgotten—an inheritance of the present Duke of Granada, is wedged in with its neighbors in Azcoitia, quite unnoticed by the guide book. Only a happy chance may cause one to discover it, looming above the narrow pavement. Blackened with age and humidity and scarred as if crashed with blows of warring times it is a good record of old Basque life. In any other country but Spain, the carelessly rich and unrecorded, this mediæval house would be a lion in the district. Spanish travel is of unflagging charm from this very unexpectedness.

AN AGED BASQUE.

No sooner is Spain entered than its character is felt. The Pyrenees close in after passing the *Puente Internacional* which connects France with its neighbor over the Bidassoa—scene of many historic meetings. The churches were high-shouldered and almost windowless; here in the mother-land was seen the open belfry of Mexico and California.

Before reaching San Sebastian—the most fashionable summer resort of Spain—the train skirted what appeared to be an inland lake surrounded by hills, when suddenly an ocean steamer and some

fishing smacks were seen lying at anchor. Looking closer, a narrow passage through the hills was discovered outside of which the sea was breaking—another of Spain's unheralded effects. This was the beautiful inland Bay of Pasages, the port from

de toros here in the north brought sharply to notice how ineradicable, how incomprehensible to the outsider, are some national customs. This game, which began as chivalrous sport and has degenerated into its present brutality of

ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA, FOUNDER OF SOCIETY OF JESUS.
From a photograph of an original portrait at the Gesu, in Rome.

which young Lafayette sailed for America.

At San Sebastian—still gay with Madrid people, for the season holds till October,—the first bull-ring was seen, a circular building of red and yellow brick with Moorish features. To find a *plaza* professionals, has withstood the will of kings, Papal bulls, the dislike of a large proportion of the Spanish people who petitioned the Cortes in 1878 for its abolishment, and the odium of foreign races. Until this *cosa de Espana* is done away with it will remain a stumbling block to

even the most sympathetic of travelers.

The country through which the train passed continued fertile and pleasing; on every hand appeared signs of thrifty industry. The detached isolated trees of the south were seen; now a walled graveyard with slender pointed cypress, antique chapel and gateway; now a happy *alemeda* along the trout rivers, its trees trained for shade; in the valleys orchards; and above on the hills the heavily laden chestnut trees.

At Irun, the frontier town behind us, we had taken our tickets for Zumarraga, two hours away. There we were to leave the railway and drive up the valley of Loyola to the old castle in which the hidalgo vizcaino, Don Iñigo de Loyola, was born.

Our guide book gave but the slightest information. It was raining drearily. With trepidation and sinking hearts, we looked out at Zumarraga as the train drew near. Would this the first night in Spain, cold and wet, be spent in some miserable tavern suitable to a town of a thousand inhabitants? And perhaps the next morning at daybreak a crowded, rumbling diligence would take us up the valley?

We stepped from the train reluctantly. A porter seized our valises, and muttering something incomprehensible about Loyola and an automobile hurried us through the station. And there beyond stood the unexpected! sign manual of comfort and advancement—a great red automobile with a gallant chauffeur.

We sat down on our luggage and burst into a hearty laugh. If the other prophesied hardships of a tour in Spain materialized in this fashion we were content.

For the small sum of three *pesetas* each (fifty-four cents) we were whirled up the winding valley. The mountains rose precipitously from the road and its accompanying river, now swollen into a torrent by the equinoctial rains. The way resembled the valley in the Pistoiese Apennines that leads down to the Bagni di Lucca.

In the motor diligence with us were a few courteous Basques; an elderly architect, with the finely-chiseled features of the country, pointed out a sight here and there, among others a statue of Le Gaspin, conqueror of the Philippines. He took us for country-women of his queen and, emulating his courtesy, we were silent as to our nationality.

"The electric motor," he said as we passed a solitary building by the river. Every part of Spain in now lighted by electricity.

"You are very up-to-date!" we exclaimed.

He replied by a shrug of delighted self-deprecation, a proud smile of conscious superiority aping the humble, not out of place in a Basque whose language Adam spoke—so ancient and difficult a tongue that the devil, who once tried to learn it, they say, had to give up in despair.

Our opposite neighbors in the diligence were country-men, none of whom had reached fifty, yet they appeared aged from their loss of teeth. They, too, sought to show some courtesy. Each wayside shrine was named, with glistening eyes, —St. Anthony;—the hermitage on the hill above, St. Augustine; here, St. John. One began to understand religion was no dead letter, a Sunday morning service, among these people.

After six miles, the valley opened out, and we came to the typical Basque town of Azcoitia a town of some five thousand

inhabitants. Here are manufactured the *boina* caps of the provinces. A long cobbled street ran through the town; it was very narrow and made still narrower by the balconies. Each balcony now had its interested occupants, for the diligence is still an event in the day.

The automobile passed under the high houses, under the cliff-like church, then two miles of a rarely beautiful valley with mountain rising behind mountain in the evening light—and at length we reached Loyola.

Here one of the masters of the human mind, one of the holiest men of Christendom, saw the light in 1491—the year before the discovery of America. In the life of St. Ignatius there are several coincidents of dates to give us pause. He, this great discoverer of new strength, of untried powers in the human soul, grew up among these hills where his father was feudal lord.

When older, a knight in the worldly court that surrounded Ferdinand and his second wife, Germaine de Foix, Ignatius in gazing at the stars would feel with sudden potency the pettiness of man's grandeur; or when during his religious life he would crave at the sunset hour to be alone, to meditate, surely it was to these peaceful Basque hills that his thoughts turned, to their noiseless, starlit nights. Years of such an early environment helped to make the saint what he was.

With emotion one saw in the distance the huge quadrangle of the convent that now surrounds the *Santa Casa*. Remembrance of what this spot had given to the world, of the thousands of chosen minds to-day linked by one will to work for good in every land, makes Loyola indeed a place of pilgrimage to stir the Catholic heart.

At a little past six we left the automobile, which was to run farther up the valley. A porter from the inn led the way through the little park the Jesuits have planted for the people. The *Hospederia de Loyola* was a large building with porticoed entrance, at right angles to the convent. It was more like a monastery than a hotel, with polished staircase and corridors, neat, simple rooms, and a long white refectory. The table was excellent; one course followed another at the one o'clock *dejeuner* and the eight o'clock dinner. There was fresh fish from San Sebastian (to which daily another motor diligence ran), there were home-made preserves, and here we had our initial taste of the universal *garbanzos* of Spain, a chick-pea shaped like a ram's head.

The waitress, the first of many Carmens and Dolores, was a wonderful old woman who grew so intent on teaching us her language that she would insistently repeat the name of each dish she passed. Although we knew no Spanish, and she no English, she managed to convey to us that there were eight ladies from Madrid in the house living upstairs in retirement as they were making a retreat. They had come last Saturday, talk, talk, talk,—and the animated little woman gesticulated to show. Then the retreat began,—did we know what "the Exercises" were? Off she walked with bowed head and downcast eyes. So it would be all week. Then next Monday we should see them, they would be at table, and it would be talk, talk, talk again.

During the week we occasionally saw a lady in black, her head covered with a veil, cross from the hotel to the *Santa Casa* where the meditations were held. Also, in the convent, the Jesuits were conducting another retreat, fifty men

from different Spanish cities. These lived in the seminary with the priests.

At table with us were some Spanish people of a kind the tourist does not usually meet. One of them, a deeply religious man from Barcelona on his first visit to the *Santa Casa*, following the example of the Duke of Gandia, St. Francis Borgia, knelt to kiss the floor of the room in which the patron of the Basques was born. Another, an elderly woman fond of lace and jewels and probably longing for the gayeties of San Sebastian, was patiently waiting in this quiet spot while her daughter made the "Retreat." When the eight days were ended we met this daughter of whom she was so proud, a brilliant, beautiful girl with the charm of manner and quickness of intelligence found among Spanish women of the upper classes.

The afternoon the two retreats closed was a pleasant sight. The valley was fragrant from the rain; although it was October the birds sang in the park. On the mountains the chalets stood out strangely near in the clear air. Carriages and touring cars rolled up,—pretty wives to fetch their husbands, husbands to again claim their wives. All were happy and natural, but one felt around one the atmosphere of the higher things of life,—a fine exaltation that only religion can give.

Before the late dinner, a tall Spanish woman with her four daughters automobiled over from San Sebastian to spend the night in the hotel. Her husband had been making the "Exercises." He now joined us at table, a man of fine presence, of the severe dignity we were to meet frequently in Spain. Passing through the corridors past ten that night we heard the sounds of prayer in their rooms, the wife and children making the responses to the man's deeper voice.

Religion is ineradically woven into the life of this race. The power to understand the spiritual is not the gift of a few but of all. It gives to the peasant woman, to the uncouth lad serving Mass, an intelligence above themselves. A Spaniard is half mystic by natural inheritance.

The convent of Loyola was built by the Austrian wife of Philip IV. to enclose and preserve the *Santa Casa*. It was by her presented to the Jesuits. The church whose dome overtops the convent is in imitation of the Pantheon in Rome. Unfortunately—as are most Jesuit churches in Europe—it was erected in a bad period overloaded with ornament. The Company of Jesus was not founded until the golden age of architecture was well over. Churriguera, arch-master of bad taste, was alas, in vogue when the Jesuits built. Strange it seems that in any age the human mind could have devised the hideous twisted pillars of decorated marble from a straight classic shaft.

There is, however, at Loyola a beautiful architectural feature in the ample flowing staircase that leads to the church, reminiscent of Italian villas.

Up this stately stairway the people flock every morning to the Masses which continue from dawn until nine. They cross the fields from Azpeitia on the raised path built beside the river, or they come from Azcoitia two miles down the valley.

No one who has not seen a Spanish priest's attitude of devotion can understand its appealing beauty. These Jesuits and their attendant young novices,—(there are almost two hundred students in the seminary)—approach the altar with solemn reverence without a trace of self-consciousness, and slowly and beautifully recite the Mass. "The Jesuit seems to love God from pure inclination, out of admiration, gratitude, tenderness

for the pleasure of loving Him," wrote Joubert, subtlest of French critics. "In their books of devotion you find joy because with them nature and religion go hand in hand."

A Basque congregation is worthy of such ministers. Here in Loyola all knelt, without bench or chair, the men on folded hankerchiefs, the women on the circular straw mats scattered over the marble pavement. We were fortunate enough to attend a late Benediction, not a customary service in Spain as we found later. The thrilled exaltation of the singing in which all joined, the aged as well as children, would be hard to describe. It was a volume of triumphant song, an ecstatic full-hearted adoration trying to voice the inexpressible. The organ fairly ran riot, strained to its utmost capacity to equal the jubilant singing.

At the solemn moment of the service the priest held the Host in blessing for a longer space than is usual elsewhere, turning slowly to the right and to the left. Then, instead of the quiet English prayers which immediately follow in some churches, the people rose to their feet with another magnificent burst of song as the priest and his white-robed attendants passed from the church. They stood for some minutes longer to finish their music; there is no unseemly hurrying away from the church in Spain.

The convent of Loyola is the centre of civilization for the countryside. All day there is a ceaseless come and go to the church, or for silent prayer in the *Santa Casa*. At one each day troops of children go to the door of the convent with baskets and tins, and food is given them to carry to the aged and decrepit of the town. An hour later each day some dozens of lads in blue smock and *boina*, playing their ceaseless pelota, flock into the building for a half hour of *doctrina*. Then at three the young novices come out gayly for their ramble over the mountains. As they pass before the church each instantly removes his hat as walking they repeat together a prayer. Happy those whose formative years are passed in study and hardy discipline among these beautiful uncontaminated Basque hills!

The peasants of the valley, when the bell sounds the hours, pause to remove their caps in salutation. Every Sunday they drive in from the mountains to attend the afternoon service in Loyola church. After it they stand to chat for a placid hour on the wide steps. Arm in arm the young girls stroll up and down in the park before the convent. Watching these souls of contentment, that told of upright living and frugal industry, often came the thought of France deprived of all this simple wholesome beauty of life, of the peasants round the Grand Chartreuse poverty-stricken and desolate since the industrial monastery was closed. In the name of liberty France has perpetrated an act of tyranny seldom equalled. Coming times will look back on this twentieth century deed with astonishment and shame. Happily for the future of Spain she has at hand this neighbor to give her the lesson in time.

The soul of the valley of Loyola is naturally the *Santa Casa* itself, the *casa solar* of the saint's forefathers. The lower story is of roughly-hewed stone, and once the whole building was the same. But some centuries ago a jealous king levelled the fortress homes of the Basque nobles and the upper stories were rebuilt in ancient brick.

Above the entrance door the arms of Loyola are carved,—two wolves and a pot. The tradition is that the knights of

Loyola were so generous to their retainers that even the wolves came to share their hospitality. Within the house the four stories have been richly inlaid with marble, mosaic, carved wood and gold leaf—gifts of devotees of the Basque patron. In all the rooms Masses are said.

One room is pointed out as the saint's before his conversion. Another as the one in which St. Francis Borgia said his first Mass, giving up his brilliant career, —viceroy, admiral, Duke of Gandia by inheritance, a favorite with Charles V., —to consecrate himself to the service of the altar. At this memorable Mass he gave Communion to two of his sons, married to the inheritors of the *Santa Casa*, two of St. Ignatius' nieces. And so many were the communicants that day the Mass lasted from nine to three. Such rare instances of Christian perfection make this ancient house a chosen spot.

The story of St. Ignatius' life is told throughout his *Casa Solar*. On the stair case is a window showing him as a courtier. He was skilled in knightly exercises, fond of the saddle and equally fond of rich attire. Good-looking, high-spirited, truthful and brave, he was a favorite with his soldiers. The scene of his wounding at the Siege of Pamplona is given; he lies on the ground with his leg shattered. A long year of convalescence followed, and we see him reading the books that wrought his marvelous change of heart. He sought the monastery of Montserrat, above Barcelona, to beg counsel of a learned man concerning the vocation he felt within him. His military training made him dream of forming a spiritual knighthood to battle for the salvation of souls. "Company of Jesus" is a military term.

At Montserrat, little known to Europe, yet equal to the noblest scenery in the Alps, St. Ignatius performed the vigil of the Armour, on the eve of the Annunciation, 1522. Like a true knight he watched till dawn before the altar. Then exchanging his fine robes with a beggar he went forth, *un pobre ignoto peregrino*. He is shown in the cave of Manresa where he lived in seclusion and prayer, writing the "Spiritual Exercises," the work used to-day in the retreats. "It has converted more souls to God," wrote St. Francis de Sales, "than it contains letters."

However eighteen years were to pass before St. Ignatius founded his Order. They were years filled with wanderings in Spain and Europe, a student at universities, a humble but joyous pilgrim to Jerusalem. One day while reading the eighteenth chapter of St. Luke the words, "—And they understood none of these things" brought before him with sudden illumination the fact of his own untrained mind: he must be educated himself before he could help others.

So at thirty this remarkable man began his scholastic studies in Barcelona in Salamanca, in Cardinal Ximenez' famous University of Alcala. There one day, in the street, as he was led to prison —having drawn on himself public anger by evangelical teaching without authority—the proud young Duke of Gandia passed him. This was the first sight Francis Borgia had of the man who was later to lead his life. Then followed some years of study in Paris. 1530 found him in London, at the time of the agitation of the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catherine of Arragon,—another coincidence in Ignatius' life, to visit at this critical moment the northern land so soon to desert a Church for which he was destined to raise so powerful a defence.

At length in 1534 he took his degree

as Master of Arts in Paris, and gathered round him some young men of earnest life. Among them was the future apostle and martyr in the East, St. Francis Xavier from Navarre. For he, too, was a noble of the northern mountain race of Spain. At first Xavier misunderstood the Guipuzcoan, but learning to read him better he formed one of the band of seven students who made the memorable vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience in the crypt of Montmartre, in Paris, on the feast of the Assumption, 1534.

Thirty years later the remembrance of that hour made one of the seven, Rodriguez, feel his heart swell with ineffable consolation. Literally these ardent souls fulfilled the letter of the gospel for the way of perfection. "If thou wilt be perfect go sell all thou hast, and give to the poor." "If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." Their great founder prayed it might be so.

Ignatius returned to Spain, to arrange with Xavier's family in Navarre; then crossing the Pyrenees by by-paths he descended to his own valley of Loyola and preached down by the river in Azpeitia. It was during this visit that Philip IV., then a child, had the holy man pointed out to him.

A year later in Italy Ignatius and his band met again, studying, preaching, and converting souls to God. It was in Venice, 1537, many years after his wounding at Pamplona, that Ignatius Loyola was at length ordained priest and in a ruined convent in Vicenza said his first Mass.

When the Pope of the time read the address to him from this small band, with inspired wisdom to discern in humble beginnings a future great movement he exclaimed: "*Digibus Dei est hic!*"—truly the finger of God. The new Order was approved and Loyola was elected its general. Like a military company, too, the first law was unhesitating obedience of the soldier to his leader. The world had waited for this Spaniard to show it the unbreakable power that lies in many working as one.

The Company spread over the world, reforming monasteries, giving help to the poor, persuading the rich to purer lives, reconciling husbands and wives. Within a few years Francis Borgia gave up his dukedom and joined them. His accession brought to the Order many Spaniards of high rank.

St. Ignatius lived in Italy, between Rome, at the Jesu, and Tivoli, and it was in Rome he died in 1556.

In the *Santa Casa* one follows this remarkable life in scene after scene. There is a touching picture of the grown man at school among lads half his age, of the crypt of Montmartre, and of the final scene in Rome.

The face of this man of marvelous will and personality was said by St. Philip Neri to have shone with a superhuman light. In speech he was grave and admirable, a never tiring student of the Bible. That, and the Imitation of Christ, were the only books he much valued. "To see Father Ignatius was like reading a chapter of the 'Imitation,'" they used to say of him.

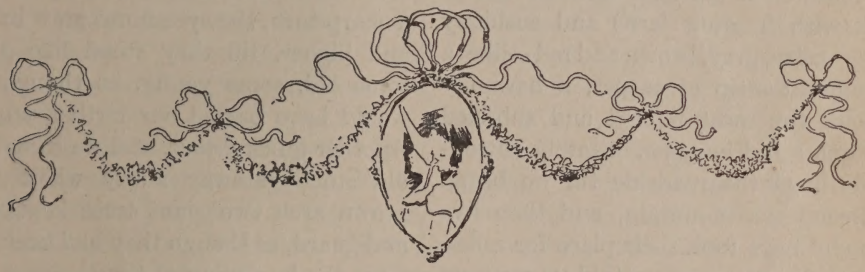
It was easy to linger in the beautiful Basque valley, to follow the winding paths among the mountains, to loiter in Azcoitia or Azpeitia in the pleasant discovery of rare old windows and portals.

Most of the houses on the entrance door had a picture of the Saviour. Each new-born child is brought to the font of the parish church of Azpeitia where St.

Ignatius was baptized, and each boy is called by his name though only the eldest in a family has the privilege of using it. St. Ignatius' hymn is the national hymn of the Basques. So vivid is his influence one would imagine he had lived but yesterday.

It was a raw autumn morning when we left Loyola. The light was just filling the valleys as we passed the sweeping steps of the church. The peasants were mounting them to beg a blessing on their working hours. Religion is interwoven with every act of their daily lives.

So truly can one human mind touched by divine grace, with no thought of self, in sublime earnestness, rouse mankind to shake off its apathy, to aspire to the highest. The influence of a life such as St. Ignatius Loyola's never dies. Would that another such saint might arise to-day to fight the modern battle of Christianity!



THE LADY OF THE LILIES.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

The Father to whom I had brought a letter of introduction from his friend in the East had advised me to seek health and repose in the country, at the same time telling me he knew the very spot where I would find them. He had lived in Southern California many years, and—though a more unmistakable or stalwart son of Erin never trod the streets of the City of the Angels—so long had he labored among the Mexican people, that Spanish was as familiar to him as the English tongue. He sat down, wrote a few lines, and handed them to me.

"Present this to the Senora Valdes"—he said. "She will be a mother to you. The sojourn there will put new life into your veins; the change will be interesting—the different mode of living will benefit you in every way."

"But, Father," I objected faintly, "may it not be inconvenient for her?"

"Inconvenient!" he exclaimed. "She does not know the meaning of the word. She will be rejoiced to receive you."

And so it proved.

I shall always remember that journey; made half by train, and half in a rumbling old stage. It was a lovely day in early spring, one fitted to call out all the wildness in one's blood, and as we sped through the fresh, green country, brilliant and fragrant with the emerald and gold of orange and lemon orchards partly in fruit, partly in blossom, past groves of walnut trees freighted with early bloom; and dark green-grey plantations of olives, suggesting the garden of Gethsemane as I had often fancied it, my soul was one quiver of delight.

The railroad left behind at last, I found myself comfortably seated in a weather-beaten, squeaky old stage, with one other passenger, an elderly woman, who was so silent and taciturn that I early gave up asking her questions. All through that long day's journey we crossed and re-crossed a narrow, winding stream that had been born and nurtured in the mountains whose giant peaks glistened in the sunlight like pictures on a painted canvas. We followed it through crooked cañons thick with fragrant ferns and cushiony moss—green, grey, brown and red—like a magnificent strip of carpet, a harmony of color the most refined and subdued that one could imagine. Stately cotton-woods lined the roadside till we began to ascend the mountain, and then live oaks and bays took their place for miles, until their reappearance told us we were again about to begin the descending scale. Elder trees arched the road; the pungent, delicious smell of sage and southernwood filled my nostrils and lungs with a wholesome physical content. Then came the wild walnut with its clear, beautiful green foliage, which remains as fresh and green in summer, and as cheering to the eye when all is dry and arid around about it, as it is in the delightful spring season of this same thirsty land. And still in the distance the sharply-defined mountain peaks lifted their eternally bared heads, an attitude that makes us feel towards them an awe and reverence greater even than that inspired by the sea.

Day was well-spent when we entered a pleasant valley between the hills. And here the stream which had forsaken us for a time joined us once more, and now upon its banks were bushy willows and stately delicate-leaved pepper-trees, which I now saw for the first time. As I looked around me it seemed that our stream encircled the entire valley, but I learned afterward that there were several mountain brooks which came together here and rushing through a broad arroyo to the south swept on in loud and joyful companionship to the sea.

And now the sycamores began to grow thickly about us, lining the swift streamlet in the background and spreading out from it on either side. Suddenly we made a sharp turn, the sycamores grew broader and higher, till they stood like giants, some old, some young, as though they would have barred our farther progress. Another quick *detour*, and we came to an old stone gateway above whose moss-grown arch two giant trees kept watch and guard, as though they had been there from the beginning of time.

"This is Aliso Rancho," said the driver, speaking for the first time except in answer to my questioning. The elderly woman had left us hours before.

"What does Aliso mean?" I inquired. "Sycamore" he rejoined. "It is because they are so many here."

For perhaps five minutes longer the stage rolled noiselessly over the sandy road where now grass and moss grew thickly, a road which had once been clean and hard with the coming and going of *caballeros* on splendid horses, and other travel of many kinds. And then what once had been a luxuriant hedge of box showed us the confines of the garden. The driver drew up in front of it. Down the path came a majestic-looking patriarch with long gray beard who might have posed for Michael Angelo's Moses; and just a step behind him followed a tiny old lady with soft black eyes and hair as white as snow. The old man lifted me from the

high step of the stage as he said: "Welcome to Rancho Aliso, Señora. Soon the roses will come back to your pale face." And the little old lady standing on tip-toe, kissed me affectionately on both cheeks, saying, "So glad, so glad to have for a visitor any friend of Padre Ricardo."

"But how did you know?" I inquired. "I have here a letter of introduction but—"

"The Padre telegraphed to San Mateo the day before yesterday," answered the old gentleman. "The stage boy brought the message, and so we expected you, Señora."

Then the old lady took me by the hand and, followed by her husband, led me up the long flower-lined path to the broad, low, comfortable adobe house, where I was to spend a health-restoring and most delightful year.

* * * * * *

In a garden riotous with all kinds of perennial flowers, and a *patio* with stone urns placed at intervals close to the fountain in the centre—as well as along the borders that lined the walks—I could not help but observe that lilies seemed to be the favorites.

"You are very fond of lilies here, Señor Valdes," I said to my host one morning, as we three sat together in the *patio*, the women sewing and our companion reading a month-old Spanish newspaper.

"Yes, we are," he replied, with a smile, glancing at his wife, who also smiled.

I was certain a faint blush mantled her delicate cheek.

"But there was a time, Señora, when we had no lilies at Aliso—though I always liked them well. Shall I tell the story Conchita?" he continued, again looking at the old lady.

"If you like," she said laughing. "But it is not to your credit, Marco,—you may shock the Señora."

"I am willing to take my chances," he said. "Would you like to hear, Señora?"

"You have made me so curious, Don Marco," I said "that I shall not be contented unless I do."

"Very well then," he began: "Always and always I have been passionately fond of flowers, as the Señora may see for herself. Even when this once broad *rancho*, now so small, numbered sixty thousand acres, and I was abroad a great part of the time overlooking my *vaqueros* and their cattle, I would hurry home joyfully to my wife and my garden, as one from a sojourn in the desert will turn to coolness and fresh, clear fountains with a passion of enjoyment. It was while I was away on one of these trips that a thing happened, Señora.

"I came home—of an evening—to find, seated here in the *patio*, about where you are now, a tall, handsome young man, an American, I supposed, with fine, white skin, dark, sparkling blue eyes, and hair of a slight wave, very pretty—in color the hue of the *castana*; you know the *castana*, Señora?"

"It is the chestnut," explained the old lady. "He took good notice of the color, I have always remembered."

"Because it was so beautiful," said Don Marco, "and so rare. Here were you and I with our hair as black as midnight, and this stranger—Well, we did not know many Americans in those days, and it seemed remarkable. And there he was, sitting beside my wife, with something spread on his knees—something in brown paper. And as I came to the doorway, I heard her very plainly say, 'Hush, he is here,' and the young man rose and went

into the room behind him, with his package hastily concealed in both hands."

"And what did you do then, Marco?" asked the old lady, sweetly, but I thought a little sarcastically. "You came to me as usual, and kissed me and—?"

"No, I will not deny it, Concha, I did not kiss you—that day; I asked, perhaps brusquely, for I was surprised at what I had seen—my wife and this stranger sitting, their chairs so close together—and as I said I asked, pointing towards the room the stranger had entered, 'Who is that fellow?' And what do you think she answered me?"

"I can not guess?" said I.

"She, that meekness—that bouquet of sweetness replied: 'He is no fellow, Marco. He is a gentleman—and he is here to—'

"I do not know why he is here," said I, "It is to be hoped that for a good purpose and on a good errand he came, but I do not find it proper that he should be sitting side by side with you during my absence, with your heads touching, and your hands fingering together something."—

"'In a brown paper' said my wife, with a saucy lift of her little head so new to me—so strange that I could not believe it. 'Who is he,' I inquired, once more.

"He is a botanist from England. He has been traveling in old Mexico,' said my wife. 'He came here with introductions from the Bishop. He is journeying all about the country — studying the plants. That is all there is about it; and I am ashamed of you, Marco, that you act so foolishly.'

"So I was a little ashamed then, and I kissed her, and the door opened presently and he came out, that handsome young stranger, and we were introduced, and had supper—and talked about plants—which I liked very much, and all went well. Indeed, I was very sorry for what I had done—to my Conchita—and tried especially to make up for it by being as cordial as possible; and so after we had taken some spiced wine and *galletas*, it came time for bed. When we were alone in our room I remembered about the brown paper and asked —quite innocently—I assure you, Señora—'Tell, me, Conchita, what did Mr. Polimus have in the brown paper?' But to my surprise, she looked up at me with mischief in her dark eyes and answered, 'I can not tell you, Marco. It is a secret.'

"A secret!" I cried. 'And you have a secret with another man,—from your husband?'

"'Yes,' she answered. 'I have. You must not know it.'

"How long has that—that *cobarde* been here?" I asked with anger. "How long have you and he had secrets together?" 'I did not know you before for a jealous person' she said. 'But now I know, and above all things I despise that vice of jealousy. I am sorry I have found that you possess it, Marco. Cure yourself as soon as you can. It is degrading.'

"'Degrading!' I cried. 'And what can be more degrading than to have a secret with a strange man—a secret from your own husband?' 'Oh, I am tired hearing that,' said my wife, turning to her dressing table. It made me furious.

"'How long has that man been here—alone with you,' I cried, enraged. 'He has never been alone with me, save in sight of the servants,' she replied. 'Will you tell me what I asked?' I said.

"'No, I will not;' she answered me. 'So to treat the friend of the Bishop! It is courteous—it is hospitable, Marco, no?'

"Oh that little 'no' it was maddening.

"'I go then back to the round-up,'

said I. 'Very well,' answered my wife.

"We spoke no more, but when she was asleep she looked so sweet, and pure, and holy—yes, holy, with a tear on her soft cheek, that I kissed it gently, not to wake her; and I cursed myself for a fool and a brute, and felt sure by the smile in her eye and the turn of her lip, that she had only been teasing me. So I went to sleep in contrition, hardly able not to tell her so that night.

"It was broad day when I opened my eyes, for I had not slept well. Conchita was gone from my side. I dressed hastily, thinking to find her in the garden, where she always went early. But in the *patio* I heard voices, and looking out, I saw there standing—the two—close to the fountain, conversing very earnestly. He would make gestures as though pointing to some place at a distance, and she would nod her head and point in another direction. And then he laid a large paper box in her hands; and with the sweetest of her smiles she took it— and they separated. I was angry again. 'What was the mystery?' I asked myself. 'What the secret?'—Foolish man! who might very well have known that if it had been anything wrong they would not have been plotting right under my very bed-room window.

"Mark you, Señora, I did not suspect—not for a moment—that she was not true. You understand?"

"No, what woman could understand such a mood," interrupted the old lady teasingly. "The Señora cannot understand."

He laughed, patted her wrinkled hand, and went on.

"My wife came in; I was fastening my silk hankerchief about my throat, and I could see that she had put away all resentment of the previous night. 'Let me knot it for you, Marco,' she said, putting up her lips for a kiss. 'What was in the box that man gave you just now?' I asked, angrily.

"Her cheeks grew red, her eyes blazed. 'That is my affair,' she replied, and turning, left me.

"'I go, I am going, this moment," I cried after her.

"'*Adios! Hasta la vista,*' she called from the corridor. "

"He was absent eight days," said the old lady. "I thought I should die of wounded feeling, despair, and uncertainty. Never was a week so long. The botanist went the same day. I had to tell him that my husband was called suddenly to the cattle-lands."

"Let me finish now, *querida,*" said the old man gently. "I must tell it all as it was and take my punishment from the lips of the Señora. At the end of eight days I came back. You may find it hard to believe but she was as sweet to me as though we had never quarrelled. I was so ashamed that I did not dare ask about the stranger. He had gone, that was enough.

"Far down at the end of the garden was an old forcing-house that was seldom used. But one morning, just before Easter, I thought to go there for some frames I needed, and I could not find the key. 'Conchita,' I said, coming up to the *patio,* where she was seated sewing—'have you the key of the old shed down there.?'

"'Yes, I have it,' she said. 'Why do you want it?' and I thought she looked embarrassed 'Why do I want it?' said I, surprised. 'What a question? I need something there — some old frames.' 'There are some in the corner behind the kitchen,' she said. 'They are too small,' said I. 'There are larger ones behind,' she answered me. 'I cannot open the door of the old shed for you, Marco.'

"Her cheeks were red, there was confusion in her eyes. All at once I remem-

bered. There was something amiss—something that had to do with the Englishman. My blood boiled, I lost my head, I faced her—I seized her poor little hand, oh, so roughly! 'I know what it is,' I cried out. 'You have something for your lover in that old forcing shed. Or something *from* him. Give me the key.'

"Then she stood up, and like lightning she went ahead of me. 'Yes, it is something that relates to—my lover!' she cried. 'Come, most unjust, most cruel, most unkind of husbands, and I will show it to you.'

"I followed her—she opened the door. And there, in the frames—fresh, many colored, all beautiful, but loveliest of them the white St. Joseph of Easter, and the Calla—were rows and rows of lilies, the like of which I had never seen—of which I had not imagined.

"'There, Marco Valdes!' she cried. 'There is what I had prepared for you—as an Easter gift for your garden—for the chapel—something to surprise you, to please you, to delight you. They came out of the brown paper parcel of the Englishman—they were in the box—the bulbs—that I treasured as a joyful surprise. There it is—my secret—with the Englishman!'

"I threw my arms around her. I fell on my knees with tears and sobs. I besought her to forgive me. And she forgave me. It was our first and last misunderstanding. Fifty years have we dwelt here together in love and peace. God never granted us children—but we have been sufficient for each other— and we have cared for the children of others. And now what do you think of me, Señora?"

"It was mostly my fault," said the old lady. "I have always thought and said so. For all men are masterful—and all men are jealous, and every man is—a child!"

"And ever since, at Easter time, Señora," Don Marco continued, "she has sent to church and chapel sheaves and sheaves of the lilies that have grown and multiplied by the thousand in our garden—that have never failed to bloom in wet season or dry, that have, since our fortunes failed somewhat been also a source of profit to us, when we have needed the money. Sometimes it has seemed as though they would not bloom in time, but always, with her deft fingers bending above them—my Conchita has coaxed them into bloom, and all about the country-side—even as far as San Mateo and Averno, the children call her 'The Lady of the Lilies.'"

That night she came to my room. 'You have pretty hair," she said, as I twisted it, making ready for bed. "Señora," she went on, "there was a time when I hated the color, remembering the poor, innocent Englishman, that might have parted me from my husband. Oh! if he had! How often have I shuddered to think of it! And it is why, Señora—it is in thanksgiving that I have year after year tended and watered them, and coaxed them for Easter. And I have had a fear sometimes that if aught befell, it might mean that he must leave me, a hair of whose head I would not barter for all the flowers that ever grew. To think what might have happened from my foolishness, for, though I tease him, always concerning it, it was all my fault, Señora. All my fault."

"Ah! you sweet, precious soul!" I said putting my arms around her, and kissing her. "Your flowers are bursting with bloom. They will be glorious for Easter, and we shall all three cut them together, dear 'Lady of the Lilies.'"

LILIES.

SPRING.

A FRANCISCAN SERMON.

Not by chance, O children dear.
Read His lesson; it is clear:
Not the lowliest living thing
Stands outside His fathering;
Read His lesson, children dear.

He, God's Lamb, and little Child,
Surely He was sweet and mild
As those innocent lambs you know;
Gambolling in their coats of snow;
Imaging God's Lamb and Child.

For His sake, the blessed Lamb,
Love dumb creatures in his Name,
Our poor brethren, patient, mild,
Lowlier than the lowliest child,
Ass and oxen, sheep and lamb.

—KATHERINE TYNAN in *Ballads and Lyrics*.

THE ENTOMBMENT.

TOKENS OF SPRING.

BY H. M. S.

This is the time of the year when the city draws on the woods and fields and pastures for the glimpses of Nature that relieve the tension of the crowded streets. The hothouse flowers are doing their flaunting best to adorn the windows,—but they lack the charm of the pussy-willows, grey, brown and white dappled, in the tin cans on the topmost shelf of the street booth. It is good to see them, and to think of the things that they recall—open stretches of country with tree-fringed brooks and ponds; and perhaps a river taking its leisurely way to the sea.

The city fades away, and instead of walking the thoroughfares we are out on a country road where thick-leaved beeches cast chequered shadows; where brake and sarsaparilla uncurl their pale green leaves; and odorous pines rear their lofty heads. Sheep with their lambs—a woolly huddle—come into the mental picture, out in a wide pasture where the blackberry brambles cling to the brush-wood fence and nameless weeds spring up sturdy and resistless.

Such sights help one to realize how needful and lovable the rough spots in Nature are. How they invite one to leave behind the artificial environment of the town, where the incomings and outgoings of men are thought of most interest.

And yet how sadly unobservant are the great majority, the unnoticing ones who can not distinguish the leaf of one tree from another, or the twitter of the song sparrow from the whistle of the robin.

Education in the open gives a varied course; students learn to translate the constant chatter of the swallows and to marvel at their skill as they interweave here and there a straw or a bit of hair or a stray ravelling that has been hatchelled by the scurrying winter winds. They

learn, too, to watch the birds' swift journeyings to and fro; and to be interested in the movements of the hosts of minor things that have their life in the moss and mold.

There is no artifice in Nature, no pretense. She is the truest of teachers, and in these April days lures her students to a feast of learning, all pleasant, and rich in lasting good.

The boys are burning brush in the gardens, and the whiff of pungent, odorous smoke from a wayside brush-pile is

enough to send one to dreamland; but in young blood it stirs to action, sending the youngsters in pursuit of more of Nature's joys.

Thus in the red light of sunset, two boys hasten down a highway, and straight up a hill to the crest of the field, where they are starkly outlined in the early twilight; down the northern slope of the hill they go, and across the moist plowed land to the sagging bars of a stump fence, over which they clamber in boyish haste to reach the rye field, across a narrow strip of grass land and through a gap in the leafless beeches. Here is another barrier of sagging bars, and, beyond an old road, already growing dark, with just a slender thread of sky showing through the tree tops. Down into snow-wet hollows the youngsters plunge, to a knoll above the brook where the hemlocks stand thickest; and presently slits of narrow flame show between the black trunks as the young fishermen practice their wood-lore. Night after night they come here, enjoying to the full the kind of outing that stirs a boy's heart to its depths.

But this is getting far away from the city with its bunches of pussy-willows proclaiming the advent of spring! There are other tokens of the time of resurrection—the wealth of flowers—glass-enclosed to be sure, but yet the creatures of spring—the glimpses of orchards displayed in the art windows and in the

daintily etched bits of garden and farm and field, shown in miniature, with the pets of the farm, the rabbits, chickens, and lambs, and, more than all, the riotous child-life that makes glad both country and city through all the year.

THE AWAKENING.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

A sudden lilt—a star,
On hill and plain;
A stealthy tread, a blur—
And lo, the rain!

Upon the mountain side
A silv'ry sheen;
A creeping, surging tide
Of living green.

A madness and a rush
In streams long dumb;
The call of thrush to thrush—
Lo, spring has come!

TRANSLATED BY DANIEL F. DESMOND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Thursday, November 10.

This morning I called at Sister Joseph Mary's home. As I entered the house the concierge told me that Miss de G— was at home; but on going up to the fourth story where Sister lives I was not received. This is the second time that this has happened within two weeks and I am very anxious to know what it all means. "It cannot be that Sister is being concealed," said I to myself. Her father is a heartless, eccentric man, capable, it is true, of almost anything; but, even so, it is impossible that after claiming his daughter, he is now doing his best to make her unhappy. I confess that my suspicions are more strongly inclined towards that horrid old vixen who has raised herself from the position of servant to the office of mistress of the house. It must be that through jealousy or some such motive, she is keeping this outpost at Sister Joseph Mary's door. The maid who informed me that I could not be received looked into my eyes attentively as if to apprise me of something she could not tell; but the half-open door behind her forestalled any disclosure. Sister Joseph Mary would never tolerate this. She is too energetic, too intrepid, to stand the authority of a servant. Poor Sister must have much to put up with, being as she is, of a delicate and at the same time expansive nature. It must be hard. I will continue my visits and if it comes to that I will brave the servant and enter.

At the age of five Sister Joseph Mary lost her mother. About three years later her grandmother, who was in charge of the child's education, died. Sister then returned at the age of nine to her father's home. It happened at this time that her father—a harsh, selfish, violent, impious man, who lived alone since the death of his wife—took into his service a middle-aged domestic. In very short order this woman became mistress of the house. Her rule extended not only to the house but even to Mr. de G—. Having a marked distaste for her duties as servant she brought in another domestic, and before long she ate her meals at the same table with the master of the house. She posed as governess. Here was a base, ignorant woman, full of ambition and envy, and her victim was our poor little Mary. She used to strike the child, deprive her of food, and on the slightest pretext would lock her up in the dark closet. Sister Joseph Mary told me that in the winter when her hands were red and swollen with chilblains, this fury would rap her already aching fingers with a ruler. One day the child rebelled; this woman had taken the mother's room and the orphan was assigned to the dining room. From this moment there was war. Mary appealed to her natural ally, her father, and he sided against her. Poor little victim! How bitter were the three years she spent thus.

At length a cousin from the country, a woman of scanty means, paid Mr. de G— a visit. How could she help having pity on the child? She asked the father for the care of her. He agreed on the spot; adding that he was only too glad to be rid of the girl. How Sister Joseph Mary wept when she related the story of these days! And despite all this, she added, there was pain in leaving her father, because when she left him there

went the hope of ever winning his love. Apart from this consideration she was happy indeed to go; then she could study her catechism and make her First Communion like any little girl.

It was after some years filled with joy that her cousin died, and then our Sister Joseph Mary entered the convent of Notre Dame du Prieuré. There she lived most happily until the expulsion took place.

Reverend Mother thought of sending her to Belgium or Germany, but as Mr. de G.—, to our great surprise expressed the desire of receiving her, it was decided that she should go to him. She had, as in the past, the desire of winning his heart and leading him to the love of God.

And what has been going on since? I am set on finding out. Sister Joseph Mary is evidently suffering; she must be suffering much. I know that she will endure as much as possible for the sake of being at her father's side, where she has a duty to fulfil. But I know also that some fine day there will be an outbreak; her pride will revolt, and if she sees that nothing can be done she will leave the house where such a situation faces her, so revolting to her delicate nature.

Monday, November 14.

Nothing new at the Priory. Word comes from Belgium regularly. Despite the cold and the lack of fuel, our Mother and Sisters seem to thrive well. The exiles at Bethany—Sister St. Peter and Sister St. John—are acclimated; so is Sister Michael in Austria. But Sister Mary Eulalia is in hard straits in Germany. Her letters are always full of sorrow, and at present poor Sister is inconsolable.

Here, Sister John of the Cross is always about her lessons in painting—and for how little!

Sister Mary Louise pays her visits to the poor and sick alumnæ. The most of the time, however, is spent with Sister Melanie, in their little flat. As they depend on the charity of the alumnæ they must ever be on the watch for work with the needle. This is some help to them.

Wednesday, November 16.

And how about my dear Sister Mary Bernard? We write to each other every fortnight, but this is scanty intercourse for such as we are. Still neither she nor I can afford more expense; we are too poor. Sister, who is now living with her father in the pretty village of —, still wears her religious habit. The neighbors have nothing to say against this and the little ones in the street make Sister's heart start with emotion with their "Good morning, Sister." Later on she will get into the lives of these children as well as of the poor and sick. At present she gives herself entirely to her father, but all the while she is trying to win the heart of the townfolk. What a simple task this must be! Can they help loving such a kind, pleasant young lady, the more so, as she leads such a saintly life?

What a change this must be in her father's life. God has certainly poured an abundance of tenderness into the life of this veteran which has hitherto been so rough in its nobility. Surely we must admire here the delicate touch of the finger of God. Formerly God asked of this man the sacrifice of his daughter, and now when the sacrifice is made He sends back the same beloved daughter to gladden her father's old age and give warmth and love in those last cold days of life. His life may end in happiness;

but his youth was most painful. Sister Mary Bernard's father was a poor orphan who grew up almost alone in life. Being without guardian or home he never knew that unspeakable love which gladdens the most humble hearth, that beautiful something which makes home home, and yet this unlucky lad became a good, honest, loyal Christian. Arriving at the required age, he entered the army and by dint of serious work rose to the rank of commandant. And he could go no higher. He married,—a little late in life,—a school-teacher who had seen even more years of life than himself. Besides the little country cottage which she owned she also possessed a good sum of money. Paul and Sister Mary Bernard were their only children, the boy being the elder by five years. At the birth of the daughter the mother died. This was a sad event in the life of the commandant, who loved his wife dearly. Now he must give all his affection to this tiny girl to whom he was both mother and father. He would not think of entrusting her to the care of another; her little crib was in his own room. As she grew it was he who guided her tottering steps, who taught her to lisp her first words; and later on he gave her the first lessons in her studies. Sister Mary Bernard's work-table was her father's knee, and her chair the other knee. During the day she slumbered in his arms. Here was a patient teacher and a loving father. Of course he never punished the dear child; she never gave cause. Paul, too, was a good child. At the age of seven, Sister came to the Priory where she was educated almost gratuitously. It was there that she and I met. Sister did not leave the Priory until she was eighteen. In the meantime her father lived in his cottage with another old soldier. This latter relic of war had a wooden leg. James was his name. James was at once a cook, a *valet de chambre*, an attendant, almost a friend, and a great deal more. What bright days were those whenever the girl came back to the country cottage! She was always the queen of that little realm.

But she wished to leave all this, to enter a religious order, and many an inward struggle had she before she could break the news. She who was so courageous and so confiding with me never spoke to me of the matter. Not daring to quit her father she waited patiently for some time. Then, when Paul, newly married, settled down in the neighborhood,—that was eighteen years ago,—she suddenly made known her purpose. Unfortunately the young couple, on account of adverse circumstances, were forced a few years later to emigrate to Canada, thus leaving the father alone. Then old age and infirmity came on the man; the old soldier could not walk without his two crutches; his eyes could not endure the light; a season of painful suffering and solitude had set in. He chose to endure it all alone. Embittered by misfortune, he gave up the practice of his religion. And just when matters had taken this turn our dear Sister Mary Bernard reappeared on the scene. She has decided to bring as far as she can faith and peace to her father, and her whole heart and soul are in the decision.

Who can tell the old man's joy at such a turn of fortune! His daughter is back again, and she is sweeter than before, more loving and even more beautiful! Her smile is a soothing light for his eyes; her voice music for his heart; and her tender care a delight for this forlorn soul.

Ever since she has been at his side the old solitary has found life pleasant. In fact he has begun to love life, just like a person at twenty does when everything is bright and gladsome. Whenever he hears her steps coming towards him he trembles with emotion. And what about Sister ? She loves her father with tenderness, with all that force found in a virginal heart where passions never rose except toward God. She gives him the burning love of an ardent soul, the tender affection of a saintly heart. He is her all in this life and she his all.

Monday, November 21.
Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin.

This was always a happy day at the Priory,—the feast of the novices. On that day everything seemed to be living and smiling—the cloisters decked with wild ivy all speckled with tiny red berries, the bells that sang so gaily, and then the young nuns themselves brighter and gayer than all. That all happened in the past.

Reverend Mother departed for Belgium. She goes first of all to the *Little Priory* at C—, where she remains a fortnight; then, if possible, since it is a long journey, she will go to our long-suffering Sister Mary Eulalia in Germany.

Sister St. Peter and Sister St. John at Bethany are happy. Sister Michael, too, is getting used to her new surroundings, but she asks to be received at the *Little Priory*. This cannot be. Extreme poverty is so much in the ascendant there that our dear Mothers and Sisters are often without sufficient fuel and food.

Combes has done a capital bit of work; his French nuns are indeed in suffering and tears.

Reverend Mother is uneasy about Sister Mary from whom she has had no word during these past four weeks. We all ought, except in case of an impossibility, to visit or write to Reverend Mother at least every two weeks or so. All the others are very dutiful in this respect; they send in their sad reports regularly.

At Notre Dame du Prieuré things are going on in a painful monotony. The old and infirm have nothing to divert their minds from the trying state of affairs. Their only comfort is in the brief visits paid by those who are able to come back. There, before their mind's eye, is that fatal question of the future. Where are we going? What shall become of us? Mr. X—, the liquidator, pays no attention to questionss about that house of refuge that he promised. He still keeps up that sweet manner of his, protesting that a matter such as a house of refuge depends on the Minister of Public Worship and not on himself.

Almost every week I go to Sister Mary Antoinette's home. She lives with her mother. Some time ago that excellent woman, now eighty years of age, adopted two little girls, daughters of a nephew. The mother of the children died three years after her marriage, and shortly after the father went to his reward, leaving those little ones without support. Our dear Sister—who is, by the way, "Aunt Matilda"—is now with this aged mother spending herself in her care. These few words well epitomize the history of Sister's simple life.

Her mother, who is wholly paralyzed, can do nothing about the house. Before Sister Mary Antoinette's return, Mrs. Y— always had two servants in the house, but now that Sister is home one of these had to be dismissed. Sister

is well supplied with work. To care for Mrs. Y—, dress and undress her, to be at her call every minute of the day and night, to keep an eye on the two children, one of whom is quite a young girl, to look after the linen and the clothing, to do the mending and to do all the housework outside of the kitchen—there is Sister's charge. The regularity and good humor with which she does all this give a charm to her presence in the house. The children are very loving and they are strongly attached to Sister.

Wednesday, November 30.

Our former novice, Sister of the Nativity, called at the Priory some days ago. This comely young girl is very happy at home. Her parents, though not too well-to-do, received her with open arms. Sister is energetic. Work has no terrors for her, no matter what it is, provided it be of assistance to her family. Just at present she is keeping books for her father who is in the dry goods business. She is also helping her two sisters with their studies. In addition to this she spends two hours each day recreating with a little nine-year old girl who belongs to a wealthy and respectable family. Sister enjoys these hours with the little one, but still she is well paid for her care. Sister of the Nativity is withal placed in a somewhat embarrassing position. It appears that two years ago her father's head clerk sought her hand in marriage and now that she is again on the field he is beginning again his tactics. She does dare to broach the matter to her father because the clerk is an excellent young man and much appreciated by his employer. Sister hopes that he may take a fancy to the elder of her two young sisters, a winsome girl of sixteen. This would put an end to Sister's little romance.

Sister has not spoken of her vocation to anybody. And it is indeed in keeping with her straightforward, practical nature to take things as they come without regretting the past or fretting about the future. Having a vocation, she refused an offer to marry into an honorable family, and came to the convent full of resolution. At the novitiate she was an excellent novice, exact, assiduous, and always bright and happy. Then when the dark prelude to the expulsion came, how she pleaded and begged to pronounce her vows! Being told that this could not be, that she must go back to her family and give her much needed help to her parents, she went without hesitation; and there she is now, going from task to task, ever keeping her old-time good humor. And she is still happy, because in the first place she is doing her duty, and in the second she is ever content to do what God assigns from day to day.

(To be continued.)

HOLY THURSDAY.

BY E. P. TIVNAN. S.J.

Flow, flow from my soul, little river of sorrow,
Flow on to the great, the infinite sea,
To mingle thy brine-bitter flood on the morrow,
With Christ's tears of blood in Gethsemane.

KNOW YOUR OWN STOMACH?

If You Have Lived with It Forty Years You Know More About It Than the Doctor.

Just how much a person should eat depends upon so many things that it is not possible for the wisest physician to lay down any hard and fast rules that will apply to all persons, regardless of individual temperament or employment,

As a general proposition, however, it may be truthfully stated that most persons eat too much. What a person should eat and how much depends upon his daily employment and physical condition. And right here it is well to repeat and emphasize the old adage that "a man at forty is either a fool or his own doctor," which is another way of saying that a man who has lived with his stomach forty years knows more about his digestive apparatus than any doctor can tell him.

This not true of all persons, to be sure, for many a man of forty has not yet learned that he has a stomach. But the men and women who do the thinking for the rest of mankind, who create, invent, plan and initiate, are very apt to learn some things about their digestive organs. Happy are they who learn their limitations in the way of eating and who are wise enough to conserve their strength and prolong their days by heeding the warning that comes from within.

In considering what a man of sedentary habit should eat, it is interesting to read the following letter from Joseph Mischka, the Supervisor of Music in the public schools of Buffalo, N. Y.:

"240 West Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I take pleasure in saying that I have been a consumer of Shredded Wheat since its first appearance on the market, finding it to yield more nutriment and sustenance than any article of diet of its bulk or cost. My occupation occasionally necessitates an omitted or scanty noonday lunch, but a breakfast consisting principally of Shredded Wheat enables me to bide the time of the evening meal with no discomfort.

"Yours very truly,

"(Signed) Joseph Mischka."

Shredded Wheat contains all the tissue-building, brain-making material in the whole wheat, made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. It contains the greatest amount of nutritive material with the least tax upon the digestive organs. Your grocer sells it.

Pastoral Letter of the Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, D.D. 1908. American Publishing Company. Trenton, N. J.

This pastoral letter, bearing the title "Some Modern Problems," brings to Catholic households most practical advice, to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of the family. Among the problems discussed are "The Catholic Press," "The Teaching of Religion," "Sunday Observance," "Liberty of Thought," "The Reading of the Bible," "Socialism," and "Race Suicide." The pamphlet is replete with wise counsel and suggestions that the reader will do well to bear in mind.

In the paragraphs devoted to a consideration of the influence of the press, the Bishop asserts that a greater interest should be shown by Catholics themselves, and he advocates the forming of parish libraries to stimulate the reading of good, wholesome literature by the young. The circulation of Catholic pamphlets in the church, near the door, is advised, by means of a supply of Catholic tracts placed on a wooden desk or table, from which any person may take one, and drop a small coin in the slot in payment. Catholics are urged to create a demand for their own literature, and particularly for Catholic papers and periodicals, several of which the Bishop mentions by name—among others, this MAGAZINE, for which kindly appreciation we are very grateful.

In the chapter devoted to Socialism the Bishop aptly enumerates the remedies for the wrongs of the working classes, namely—"A virtuous Christian life, education, frugality, temperance, the organization of the forces of labor for the betterment of the working classes, and the attainment of their lawful demands by those just and peaceable methods which will bring to their aid the sympathy of the community."

The History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal. By Thomas Hughes of the Same Society. Documents Volume I, Part I. The Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland. $4.50.

It is no easy matter to extract a connected and harmonized story from a thousand different documents written by different men who, on account of conflicting interests, give different views of the same event. That the writer of the present work has succeeded in vanquishing this difficulty will be admitted by anybody who takes the trouble to compare the text of volume 1 with the sources from which the text was drawn Even the mere classification of the documents themselves on anything like a systematic plan demanded keen analysis and painstaking labor. Here again Father Hughes has achieved marvellous success. His scientific arrangement and exhaustive index make reference to the original sources comparatively easy. The volumes already published contain a vast amount of collateral information on topics of general interest, and the printing of so many documents, hitherto unpublished, is a valuable addition to our colonial history. The Jesuit Order has once more shown its practical wisdom by selecting for such a difficult and important task a man with the erudition and application of Father Hughes.

An American Missionary; A Record of the Work of Rev. William H. Judge, S.J., by Rev. Charles J. Judge, S.S. Second Edition. Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau, 62 Union Park Street, Boston, Mass.

This narrative is dedicated to the youth of America who feel themselves called to the priesthood or the religious life. It is the simple story of one who answered the call of God and whose efforts in the cause of religion won for him his eternal reward while he was still in the prime of life.

The earlier edition was reviewed in these columns; and a series of papers, — "The Klondikers' Friend" — which appeared in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, presented an account of Father Judge's apostolic labors in the North.

In the preface to the second edition the editor of "An American Missionary" says that the little volume has given pleasure and edification even beyond his expectations, and to extend and perpetuate such sentiments is the reason for offering a second edition to the public. The proceeds will be applied to the Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau of Boston, and thus "Father Judge will still be working for the missions; the usefulness of his words and labor will not have ended with his short missionary career."

There is no fear that the public will be disappointed, for this story of missionary labor is more interesting than any novel; and, in addition to the descriptions of Father Judge's work for the Church in the frozen North, we are given vivid pictures of how people live in that region. "An American Missionary" is among the books that one can read in Lent, when traveling, in intervals of leisure, or at any and every time,— and always with the feeling of being taken out of one's own narrow environment and elevated to a higher plane.

The Inquisition: a Critical and Historical Study of the Coercive Power of the Church. By E. Vacandard. Translated from the second edition by Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

The distinctive aim of this work, as may be gathered from its title, is to show how the coercive power, which the Church confided to the Inquisition, developed from the beginning. By this historical and critical method the author not only explains but defends the attitude of the Church towards heretics. He is not afraid to tell the whole truth, and on this point he differs from many other apologists of the Inquisition. Nor does he try to defend his cause by showing that the heretics were themselves guilty of equal or even greater cruelty. The wrong-doing of schism and heresy is a poor de-

fense for orthodoxy. Hence the book does not follow the hackneyed lines pursued in dealing with this vexed question. The translation is all that we might expect from such a scholarly man as Father Conway. Time spent in translating such books into English is well employed. Would that some of our educated laity might spend their leisure hours in such profitable and entertaining work both for themselves and the community at large.

The Priest's Studies. By T. B. Scannell, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

This volume belongs to the Westminster Library, which is a series of Catholic manuals intended for priests and students. The aim of the Series as a whole is to supply convenient information on practical topics which are apt to be more or less crowded out by philosophy and theology in the average Seminary course. The mode of treatment is popular rather than scientific or scholastic; yet the information given is accurate and is well calculated to keep the clerical student abreast of modern research. A mere glance at the contents will give a general idea of the comprehensive scope and practical character of the present work. The several chapters are entitled Holy Scripture, The Fathers, Dogmatic Theology, Moral Theology and Canon Law, Ascetical Theology, The Liturgy, Church History, Secular History, Art, Science, Literature. The author is well known as editor of the Catholic Dictionary, and his scholarship is a sufficient guarantee for the exactness and thoroughness of the present work.

The New Psychology: its Basic Principles and Practical Formulas. Written by A. A. Lindsay, M.D., and published by Eugene and Arthur Lindsay of Portland, Oregon. $1.50.

The latest work on this newest branch of study comes from a pioneer country, and has plenty of local coloring. Its linked reasoning, its technical diction and psychic flights make it worthy of the Rocky Mountain chain; while its deep penetration and discriminating analysis suggest the ore-refining processes of the great Western mines. The author's aim had better be given in his own words: "This book is for the purpose of defining what mind department communicates between man and the objective world; what department communicates between man and the sub-conscious world; what department forms the ideas and another that makes these become reality; how the body is transformed into conformity with the idea; how permanent character is established, item by item, in accord with the idealizing." In another place we are told: "The reader of this book has the actual formulas, therefore learns how to and can perform hypnosis—can treat himself and others for all kinds of diseases and habits—can make over his body but his character as well, for soul-culture methods are made plain." The plainness of the methods and the scope of the work are dimly foreshadowed in the preceding extracts. Though the book may seem, at first sight, to be of interest only to students of Psychology, Christian Scientists and spirit-rappers, nevertheless it contains some chapters which are sure to attract the general reader. Such, for example, is the chapter on the "Chemistry of Love." The publishers have equalled and even excelled the author; for while the reading is heavy, the book itself is light.

The Catholic Who's Who. Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand. Burns & Oates. London, England. 1908. $1.50.

The painstaking compilers of this work have brought together much biographical data of special interest to Catholics. It is a useful and interesting book and should prove a valuable addition to the reference works of public or private library. Perhaps a more specific title would be the English Who's Who, as it is for the greater part a roll-call of Catholics throughout the British Empire, who have achieved fame in many lines of endeavor. It is particularly useful as a reference for data on Catholic writers in the Empire.

History of St. Vincent de Paul. By Monsignor Bougaud. Translated by Rev. Joseph Brady, C.M. Longmans, Green & Company. 1908.

In writing the Life of St. Vincent de Paul, Monsignor Bougaud put all his talent and all his heart in his work, producing a history of divinely inspired charity. Thanks to his art, and to his wise and clear arrangement,—notwithstanding the innumerable details,—this story develops itself with rapidity and clearness; hence perusal of the book produces a deep impression. It is fortunate that Father Brady has furnished the English reading public with a translation, in making which he has happily preserved the spirit and literary style of the original.

Speaking of its merits the late Cardinal Vaughan said: "This Life of St. Vincent de Paul will, therefore, be of value to bishops, superiors and ecclesiastical students, because it contains so much that directly concerns the training and mission of the priesthood. It will be of use also to the devout laity if it incite them to address frequent and fervent prayer to God for the sanctification of the clergy. . . . Now, from no biography will they better learn what the priesthood ought to be than from the life of St. Vincent de Paul, the patron of all works of charity."

The extent of the work is indicated by the headings of the six books comprising it: The preparation of St. Vincent de Paul for his great mission; St. Vincent de Paul undertakes the reform of the clergy; Formation of the great armies of charity, St. Vincent de Paul in presence of misery; St. Vincent de Paul perfects his two great works,—the priests of the mission and the Sisters of Charity; Death of St. Vincent de Paul, his virtues, canonization, relics, honors rendered to his memory by the Holy See.

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Donahoe's Magazine

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MAY.

"O, month of flow'rs and blossoms fair,
O, time when Nature seems to pay,
In all its fulness, tribute rare
To her who is the Queen of May."

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Donahoe's Magazine

VOL. LIX. MAY, 1908. No. 5

MAY.

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

O, month of flow'rs and blossoms fair,—
  O, time when Nature seems to pay,
In all its fulness, tribute rare
  To her who is the Queen of May;
Thou hast thy charms of grove and dell,—
  Thy beauties rich of wood and field,—
But, O, these joys can never tell
  Of love like that our hearts doth yield
To her, our Lady, pure and sweet,
  Our Consolation, Hope, and Guide,
Our Mother, whom to-day we greet,—
  Our Refuge, 'neath whose care we bide.
O, beauteous flow'rs,—O, blossoms fair,
  Our homage, too, we bring, and say:
May loved and honored ev'rywhere
  Be Mary, Mother, Queen of May!

POUL-A-GURM, GLENGARIFF.

BRAY AND BRAY HEAD.

MAY IN IRELAND.

BY JAMES MORGAN.

Stephen Gwynne in "The Fair Hills of Ireland" says: "Looking back on months of journeyings, of coming into little leisurely grey-blue towns with the dusk of evening, of setting out in bright mornings to sketch and study broad-brimming navigable rivers, lush pastures, nobly planted hill slopes,—it seems as if lack of beauty were the last thing one had to complain of." At almost every point in the journey he noticed, too, beauty of another sort, the beauty that devout hands had fashioned to the glory of their faith and the strong builders had bestowed upon their castled mansions, a beauty shining through disfigurement, yet often enhanced by that perfect adjustment to its surroundings which only the ruin can achieve.

It is a leisurely journeying that he essays, with many a pause to note the history of the locality and the deeds of the men of old whose names are still things to conjure with. Thus when he reaches the Boyne valley he recalls the missionary labors of St. Patrick, and of the scholar Columba, founder of Kells, and the incursion of the Danes, and the story of Dervorguilla,—and many another bit of interesting information drawn from that valley so typical of all Irish history.

The Boyne water, where so much was decided, stems the flood of past events with an incident of present moment, for it was on a spring day that the tourist stopped at the point where the river is certainly not less than forty yards in breadth. An angler was busy with

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a big rod, "and though he threw a fine line" he could not cover the whole water of this river, so famous for its salmon.

Given a spring day and good fishing it is a very strong-minded man indeed who would not yield to the temptation of lingering in such a spot, with the banks along the road starry with primroses and the river meadows a shimmering emerald in the soft light of the day. If one looks for the association of ideas it may be that the water is accountable for the chapter on King Cormac, who established the first water mill in Ireland, and who reigned a king for forty years. He it was who had no desire to be buried at Brugh but craved to lie at rest at Rosnaree. But pride swayed his people and despite his expressed wish they decided that he must rest where the kings of Tara were buried. The Boyne swelled high on three different occasions when they strove to bear the body of the king to Brugh, and minding the warning, his followers then dug his grave at Rosnaree.

It is a tranquil spot, and a beautiful one with a glorious range of river landscape. Here are wide spaces of smooth water with steep wooded banks beyond them—"banks ambered when I saw them last with all the tones of autumn."

Tuam, Armagh, Tara and a host of other places, arrest the wayfarer's steps while his literary mind revels in treasures of historic and legendary lore. He is never at a loss for a chapter of history, or a bit of folklore knowledge gleaned as he goes by; and the most exacting could not ask a guide more skilled in reaching beauty spots among the Irish hills, though he disclaims all purpose of writing about scenery. The indescribable pageantry of a sunset at Cong in its gorgeous array of crimson and scarlet, gold and yellow, mauve and purple, "hung behind and among the great mountains which closed the upper end of the lake," is remembered as the chance of a life-time to feast the eyes on scenery bolder, more rugged, and more impressive but less lovely than that at Killarney. There nature seems to have lavished her fairest gifts with a magnificent generosity.

"Such varied and vigorous vegetation I have seen no other where;" wrote Alfred Austin, poet laureate of England, "and when one has said that, one has gone far towards awarding the prize for natural beauty. But vegetation, at once robust and graceful is but the fringe and decoration of that enchanting district. The tender grace of wood and water is set in a framework of hills—now stern, now ineffably gentle; now dimpling with smiles, now frowning and rugged with impending storm; now muffled and mysterious with mist, only to gaze out on you again with clear and candid sunshine. But the first, the final, the deepest and most enduring impression of Killarney is that of beauty unspeakably tender, which puts on at times a garb of grandeur and a look of awe, only in order to heighten by passing contrast the sense of soft insinuating loveliness."

Such words as these weave a spell of their own. They incite the longing to see for one's self the places described, and particularly at this time of year when the wanderlust grows strong. Who for instance could be indifferent to such a call to the open as Canon Sheehan issues in his description of the view from the summit of Kilcolman castle? "Thence you can see five counties, from the Commeragh range in Waterford to the far mountain chains of Kerry. The Galtees seem to frown over your head, and the lordly Shannon is a gleam on the horizon."

A SONG OF SOUTHERN SUMMER.

BY JEROME HARTE.

Once, when she was a small girl, she had found a poor picture in her Sunday school paper and had taken it to black mammy. "What does it say?" she demanded.

"Laws, chile, don' botha me!" cried black mammy. "I dunno, deed I doesn't, honey! Pears t' me like a lil chile an' an ole man, but my eyes, dey ain' much good t' me!"

"Read what it says!" pleaded the little girl.

"Laws sakes alive!" exclaimed the black woman, rolling her eyes, "how dat chile do pester me! I cayn't tell you wot dem marks say, lil missus! I neva cud tell nothin' 'bout it!"

So the child took the paper to her mother who sat beneath the jessamine blossoms in the beautiful old Southern garden. "Mammy will not read it to me," said the child, "Please, mother dear, tell me the story!"

And her mother read it to her. It was a simple, homely story, and the moral was not hard to find. A peasant, fairly well-to-do, as peasants go, with a cozy cottage home, a wife, and healthy children, had a helpless old father whom he was obliged to care for. No doubt the peasant thought that he was very kind to his old father. He housed him and fed him and clothed him and never told the old man that he was a burden, though, indeed, he was. But the helpless aged one was feeble and palsied, and when he sat at table with them he spilled his gruel over the cloth, making extra work for the daughter-in-law; and when they scolded him for that, he let fall his dishes with great clatter and broke them. He said he was sorry when they cried out against this new fault, but that did not mend the dishes. What could the peasant do? He could not buy new dishes every day and his wife had much work; she was not good natured about the trouble that the old father gave when he sat with them at table.

"We cannot have you eat with us any more!" said the peasant, and he made for his parent a wooden bowl. After that, the old man ate alone every day in his seat behind the fireplace, and he ate with a wooden spoon out of his new wooden bowl. "I have given him the darkest corner," said the peasant's wife, "and when he spills his food there, I do not have to clean it so often!"

One day, when the peasant came in to supper, he found his oldest child, a lad of ten, busy with hammer and bits of wood on the floor beside his grandfather. "What are you doing, my boy?" asked the proud father.

The boy looked up with a happy face. "I am making a wooden bowl," he said, brightly, "for you to eat out of when you are old and sit in my chimney corner!"

The peasant was overwhelmed with sudden shame, and his old father was once again welcomed at the table with them.

The child never forgot that story.

* * * * * *

After the war, they had moved North. The jessamine bushes and the lovely old Southern garden were in ruins, the house and the slaves' quarters in ashes. The cruel war had left them penniless, and her father, weakened by long months of sick-

ness and pain from wounds acquired in the many battles through which he had gone, and deprived of a leg as he had been at the siege of Chattanooga, and was indeed little able to cope with the condition in which he found himself and his family.

They went North where Mrs. Gray had a brother, and there managed to make a living. Mr. Gray kept books in his brother-in-law's shop and Mrs. Gray bravely taught music. Life was not very easy for them, and their path was beset with losses and sickness. "It seems, sometimes, as though God's face had been turned from us, to punish us for the days of ease and pleasure during which, perhaps, we did not give enough thought to Him and to His less fortunate children!" Mrs. Gray would often say.

Nan Gray grew up. She was a good child and she developed into a beautiful girl of unusual accomplishments. In school she was the brightest pupil in her class, and the great amount of housework that fell upon her at home, while her mother taught, never seemed to deprive her of time to read good books and to enjoy herself with merry playmates. "She is a wonderful girl!" her teachers said of her; and "She is the most charming little lady!" said those who met her.

Indeed, there was that in Nan's gracious Southern ways, in her sweetly modulated Southern voice, and in her brilliant eyes that stamped her as most attractive to all who met her, and made her, despite her poverty and her father's position, a social favorite in the Northern town.

"At all events," said Mrs. Gray's sister-in-law to her, one day, when Nan was budding into young womanhood, "you can be sure of one thing. Nan will marry well and take the burden of her care from off your shoulders, even if she does nothing else for you! And many a girl as poor as she, "added the woman, "has married well enough to take care of her family!"

"You must marry the richest suitor who comes to woo!" her aunt said, playfully, to Nan, patting her smooth cheek.

"Please do not talk so to Nan!" cried Mrs. Gray. "I only ask that she grow up as good and sweet as she is now, and her father and I will be ever glad to work for her. God is good. I would not have her think of the sacrifice a rich marriage might demand of her!"

But Nan was not thinking of rich marriages. She had other plans simmering under her fair, fluffy hair. Long ago, she had found out that she could write very good stories indeed, and the gift encouraged by her teachers had become a well defined thing. She had won prizes in the school paper and the children's column of one of the city's news sheets. Then, a real magazine that one could buy on the news stands bought and paid for one of her little tales. She was wild with delight about it.

"You see, mommer," she laughed, flirting that check before her dear mother's eyes, "I do not need to marry well, for I can earn much this way!"

Mrs. Gray, who thought that Nan had long ago forgotten her aunt's idle words, smiled in startled fashion; the check, too, was something of a surprise to her. "It is a splendid gift that God has given you, little girl," she said. "You can buy your own clothes, now, and it will help us so!"

Mrs. Gray had all a Southern woman's horror of a girl's working out in the world, and she had never for a moment contemplated Nan's doing that. She was glad of the talent of writing stories whereby Nan might be able to help them a little instead of by teaching music, as she had

often feared that her daughter might some day be forced to do, if she herself died or the father had to give up work. But the writing was so much more genteel. Mrs. Gray rejoiced.

However, the ever-busy Nan did not give her mother much time to rejoice. For her eighteen years, Nan had a particularly determined mind and much resource. She came in late to supper one night, her cheeks and eyes glowing.

"I've got a job!" she announced, with fine pride.

"What!" screamed Mrs. Gray; and "what are you talking about?" demanded her father.

"You don't look very much pleased," said the unabashed Nan. "One would think that it was easy to get a job, but I can tell you it isn't! I have been walking my feet off for six months, trying to land this one, but now, I've got it!"

"Nan!" said her mother, horrified.

"Don't, mommer," pleaded Nan. "After I've been there a week, I'll have so much slang at my disposal that you will run out of adjectives to decry my use of it! But I didn't tell you what my job is, did I? I'm to sub on the woman's page of the Star and write special stories for their Sunday edition. That means $6.00 a week for the regular work and $4.00 a column for all the Sunday stuff that I can give them. I promise myself that I will give them much!" she ended, triumphantly.

"Nan," said her father, sadly, "you haven't got to work. I can take care of you yet. It will kill your mother and me to see you in an office. It is no place for a tenderly bred girl. You must give it up."

But Nan had made up her mind, and she had no intention of giving up. "Nonsense," cried she, in a practical way. "We need the money and I am going to earn it! If it is disgraceful for women to work, then let mother give up her music pupils. I can earn twice as much and I am not half so tired as she!"

In spite of protestations, Nan took up her new tasks. She was an instant and complete success. Before the end of her first year, she was making more money than her father and mother together had made, and every year, her prospects grew brighter. She advanced on the paper until she became head of the department; not only the Sunday editor of her own publication but of others as well would accept her stuff, and she drove quite a pretty business in special articles; the magazines took her stories and clamored for more; and when she was twenty-two, she had a book published. Nan had come into her own, and the hard days of poverty were well nigh over for her parents.

For Nan was a generous soul. She often said that "charity begins at home," and to her that meant that her charity began with her parents. She made life for them a very sweet and comfortable thing. When her second book came out, it brought her so much ready money that Mr. Gray found it unnecessary to work any longer. He was old and broken; the bullet that had landed in the upper part of his body on the same memorable occasion when a shell had carried away his leg, began to give him almost unremittant pain; a relief from the monotony and demands of bookkeeping came very much as a Godsend. Yet Nan never knew how keenly his fierce Southern pride resented being supported by a woman of his blood. He had suffered so once before,—when Mrs. Gray had begun giving music lessons to keep them from real want.

"How did you succeed so?" one of her old playmates asked Nan one day when

she was twenty-five. "I know you are talented above the average and as brave as a girl can be, but so was Elsie Waters and a score of others who went to school with you, and they are failures. Tell me your secret!"

"I will!" cried Nan, smiling in her brilliant way," although, perhaps in your advanced way of seeing God and His world, you will not quite believe me! I have no use for your Darwinian theory, your nature evolutionary cries, your oft-repeated assertion that the universe is ordered by wild chance or, as I have heard you say, a series of natural occurences, unguided by a divine hand.

"Yes, it is a sermon," she laughed at the other's gesture, "a sermon in my very best literary vein! I believe in God, the Creator and Director of His world and all that He put upon it, even to the smallest creature, and I believe in praying to Him for the things we want. I have always done it, I always will. To this I attribute whatever success I have had. When I was a child, my parents could not indulge my wishes. Therefore, I carried my pleadings to a rich parent, satisfied that if He did not answer my wants at once, He would do so later on, if I had begged that which would benefit me in the end. He never failed me. To this day, I say the Stations of the Cross when I crave a boon from on high, and it is invariably granted me. The world would treat many men and women more kindly, if they would pay tribute to the Commander of it!"

And Nan's preaching was not cant. She believed and adored, and He whom she petitioned smiled benignly upon her. The years had so passed excellently above her fair head.

Not that life was all sunshine. There were clouds. Financially, the atmosphere grew clearer with each passing year, but other unpleasantness and unhappiness visited them. Mrs. Gray became an invalid, almost entirely confined to her couch. Money kept her well attended, but the sadness was there. Mr. Gray's left side became paralyzed; the old bullet, the doctors said; but they could not help him. Nan bought and kept for him a good safe horse and an easy phaeton in which he could ride out every day; he had a dog, too,—a great stately greyhound, a luxury that brought back to him keenly the old Southern days of opulence. Indeed, Nan tried in every way to duplicate the old days for her parents, from these luxuries of her father's to the cut flowers that were brought to her mother twice a week during the winter months and the exquisite little garden that had been made to adjoin the cozy suburban home that Nan had bought.

But somehow, it could not be made all bright. Mr. Gray was growing irritable and pessimistic. When he was suffering acutely, he was hard to get along with, and when he attempted to take anything in his left hand he would drop and shatter it,—a thing that filled him with unreasoning anger. Mrs. Gray wept a great deal. She had been so brave and uncomplaining through the hard years that they had passed; it seemed as though she was trying to make up for the tears she had not shed then. They got on brave Nan's tired nerves, sometimes. They worried about her and in so worrying, they wore on her. She was laying away no money for a rainy day, so great was her goodness to them and their expense. What would happen to them if, as was more than likely, Nan's health gave out and she was unable to do the work of two men? She had headaches that brought her wan-eyed to the breakfast table. One

summer, the doctor had hard times standing off a fever that had put its germs well into the tired girl's rich red blood. She must break down in time, everybody said, and what was to become of them, whimpered Mr. and Mrs. Gray. It was very trying.

And then, like a shot out of the blue sky, came Nan's love affair. Not that she had grown into an unattractive woman to whom love must of needs be forever a stranger; she was uncommonly good looking and smart, with fresh color and a queenly air. Men and women admired and liked her. But at twenty-eight, she had not given her parents reason to believe that love could catch her. Late though the time was, in the eyes of her Southern mother and father, yet nevertheless, love caught and held Nan, finding her a willing captive.

The man was all that Nan had never dared let herself dream about. He was a writer, too, an artist as she was; and as free with his earning as she had ever been and therefore, as unprovided for an unexpected season of misfortune. Like herself, he counted on his superb health and God's goodness to carry him along through coming years of toil. He was a globe-trotter with a splendid camera who wrote of his flittings for all the newspaper, magazine and book world. His name was known in many climes, whose speech he spoke and wrote. He had written five novels in his own English tongue every one of them a masterpiece, and was at work on the sixth when he was introduced to Nan at a literary soirée. He had been the lion of the evening, but before its close, Nan and he divided the honors for brilliancy.

The love affair progressed rapidly and well. It was a certainty from the hour of meeting. Nan's joy knew no bounds. From her earliest years had dwelt with her the mad longing for literary intercourse and travel, and here were both sent by God with a new and beautiful love to keep them company! It seemed too good to be true. Ashton Whitlock wanted nothing that she would have. As a well known writer and traveler, he could keep her better than she could keep herself; her tired brain cried out for rest under his kind protection. He even belonged to the Faith that made her happiness, the sweet, true Faith to which he clung in whatever country his labors took him. There was lacking nothing, nothing to make the marriage a perfect one!

Ashton Whitlock was off for a three-year stay in Japan, whither the biggest papers and magazines in his native land were sending him to write special illustrated articles and stories. His new book was to be set in the Roman Catholic missionary centers of the south seas, particularly in the leper district. Its first pages promised to be the strongest story that Nan had ever read. It would make Ashton the foremost writer of the day. She longed to be with him as he worked upon it in Japan, going with him in his travels after material, the help and the inspiration that she knew she could be to him. She built day dreams, as a younger girl would build.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray, after the first notes of well-wishing and sympathy, had grown suddenly quiet and uncommunicative. Mr. Gray smoked silently for many hours, his hand upon his faithful greyhound's head, his dim eyes staring into space, and his petulance and pessimism seemed swallowed up in a new and painful pondering. Mrs. Gray did not weep and complain of trifles, as she had been doing for months past. She too, was very silent and

thoughtful, lying all day with closed eyes, a suppressed air of heartbreak mantling her worn face, or looking fleetingly at her daughter, a straining glint of dumb appeal in her suffering eyes. Nan was too happy really to note it all or to figure out its significance.

"We must go soon to Japan," Ashton said to her one June day when all the earth was suffused with the fragrance of garden roses. "My book cries for attention and the publishers are getting impatient. Why do we linger? I am glad that you are coming with me. You have had it too hard and you deserve a long rest and happiness. Your mother and father are dear. I know that they appreciate all that you have been doing for them. But they are growing old and petulant; they have been wearing on you for many long months and you will be a new girl when you get away from them. I have a plan for them. I would that I were rich, that the plan might be better. But I have done my little best. As a wedding present, I'll make your last payment on the house here. That will secure them a home as long as they live. My New York publishers have agreed to put so much money each year into the hands of a lawyer here; that is the royalty on my first book, and will pay the taxes. I have invested a little sum that will turn its interest over to your parents,—sixty dollars a month. It is the best that I can do, Nan, but it isn't bad, is it? I have figured that it will keep them in some luxury, including the maid and your father's horse. They surely can get on?"

Nan choked her thanks. Once, when she had been a little girl and both father and mother were working, forty dollars a month had been a big salary for them, and it had kept three and provided a cottage to live in. Surely, Ashton's generous plan was most satisfactory, and she knew that she could often add little money gifts from scraps of writing they both meant that she should do when they were married.

And so it was arranged. Nan was very happy. Her mother and father quavered their blessing on her plans, with wet eyes and trembling lips, but neither dared to say the little "We'll miss you, dear," that was tugging at their heart strings. Nan set about scant, simple arrangements for her wedding day; she would have no fuss, she said; but her mother insisted upon dragging herself about, hunting little odds and ends that might have survived the wreck of the years, and while she sewed feebly, the father polished some old silver, mended a broken heirloom or two, and chatted garrulously of his own and his wife's wedding. Nan did not see the tragedy in their wrinkled faces. She was living in a paradise.

One day, she stood beside the sitting room window, smiling at the sunshine outside. She was ready to decide on the day of her marriage, which had to be soon, before the thirtieth, when the boat would sail. Her father came stumbling in, hitting the door with his cane. "I declare," he said, with an odd laugh, "my left arm is just as strong as my right, or my right is just as bad as my left, I don't know which way to put it. I picked up my cane just now with my left hand and let fall a glass of water I was drinking with my right. What do you think of that?"

He stumbled his way across the room and put out his right hand to place a book which he held. But the book did not get into its niche of the bookcase. Instead it went crashing backward, striking a beautiful vase on the table. The vase was one of Ashton's treasured gifts, and

when it lay splintered at her father's feet Nan uttered a sobbing cry of regret.

"I'm very clumsy," muttered the old man, looking down at the ruin. "I'm very sorry, Nan!"

Nan stood looking down at the pieces as her father tottered out of the room. She held her hands to her heaving breast, but her eyes were dry. Memory brought to her a picture,—such a queer picture. She saw the beautiful old Southern garden, the jessamine bushes and the fair, young woman who sat sewing beneath the delicious blossoms. She saw a fairy child with a paper in her hand at the woman's knee, and then, she heard the soft, exquisite voice of the woman reading the child a story.

The story called up a picture, one that Nan saw again — a rude peasant's hut, a chimney corner, a doting old man in the darkest end and a boy at work with hammer and bits of wood at the old man's feet. What was it he had said to his father? "I am making a wooden bowl for you to eat out of when you are old and sit in my chimney corner."

Five minutes before, Nan was feeling in better health than she had felt in years. Now, every bit of strength seemed to leave her body, the room grew black, and she swayed, catching at the window casement for support. It would not hold her up, and she slipped down upon the floor, her head against the sill. "I am making a wooden bowl for you—"

Nan threw her hands to her face. "Oh, dear God, why didn't You tell me before?" she cried. "I cannot go away and leave them in the dark chimney corner." She leaned upon the sill, shaken with a tempest of sobs and tears.

Ashton Whitlock sailed alone. "I will try to come back," he said, sadly, to Nan, the woman of business again, "or perhaps since God is good, you may some day come to me."

And Nan smiled brightly. We have duties that are higher than ourselves!

A WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE.

BY ELIZABETH EDNER TOBIN.

Her wistful eyes are dim with much enduring
Of petty cares that know no hour's relief,
Pain that has not the majesty of grief,
Vague hurts that seek no solace in a tear;
Yet would we fear—
Who watch her daily striving—to reveal
What our hearts feel
Of tender pity for her lot, lest we
Did but offend her humble dignity.

THE DIARY OF AN EXILED NUN.

TRANSLATED BY DANIEL F. DESMOND.

CHAPTER VIII.—Con.

How different are the two novices—Sister of the Nativity and Sister Mary Agnes! Sister of the Nativity with her twenty years looks older than the other, who, is in fact, thirty-three. The younger is a strong, good-looking, rosy girl with a character bright, practical and resolute, manners somewhat common, with little sensibility and less imagination or poetry. The other is a frail little woman, so delicate and sweet and so gracious too that even with her pronounced impersonality she is loved by all.

While Sister of the Nativity showed courage and resolution at the moment of expulsion Sister Mary Agnes was all chagrin and discouragement. To-day the one is plodding along courageously in her new life, laboring for a scanty living; while the other surrounded by luxury and caresses is often in tears because she has not her religious life and the cloister.

Yesterday I paid Sister Mary Agnes a visit. She had asked me to come to her home because on returning from the country she had fallen ill. I betook myself there immediately. It was the first time I ever saw Sister's mother. She is a kindly woman, not at all old in appearance, with features strikingly similar to her daughter's. Their home is a veritable gem. Such rich rooms and such an elegant vestibule! And the conservatory is simply exquisite. This is a glazed veranda where all sorts of plants grow just as in summer. Here are palms, banana-trees, laurels, shrubs of different kinds; there graceful ferns, sweet smelling roses, splendid chrysanthemums; and beyond, water lilies in a glory of cool, sparkling spray.

In this charming boudoir I found our delicate Sister Mary Agnes stretched on a sofa with a warm light rug about her. By her side was a table laden with books, nicknacks and sweets prepared by her mother.

"And how does our dear little Sister prosper?" said I, as soon as we were alone.

"Oh! everybody is so good and I am so unhappy," said she in tears, raising her arms to me.

I was pained to my heart to hear of her distress, and so I did my best to calm her and bring her to reason. She told me that she never cried while her parents were present and always tried to appear happy before them. She said she was striving to habituate herself to life in the world. "But," she added with a fresh flood of tears, "I feel that I can never do so."

And I earnestly believe that she is correct. Underneath that fragile covering there is a soul of heavenly purity, a virginal soul ever lifting itself up to God, a soul that shrinks from the dust of earth.

Unfortunate novices, who have not our joy, our consolation, our strength, the glory of being spouses of Christ!

What will become of these two? Mother has confided Sister Mary Agnes to my care. And now I find myself loving this charge of mine as a dear little sister whom God has given me. I who am so cowardly in presence of suffering and so envenomed against our persecutors, in a word I, wretched creature, must aid this

soul to remain pure and faithful. Perhaps her very weakness may sustain what people call my courage, and her gentleness may temper my vivacity. Without knowing it she will be the support of one who wishes to be her angel guardian, the safeguard of one who wishes to guard her for Christ alone.

Chapter IX.

Feast of the Immaculate Conception—Memories of Priory Days—Visit to Sister Joseph Mary—Christmas, 1904.

Thursday, December 8.
Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

What poor courage I have to-day! I have cast myself into a sea of sorrow; I have summoned back the memories of those happy days, pictures in the mind that are bright indeed, which, however, leave me in tears and discouragement.

Just a year ago to-day we were keeping this feast at Notre Dame du Prieuré in the usual joyful manner. The day before, the happy nuns and their pupils were getting ready their wreaths of moss, and there, within the several cloisters, a band of merry children were busy as bees decorating the old walls. The effect of the garlands on the arched windows that look down on the yard was superb. Banners here and there and large clusters of fragrant roses enhanced the scene.

In the morning the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin put on their First Communion dress. Many of the alumnæ were present, as they, too, love to keep their patronal feast as in the past; they are still Children of Mary. The day began with Mass and Holy Communion in the small interior chapel which was adorned with pale blue netting and white roses.

In the afternoon all assembled for the literary *academia la seance bleue,* at which each class contributed to the programme of narrations, legends, etc., in honor of Mary Immaculate. Then came a more lively feature, stereopticon views, sometimes instructive and other times comical. The latter numbers elicited the hearty laughter and mad applause of the children.

At three o'clock a generous feast of good things was served, and all responded with extraordinary good-will.

But the main feature of the day came at eight o'clock in the evening. All the scholars, from the smallest tot of five years to the oldest of the alumnæ marched in file to the community choir, each holding in her hand a branch of lilies. As they entered the choir but twice each year they looked forward to this event with a secret impatience. There in the high stalls on either side of the stately choir sat the nuns, awaiting the children. The solemn appearance of the place, the carved stalls and the Mothers clothed in ceremonial robes, all these inspired the children with awe.

Kneeling together there, at the foot of Mary's statue,—which stood in a veritable thicket of rich chrysanthemums,—nuns and children, two hundred in number, we chanted the *Magnificat.* Simple and beautiful as it all was, tears came to our eyes. Then Reverend Mother, surrounded by the Children of Mary who formed themselves into a pure white crown about her, pronounced the act of consecration to the Immaculate Virgin. Immediately broke forth the canticle, "Yes, I believe, Mary is Immaculate," sung by all. Then came the procession to the illuminated cloisters. As they, in line, passed along they continued the singing. With voices vibrating with intense faith and love they repeated the canticle, "Yes, I believe, Mary is Immac-

ulate," and the dear old walls themselves took up the strain, echoing it back lustily. With bowed heads the singers passed the life-sized crucifix, and arriving at the stone steps that lead to the academy they all halted. Suddenly all turned their eyes to one spot. There at the summit of the stairs, under the brightly illuminated arch, was an apparition, a heavenly vision.

Set off by a background of verdure, the long branches of the palms rising up and drooping gracefully over and about her head, a young virgin stood, wearing a crown of twelve stars. About her stood white-cloaked angels, each holding some instrument of music,—a lute, a harp, a lyre, etc. As we gazed upon this bright vision there suddenly broke out upon the night air a celestial harmony. The chanting of the children ceased, and all stood in profound silence looking with admiration on the scene before them. Gradually the melody grew softer and softer until there could be heard only a few light strains as of retreating angels, and then when all was over the children gave vent to their feeling by frantic applause. The tableau had been a great success. Then all took up again the *Magnificat.* The tableau is different each year. Sometimes it is Our Lady of Lourdes, other times the Crib at Bethlehem, etc.

Presently some one said "the fireworks have begun!" And, sure enough, as the children hastened to the windows they could see every bush and tree in the garden brightened by the colored lights. There were plenty of sky-rockets, too, that shot up into the air and came down in a flood of stars. Each one of these showers was hailed with a chorus of shouts from the children.

Beautiful feast, with its pure, simple joys! Days of pleasure that left the soul as innocent as ever, the face bright, the heart pure and courageous!

With a joyful spirit work was taken up the next day. And when the nuns reminded their pupils that Our Lady of Lourdes had said thrice, "Penitence, penitence, penitence," one could remark that they understood. One could see them performing acts of mortification, doing what they could for sinful, unhappy France.

. . . . . .

May our dear Immaculate Lady of Lourdes console her poor nuns; may she preserve in her children the great love for duty; may she save her France.

Wednesday, December 14.

I have at length seen Sister Joseph Mary. Poor soul! unhappy Sister!

Yesterday I received a letter from her in which she asked me to come. In it she also expressed great disappointment at not having heard from me or any one else since October first. I myself have written twice within that period. I prepared myself directly, and at nine o'clock in the morning was on my way to her home. This may seem an unseasonable hour, but among themselves Sisters do not stand on ceremony. Besides, Sister called me. As I hurried along I had to fight against the wind. There was also a fine snow blowing in every available corner, lodging itself in one's eyes and ears, and now getting in about one's neck —all the while penetrating and chilling. And the snow in the streets, forming a rough, dirty carpet of slush, had lost all its poetry. But how beautiful it was at the Priory! From the window we could see in the garden a dazzling coverlet just as if made of diamonds, and brilliant

stalactites suspended from the boughs of the trees—a veritable fairyland as we saw it in the sunlight. At least that was my impression. Of course I may be wrong. People charge me with having a deep admiration over nothing, over a simple flower. They smile at my enthusiastic exclamations over the intricate designs of frost on the windowpane. And, as a matter of fact, there on the window were countless delicate leaves, painted in the rarest tints of rose, pearl, and copper, all sparkling as if made of the dust of diamonds which seemed to flood the tiled floor.

But I am astray! Let us continue on through the snow and wind to Sister Joseph Mary's home. I entered the door, hurried by the porter's lodge, and arrived at the landing of the fourth story, out of breath. I stopped for a moment to rest, to reflect, and to compose myself —for I was excited. When I rang, a maid different from the one I met before came to the door.

"Miss de G—, if you please?"

"Mademoiselle is not at home," said she, unhesitatingly.

"You are mistaken," said I.

I entered and immediately, without permission or even knocking, I opened a double swinging door before me. I was now in the parlor. The little *bonne* was all flurried by this time, and kept repeating as she followed me, "Mademoiselle is not here, but I will call Madame."

As she went out I softly opened a door and entered a sombre looking hallway. On one side I could hear a volley of angry words. Instinctively I looked to the other side. Ah! another door. (During all these manœuvers I was trembling like a leaf). Well, I knocked at the door.

"Come."

It was Sister Joseph Mary's own sweet voice. And then what moments of happiness for us both!

There was of course an effusion of tenderness and tears,—it was the first time we had met since the expulsion,—but this soon abated. Then Sister said, "Let us talk low, very low. I fear that some one may be listening."

How quickly those two hours went—two happy hours.

Sister Joseph Mary is, as I had feared, unhappy; but, even so, she is not altogether discouraged. Her father gave her a fair reception and up-to-date has never been harsh with her. She feels, however, that she is losing ground in her little siege upon his affections as it is impossible for her ever to speak with him alone.

Moreover, Mr. de G— seems to be disappointed at his daughter's failure to bring back her dowry. But the main if not the only cause of all the misery is the presence of that despicable tyrant who rules the house. She it is who holds the money, who keeps all accounts, who gives the orders, who receives in the parlor, etc. These are Sister's words: "I can say no more, but you may suppose the worst conditions you can imagine and you will not exaggerate."

Poor Sister is without a penny. If she needs a pair of gloves or anything else she has to put the case before the servant.

What a situation! How could I refrain from tears as Sister told me her story?

"But surely your father gives you at least a small sum each month," said I.

"Shortly after my arrival here," she said, "my father handed me eight dollars, saying, 'This is not sufficient as I see you have nothing, but it is all I can afford.

Each month I will give you four dollars. Manage as best you can, but above all never speak to me of money or any other difficulty. I must have one thing—and that is peace.' You remember, dear Sister," she added, "that all I brought away on the day of the expulsion was one of those small academy dresses and a few remnants of linen. So I had to buy everything. You can well imagine then that at the end of the month, despite my scrupulous economy, I still needed many things almost indispensable. It was durthe the first few days of November that I asked my father for the first monthly allowance which he had promised. He referred me to that woman. I replied that such a procedure was impossible. Then a storm of anger broke forth on me. He had never before been harsh with me. He ended his outburst by saying that he wished to have no more such scenes, adding that if I was not content I had nothing to do but to go off. Then when he saw that I was in tears he said, with an almost kind tone, 'Come, come now, don't play the little girl. Let me have peace.'"

"And then what?" said I.

"Then I waited." After a pause she went on: "Every morning I attend Mass at six o'clock, but I have to stand, as I can not pay for a chair. During the remainder of the day I stay in the house because the old shoes I brought with me from the Priory are worn through at the bottom, and besides I have neither cape nor umbrella. One morning at breakfast my father asked me why I did not go out doors during the day. I showed him my shoes. Instantly he was in a rage. He cast his napkin on the floor, dashed his knife and fork to the other end of the room, and facing the woman, cried out, 'See here, don't go too far. Give her (pointing to me) what she needs. She has a right to live here like yourself.' Then turning to me he said 'As for you, if ever I hear a quarrel, a word, a complaint, I'll drive you out.' Without further word he hurried from the room slamming the door behind him. It's dreadful, dreadful."

Then I asked Sister, "Why do you remain here?"

"Why?" said she. "My father is seventy years old, all worn out bodily (and morally too) and so I must overlook much. Suppose he were stricken with illness—is it she who would care for him? Would she call for the priest? I must stay. My father cannot die so. You understand, I know. But I can never tell you, what this life is;" she continued, "nothing can give you an idea of it. This woman has resolved on forcing me to go because I am an expense and am in her way. She sees that she can not force me out herself, because my father rages at the least indication of a quarrel, and so she is doing what she can to make me take the step myself. For this end she makes use of the vilest means that can be imagined. I have asked myself the question, 'How long can I endure this?' And the thought of my father's salvation tells me that all this suffering, humiliation, cold and hunger, must be manfully endured. All this I can endure, but there is much more. There is much that I can not say, and it is this that often makes me wish to be far, far away from that woman."

Just then the clock struck twelve, and Sister Joseph Mary rose quickly. "There's the bell for lunch, so we must part. I will accompany you to the door. Nothing will be said to you, but to me—Oh! what

terrible—But what matters that? Come back again, I beg of you, but pay no attention to the domestic. Come to my room directly. You know the way."

We passed through the parlor to the vestibule, meeting neither servant nor mistress. There I left our gentle Sister Joseph Mary, that resolute virginal soul, to the misery of that veritable gehenna, her own father's house.

This is one instance where the persecution has done its wretched work.

Sister Joseph Mary was always content with the life she had chosen. Once within the protecting walls of the Priory she was a happy soul. If she had not entered the convent she would perhaps be married now. She had six thousand dollars, which her mother bequeathed to her, and with this and her talents as teacher and musician she would have prospered, as the world says. Now the six thousand dollars have been spent on the orphanage which was so recently plundered and seized by our kind mother, the Government; and there is poor Sister cast out on the world against her will. Contrary to all rights of civilized men, with no provoking cause on her part, she has been thrust into the street, into that miserable humiliating existence which is a perpetual affliction to a soul with instincts as noble and refined as hers.

Sunday, December 25.

What memories does this happy feast day recall! Christmas! How can I ever forget those Christmas eves of the past, holy eves, spent with Our Lord in the dimly lighted chapel. What a joy it is to think of those midnight Masses and the reception into our souls of the Divine Infant. And what a gladsome revel was that we had before retiring! At two o'clock we all assembled in our kitchen. There on a table of rough wood stood a great earthen pot of steaming broth. Each Mother and Sister had her own brown crockery bowl, and each in turn went to the table and secured her supply. I recall plainly those happy nuns standing around the room, each drinking her broth, and each burning her tongue between times. That was our revelry. As the remembrance of our crib in the large cloister comes back to me I almost hear again the children's hymns. Oh, dear Priory, where we spent so many joyful Christmas feasts, when shall your old creviced walls and your mantle of ivy ever enclose us as in the past?

Our alumnæ have done much to make this a happy feast for our Mothers at the Priory. Secretly they borrowed a harmonium which they placed in what was once the children's chapel. What joy it brought to the hearts of the old Mothers to hear at midnight Mass the hymns they heard in the happy days of the past! The poor old Mothers were so moved that they could not restrain their tears. And then when all was over, and the noisy band of singers were passing along the main corridor laughing and chattering, how could these nuns help being brought back in spirit to the days when we were all so happy together, when we had that holy peace of living as spouses of Christ and doing our duty as mothers and guardians to the children now gone away?

Chapter X.

1905—News from the Exiles —History of Sister Rosalie—Reunion at the Priory —Visit of Sister Margaret Mary to the Priory—Sad News from Sister Clement—Uneasiness about Sister Mary—Sister of the Nativity is asked to marry—Good

News from Sister Mary Elizabeth and Sister Mary Bernard—Sister Mary Antoinette—A Starving Exile—Difficulties over the House of Retreat—We Reclaim Our Dowries from the Government.

Sunday, January 1, 1905.

1904 is now history. All the pains and sufferings of those twelve months belong to the past. Whatever we did and whatever we courageously endured have been judged by God. But all this is not lost. What a consolation to know that God in His goodness will change our tears into joy and our painful trials into the enjoyment of His glory. And that joy, that glory, our triumph of love, will never end.

1905. How appropriate it would be to repeat to-day that excellent prayer which Madame Elizabeth of France composed in the prison of the Temple. Surely we dispersed nuns are in a prison. This vast world into which we have been thrown is a bitter exile for us. Those dear old walls from which we have been driven were our dwelling, our loved abode, chosen in preference to what the world could offer; it was our home where our lives were always filled with that peace which the world can not give, the peace of devotion. But I must not complain of God's disposition of affairs. I know He loves me. With Him I will have strength, in Him I will enjoy peace, and for Him I will rejoice to endure pain and suffering.

This was a gloomy New Year's Day at the Priory. Yesterday at the hour when in times past we all assembled to exchange the traditional good wish:—"*Bon jour, bon an et le paradis a la fin de vos jours,*"—a little bell rang out a cheerless invitation to those in the Priory, the wreck of the old community, to meet in the common room. Mothers and Sisters embraced each other, but their hearts were too full of sorrow to express the usual greeting. Immediately the company broke up, and naturally enough all moved towards the chapel—their refuge in affliction.

To-day nearly all of us dispersed nuns visited our Mothers and Sisters at the Priory.

Sister Mary Louise tells us that she has much business with our former pupils, especially those of the free classes. If you were to seek Sister any morning you might find her travelling the streets, climbing up into old ramshackle garrets, seeking the sick and friendless. In the afternoon she divides her time between prayer and work.

Sister Melanie, her housekeeper, found it impossible to acclimate herself to her new life. Reverend Mother is going to send her to C—, to our Little Priory, and replace her with Sister Rosalie.

It is now about fifteen years since there came from Auvergne to our big, hustling city a little sixteen-year-old country girl who had never before left her village. The morning Sister Rosalie left home,—for this little peasant was none other than our own dear Sister,—her father put her aboard the train, as a third-class passenger, with ready cash amounting to forty cents. Her trousseau she carried in a checked handkerchief. As Mary Rose was unaccompanied, and unable to write, there was a chance of her getting astray. But she had a talisman. The good curé of the village had written out on cardboard the address of the Priory. This she carefully covered with tissue paper and tucked in under her blue bodice. The little country girl, strange

as it may seem, was not in the least disconcerted by the deafening noise of the city. To every man with stripes whom she met she showed the little card. Finally she fell into the hands of a policeman. This kind officer took pity on the child and handed her over to a cab-driver, a friend of his. When the latter told his new charge to enter the carriage she strongly protested: "Oh, no sir! I do not wish to go into that box. I would like to sit beside you. I wish to see at least the sun." The driver was willing. He read the card, and in a moment they were driving down the street at a good speed. It was morning. Mary Rose was in her glory up there with the driver. As soon as they were off, conversation began.

"What is the place you are going to?" asked the driver, pleasantly.

"It is a convent."

"And what are you going to do in a convent?"

"What a question! I am going there to be a nun, of course."

"You a nun! What an idea! With those eyes of yours you ought to stay here in the city."

"Why so? Is it for the blind alone to love God and care for His poor?"

Mister Driver had no reply.

"If you like talking," put in Mary Rose, "let us talk. See here I have a plan—you drive me all around the city and I will give you my forty cents, but take care to give me a good sight-seeing excursion. If you don't, I'll not pay."

The good fellow did as she wished. They drove up this street and down the other. They saw churches, theatres, hotels, rivers, gardens, and much more. It was all wonderful, to Mary Rose, and more wonderful to us that she saw and remembered so much.

Within two days this same girl had made herself at home in the convent. In due time she learned to read, write, and count up figures. She is full of life, as people say, always the very sunshine of the Priory, but better still she is an excellent, conscientious nun, blessed with the precious gift of good sense. Of course they will miss her bright face and her happy disposition at C—, but it is necessary that one of her stamp be sent to live with Sister Mary Louise in the city. Bicycles and automobiles will have no terrors for her; much less will the tradesmen. And the butcher or grocer who cheats her will have to have an oversupply of cunning in his trade. Life, moreover, will be more pleasant for Sister Mary Louise. The gloom and quiet of her apartments will disappear with Sister Rosalie at hand.

Sister John of the Cross is greatly fatigued by her continual going about. Every day she is obliged to travel to different parts of the city attending to her lessons in design. Reverend Mother has decided to find more suitable quarters where she can receive her pupils with convenience.

(To be continued.)

THE CENTENARY OF BALFE.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

If the Irish genius of music ever became incarnate on this earth, surely it was in the person of Erin's most melodious son, Michael William Balfe, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth we celebrate on May fifteenth of the present year. It is a famous day for us, not so much for what Balfe means today, since the musical world has to an alarming extent outgrown his efforts, but as a memory of one who for many years of his life enjoyed the fame and consequent happiness with which the unbiased world of his day rewarded his indisputable talents. "How the world wags, indeed," I thought, as I pored over the two-score and more of his operas and innumerable songs which I found upon the shelves of the Brown music collection in the Boston Public Library. Here were operas which once aroused the enthusiasm of the beaux and belles of the early days of the departed century, when my lady fair won her

RUBINI.

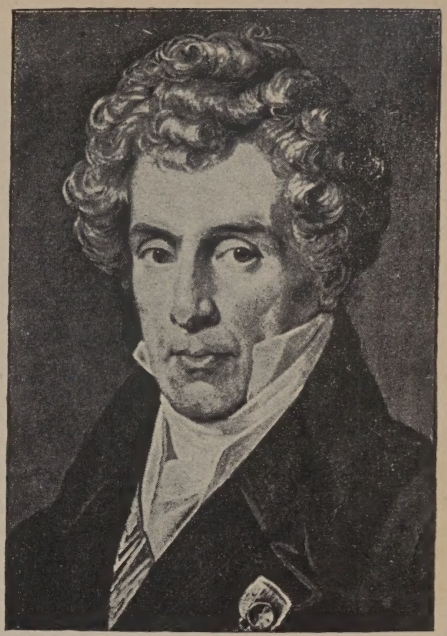
way to the hearts of gallant admirers by the involuntary tears which bedewed her cheek as she sang the tender melody of "The Light of Other Days." Gone forever are the beaux and belles, gone, too, as irretrievably as the plaudits of their soft hands, the Catherine Greys, the Sicilian Brides, the Iolanthes, and their kindred sisters who strutted their brief hour on the stage as a prelude to unbroken repose in the catacombs of the library shelves. All are dead and buried but the immortal "Bohemian Girl," ever to be a favorite while there are men who prefer a line of melody to a Wagnerian *leit-motif*. It is this work which has kept Balfe apart from the mere names, and makes men remember not his multitudinous scores but the man himself, who in his life had fame enough for ten men, but who in the midst of flattery and applause ever remained of the noblest and best in manhood.

Michael William Balfe was born May 15, 1808, at Number 10 Pitts Street, Dublin, in one of a row of houses then but recently built. He was the third child and only son of Michael Balfe who had married Kate Ryan, a charming Irish girl noted for her great beauty and no less for her deep religious feeling. Kate was a Catholic, but she did not allow her religion to interfere with her matrimonial intentions, and so she had accepted the hand of Balfe, who was a Protestant, strangely agreeing, as was the too prevalent custom in those days, that if children were born to them the boys should have the religion of their father and the girls that of their mother. Michael was therefore baptized in St. Ann's Protestant church, Dublin, while his sisters followed their mother,

MALIBRAN.

so closely indeed, as to marry Protestants in their own good time.

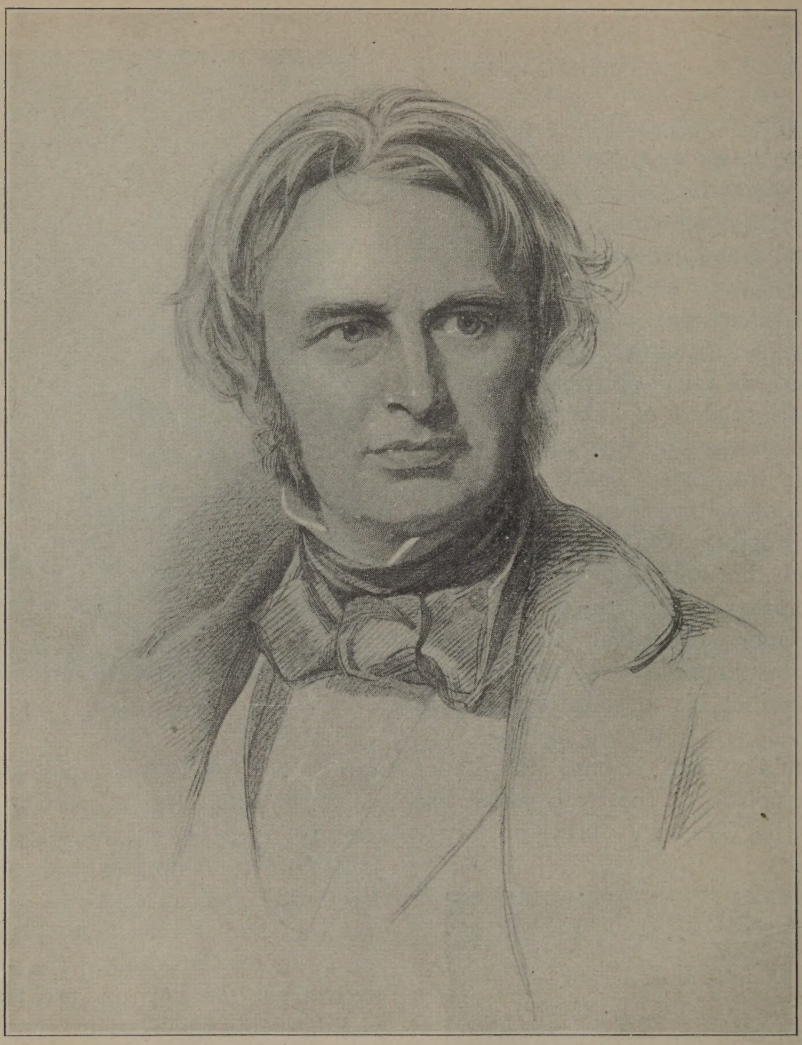
The Balfe family had been associated with the stage and music for years, so that we cannot understand the statement of the composer's friend of thirty-six years' standing, St. Leger, who in his extremely vapid biography says that his talent was not hereditary but of spontaneous birth. Balfe, indeed, came into his talent, his love of music, by all the rights of inheritance. His grandfather was a member of the orchestra at the Crow Street Theatre in Dublin, and is said to have been a pupil of the famous Matthew Dubourg, and one of the band that played in the first two performances of the "Messiah" in Dublin when Handel was driven by the coldness of an unappreciative London public to produce his masterpiece there in 1742.



CHERUBINI.

To Dublin then belongs the honor of first applauding the work which has thrilled the Christian world for nearly two centuries. It was amid such traditions,—making Dublin society famous for its musical culture,—that young Balfe first took up the study of music. His father was an excellent theoretical musician and a very accomplished performer upon the violin. He undertook to instruct the boy on the piano and violin, getting much encouragement in the facility with which his pupil assimilated his teaching. But pleasant as was the task of teaching, it had to be given over—on account of the poor health of the father—to one William O'Rourke, who later became so ashamed of his Irish patronymic as to change it to the raucous and inelegant name of Rooke. That he was an efficient instructor, in spite of his lack of patriotism, is shown by the fact that under him Balfe, then a lad of eight years, made his appearance at the Royal Exchange as a solo violinist,

ROSSINI.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. (1854.)

playing a concerto of Mayseder, the celebrated German composer and violinist, whose works were then justly celebrated.

The boy's playing created such a furore that he had to submit to the terrible ordeal of being petted by the ladies and loaded with presents. His debut in the musical world, however, may be said to date from the preceding year when, in youthful gratitude to the leader of a regimental band, Matthews by name, who had explained to him the construction of the instruments, the boy composed a *Polacca* and scored it for the band which played it. The musicians could scarcely believe that a child of seven had done such a feat. The incredulous may consult the score even today.

A further claim to the title of infant prodigy was made later when his song, "The Lover's Mistake,"—a setting to the

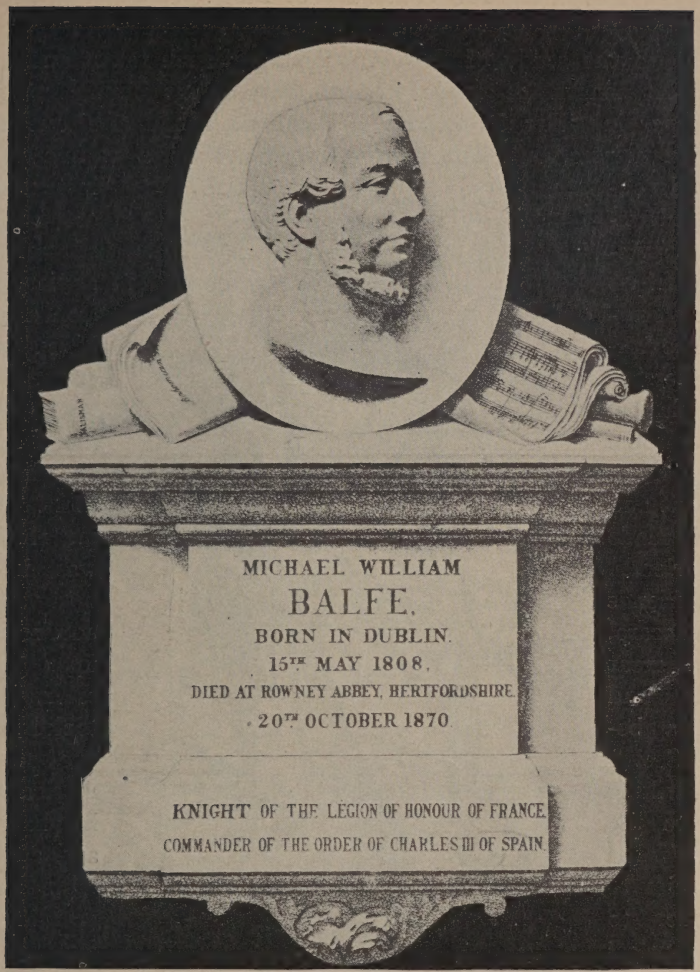
JENNY LIND.

words of Bailey—was sung in the theatre by the famous mezzo-soprano, Madame Vestris. The lad had crept into the gallery to hear his little melody. He was overpowered by the honor and by the applause which greeted the singer, and in his enthusiasm could not refrain from whispering to the man next him that it was his own song, with the result, however, that he barely escaped a beating from the man, who thought the youth was either light-headed or trying to impose upon good nature.

MEMORIAL WINDOW TO BALFE,
St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

The song attained a popularity in its day, but all that it brought to Balfe was a gift from the publisher of twenty copies of the song,—honor great enough for the composer who had the satisfaction of seeing his name in print. No doubt it gave him much free advertising as well, for we find him playing solos at public concerts in Dublin and elsewhere, making money by his talent and at the same time getting a knowledge of the instruments of the orchestra and military band. He was at that time under the tutelage of Alexander Lee, a famous musical director of the day, and one of the most prolific song writers that ever lived. He had gained a kind of fame by such sentimental ballads as the "Soldier's Tear."

The elder Balfe died in 1823, and as he left no money for the support of his family, it became a necessity for the boy to turn what had been a pleasure into a means of livelihood. The way was opened by Charles Horn, the singer and composer, who was at one time musical director of Covent Garden but later came to America, dying in Boston in 1849. He suggested taking the boy to London with him to try his fortune there, promising to keep him for seven years,—he to give lessons to Balfe, and the latter to hand over to his teacher all the money he earned save a certain small percentage. Such an agreement was for the youth's best interests, and he lost nothing by it; for he learned from Horn to score for band, and was given lessons in counterpoint by Horn's father.


MICHAEL WILLIAM
BALFE.
BORN IN DUBLIN.
15TH MAY 1808.
DIED AT ROWNEY ABBEY, HERTFORDSHIRE.
20TH OCTOBER 1870.
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR OF FRANCE.
COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF CHARLES III OF SPAIN.

THE BALFE TABLET IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Oratorio concerts were then in great favor at Drury Lane, and it was at one of these concerts that Balfe, through the influence of Horn, obtained his first real professional engagement as a violinist, under the famous violinist Mori, who was then leader of the orchestra. Balfe soon rose to be first violin in the regular Drury Lane orchestra, under his countryman, Tom Cooke, a versatile musician, who at his benefit played solos on nine different instruments, composed operas, glees and songs, and finally, to the astonishment of his friends, blossomed forth as one of the great singers of his day.

Sometimes Balfe led the orchestra, but in spite of his talent barely earned enough to support him, and he was obliged to copy music in order to keep himself from want. Meanwhile he had ambitions. One day while mimicking Horn's singing he discovered that he himself had a fine voice, a baritone, and immediately he determined to fit himself for the lyric stage, giving attention at

the same time to the study of French and Italian. At length he made his debut as *Caspar* in "Der Freischutz" at the Norwich theatre, but, like many others who subsequently attained success, he was the victim of stage fright and failed as a singing actor. The failure, however, lessened not his popularity. He was a welcome guest everywhere and by his talent and goodfellowship made many lasting friends. Among those friends was Count Mazzara, a Roman of great wealth, who had recently lost a beloved son. Seeing in Balfe a striking resemblance to the dead boy, he insisted upon taking him to Italy in order to further his musical studies. On the way thither they stopped at Paris where Balfe had the happiness of meeting Cherubini, then in his sixty-seventh year. He needed no persuasion to show some of his work to the *maestro*, and to play for him the violin and piano, surprising the old composer by showing him that he had all the great works of all the masters at his fingers' ends.

STATUE OF BALFE.
In Drury Lane Theatre.

Cherubini was enthusiastic at the display of such talent and invited Balfe to become his pupil, but to no avail. Balfe then had the one ambition to shine, not as a composer nor as an instrumental virtuoso, but as an opera singer; hence his anxiety to get away from Paris, to go to Italy, the land of *bel canto*. It was in Paris, too, that he met Rossini, then at the height of his fame. Rossini, seeing that the youth was in danger of being spoiled by the admiration heaped upon him in the salons of society, took him aside, after one of the famous musicales in which he had performed, and advised him to leave Paris. He was grateful to Rossini for that bit of advice, which was recalled to him in later days when the famous son of Italy said to him, "On a beau dire, Balfe, toi, moi, nous sommes la melodie. Je suis content de toi."

The sojourn at Rome lasted many months, during which time he worked at composition, occupying his leisure hours on the subject of "Othello," the book of his opera being the same as that

1 I Rivali di se stessi Palermo 1829
2 un avventuriero ai Gelosi Pavia 1830
3 Enrico IV al passo della Marna Milano 1831
4 Siege of Rochelle 1 —— 1835
5 maid of artois 2 —— 1836
6 Catherine Grey 3 —— 1837
7 Joan of arc 4 —— 1837
8 Diadeste —— 1838
9 Falstaff 5 —— 1838
10. Keolanthe —— 1841
11 Le Puits d'amour —— 1843
12 Bohemian Girl 7 —— 1843
13 The Daughter of St mare —— 1844
14 Les Quatre fils aymon —— 1844
15 The Enchantress 10 —— 1845
16 L'Etoile de Seville —— 1845
17 The Bandsman 12 —— 1846
18 The Devils in it —— 1847
19 The maid of Honor —— 1847
20 The Sicilian Bride —— 1852
21 Pittore e Duca Trieste —— 1856
22 The Rose of Castille —— 1857
23 Satanella 19 —— 1858
24 Bianca —— 1860
25 The Puritans Daughter —— 1861
26 Blanche de Nevers —— 1862
27 The armourer of Nantz —— 1863

used by Rossini. Federici, then a dramatic composer of merit, was his instructor, and him he followed to Milan, where he studied hard at perfecting his voice, in which work he enjoyed the advantage over others of being able to read at sight, a power possessed by few at that time. He came under the attention of Glossop, the impressario of La Scala, who engaged him to write music for a spectacle he was about to produce, "La Perouse." In the composition of this work Balfe was so happy as to create much enthusiasm. But even this new success did not wean him from his ambition to shine as a great singer, and his joy was past telling when Glossop engaged him for the following spring.

Meanwhile the impressario gave up the directorship of La Scala and there was nothing left for Balfe but to return homewards again. In Paris he renewed his friendship with Cherubini, who advised the youth to stay in the city which offered him such chance for advancement. He remained there, and took lessons from the remarkable old man. At the same time he was induced by Rossini to study with Bordogni for a year, being promised by the composer a recommendation to the Italian Opera. Balfe had won great favor with Rossini by singing to his own accompaniment the *Largo al Factotum* from the "Barber of Seville," a feat which the composer thought himself alone capable of executing.

At last the desires of the young singer were gratified, and he appeared at the Theatre des Italiens as *Figaro*, in the "Barber of Seville," Madame Sontag being the *Rosina*. His success was great, and he was engaged immediately for three years, during which time he sang the principal baritone roles in all the favorite and popular operas, making his biggest hit in "Don Giovanni."

That he was a singer of the first rank is evidenced by the fact that he shared the honors of the stage with such artists as the immortal Malibran. Rossini, however, pleased as he was with the success of one whom in one sense he considered as his protege, saw that the talented young man had better prospects than the plaudits given to a famous singer, so he induced him to work at composition, an occasion being offered by the necessity of having some additional music for Zingarelli's "Romeo and Juliet." After that he began an opera on the subject of "Attila," but his health gave way and he was ordered to Italy for a rest. It was unfortunate; his music of the new opera had created great enthusiasm at a private hearing among musicians, but he lost the score on the way to Italy and never recovered it.

Balfe obtained an engagement as primo baritono at Palermo, making his debut there in 1830, with so great a success,—though then but a youth of twenty,—that it was necessary to give the opera no less than seventy times and always to full houses. It was here he wrote his opera of "I Rivali," which had the peculiarity of no chorus, a necessary oddity on account of the "strike" of that important body. On leaving Palermo he came to Bergamo where he met his fate in the person of the beautiful Lina Roser, whom he afterwards married. She was a Hungarian, possessing a rich and full voice and a great talent for acting, which accomplishments obtained for her an engagement at the Carcano Theatre in Milan as prima

donna in company with such artists as Pasta and Rubini.

He had the great satisfaction of seeing his opera, "Enrico Quarto," produced at La Scala, which met with so much favor as to be included thenceforth in the repertoire of all the best theatres. Perhaps a pleasure he appreciated no less was the action of Malibran in having him included in the list of artists at La Scala, delighting to sing with him herself. Malibran, who had ever encouraged Balfe, prophesied that he would be the English Rossini, a title given to him when on his return to London about this time he produced at Drury Lane his opera of "The Siege of Rochelle." This work was an instant success, made memorable because it was the occasion of the young Queen Victoria's first state visit to the theatre after her coronation. The opera, in spite of the charge of plagiarism invented by his enemies, made him the lion of the season, winning for him engagements everywhere and bringing in a golden harvest. He did not remain idle on account of his success, but followed it up with the "Maid of Artois," written for Malibran, and made popular by the wonderful energy of her performance. The great song-bird never spared herself when there was a chance to help others. In this opera occurs the famous "Light of Other Days," which was soon being whistled on the streets. In the Dramatic and Musical Review of 1845 one may read this criticism upon what was once taken seriously as a great work of art. "Mr. Balfe's very pretty air, The Light of Other Days, will not be sung by our grandchildren; it is fast fading into oblivion. The words are too *fine*—the present generation cannot understand them and the next will not try."

Balfe had at last come into his own, almost in spite of himself, and he now devoted himself almost entirely to composition, gradually giving up his career as a singer, with the consolation, however, that he had won much renown by his artistry. Malibran, Grisi, Tamburini, Lablache, said that they always found much to admire and not a little to imitate in his singing; while Rubini, considered the greatest male singer of his day, declared that he must take off his hat to Balfe. But he did not cast away his voice entirely, for desiring to go to his native city, Dublin, he became the chief baritone of a company thither bound.

The famous singer and composer was received by his countrymen with great joy, and his opera, "Diadeste," with which he toured the country, was very successful. The continued prosperity induced him to consider the project of taking the English Opera House under his own management. For this venture he wrote "Keolanthe," played by Mrs. Balfe, but favorably as it was received, the failure of friends upon whom he had relied made it necessary for him to abandon the project, and again he returned to Paris where he gave a concert of his own compositions, meeting the same favor as of old in a city which had always given him encouragement. The applause of Paris was not given to him out of charity, but because he had brought pleasure to it from his own foreign shore. It was as he said to a friend who had quoted to him some ill-natured criticisms: "Let others try to write better than I; there are hundreds in Paris capable of making a good score, and if they could produce effective melodies, they would not select an

Irishman to compose for their national theatres."

The year 1843 is a red letter date as witnessing the first production of Balfe's masterpiece, "The Bohemian Girl." It was given its first production in November of that year, at Drury Lane, by the Pine-Harrison Opera Company. The book which is too well known to need description was founded upon a story in the "Noveles Exemplares" of Cervantes, from which book the plot of Weber's "Preciosa" had been taken, and had first done service at the Opera Comique. Bunn, who was manager of Drury Lane at the time, had given it to Balfe in 1841, shortly after the production of "Keolanthe," and much of the music had been composed then; but as Balfe's scheme of national opera had failed almost immediately after, he used the numbers already composed for his French opera. Bunn proposed calling the opera "The Gipsy," but the title had been used in another work. "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "La Bohemienne," "The Bohemian," were titles suggested, and finally the name by which it is known today. The audience of that first night went wild with enthusiasm. "The Heart Bowed Down," "Then You'll Remember Me," "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," all the songs that are now old favorites had to be repeated again and again. The house was crammed till the hundredth night, and the sale of songs resulting from this popularity was enormous. The gipsy idea became the ruling one of the day. Novels were issued dealing with the gipsy life; everything was in fact tinged with a gipsy complexion. Nor was the popularity merely insular. In Paris, in Germany, in Italy, it created the same great *furore*, a popularity we can easily explain when even today it draws the same crowded houses in spite of the dicta of past and present critics who declare it defunct.

The extremists in music have been unable to discover any good in this or any other work of Balfe. A recent writer, Mr. Ernest Walker, in his "History of Music in England," dismisses Balfe very summarily. "'The Bohemian Girl,'" he says, "has even now not quite lost its popular attraction for certain tastes, and it may be confessed that perhaps on the whole one might do worse. Artistically it is not worth a moment's consideration, the tunes are empty beyond expression, and there is not a particle of any workmanship to carry them off." Yet in spite of Mr. Walker there are many music-lovers old-fashioned enough to enjoy the "empty tunes" without feeling that they have cast aside all pretensions toward more scholarly productions. As an example, the Castle Square Opera Company of Boston was dubbed by some one the "Bohemian Girl Opera Company" because of the great number of times it sang that opera, yet always to an appreciative audience that did not scruple to regale its symphony-filled soul with a pleasanter if not as strong a diet.

The "Girl" was followed by such operas as "Les Quatres Fils d'Aymon," written for the French stage. The German critics said of this that Mozart might have signed it, so sweet were the melodies and so masterly the scoring; "L'Etoile de Seville," which he wrote for the Grand Opera of Paris, a remarkable honor as extended to an alien; and the "Bondman," considered at the time as his greatest work. As director of Her Majesty's Theatre he won no

little fame, producing among other things Verdi's "Nino." As a conductor he was second to none, possessing the ability to cover defects and increase good qualities in a manner which Jenny Lind said no other conductor had. He was conductor at Her Majesty's during the engagement of Jenny Lind, and wrote some scenes for her and Gardoni, the tenor, for their tours of 1847 and 1848.

Later on, he made a tour of the provinces with her and others, and immediately after went to Berlin on the invitation of the Prince of Prussia. The famous song-bird sang at a concert for him which brought him in a goodly sum. He was asked to go with her on her American tour of 1850, but declined. Longfellow—some of whose poems he set to music, and which had an enormous sale—also tried to persuade him to come to this country, but it was a trip he never took. More operas and still more operas came from him in those days,—which were happy ones spent in the country, marrying off his daughters, Gigia and Victoire, enjoying thoroughly the fruit of his hard labors for many years. But the period of rest was not long, for the hand of death was even then upon him.

His last opera, "The Knight of the Leopard," or "Il Talismano," founded upon Scott's "Talisman," was still unfinished when the call came and he laid aside the pen forever. He died October the 20th, 1870. His last work was produced four years after his death, the great Nilsson singing in it. So died Balfe amid the general mourning of a people who, whatever their attitude toward him in the early days, gave him no cause to complain of neglect for many years before his death. Nor was he forgotten as soon as he passed away. A statue of him was placed in Drury Lane, a bust in the National Gallery, Dublin, a memorial window in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and finally a tablet in Westminster Abbey in 1882.

In the forty years that have elapsed since the death of Balfe there have been vital changes in the world of music. Composers have arisen who have put aside the scores which were thought once to be the works of genius that never would perish. Out of all the operas that once held the stage only the "Bohemian Girl" is left to keep his name in any other place than a musical dictionary, "all artistically dead," says Walker, "beyond the faintest hope of resurrection." Occasionally we hear one of his songs—as the beautiful serenade set to Tennyson's poem, "Come into the Garden, Maud," the "Si tu savais," and ever fair "Killarney"—the charming song that will outlast a thousand "Bohemian Girls." All these are enough to prove the composer's claim to be called a king of melody. But the passing of Balfe is not strange. It is the fate of music as of literature. The popular book of today is the waste paper of tomorrow. The genuis is rare whose productions are all immortal classics.

Balfe's aim was not to effect revolutions in the musical world, even supposing that he had the power to do so. He had no pet theories to evolve, no hidden meanings in his work. He wrote for his own day, not for a few classicists, but for the million, and he was satisfied with the applause and rewards which came from present success. Yet, even if he had no set program of reform, it is evident to the most superficial student who knows the condition of music at the

beginning of his century that he did much for its betterment. All this must be remembered in forming a true estimate of Balfe. Professor McFarren, who is quoted in Grove's Dictionary, gives a fair estimate of him. "Balfe," he says, "possesses in a high degree the qualifications that make a natural musician, of quickness of ear, readiness of memory, executive facility, almost unlimited and ceaseless fluency of invention with a felicitous power of producing striking melodies. His great experience added to these, has given him the complete command of orchestral resources, and a remarkable rapidity of production. Against these great advantages is balanced the want of conscientiousness, which makes him contented with the first idea that presents itself regardless of dramatic truth, and considerate of momentary effect rather than artistic excellence; and this it is that—with all his well-merited success with the million—will forever prevent his works from ranking among the classics of the art."

Apart from all that it is a privilege on this centenary of his birth to pay a tribute to a man who in his life gave such pleasure to the world. Whatever the opinions of his work, there is only one of his character. Large-hearted he was, broad-minded, amiable, eager to please, generous to the poor, and of a genialty and loyalty which were necessary to his Irish blood. "Always say a kind and pleasant thing of a friend," he said, "and when you cannot conscientiously, then don't say anything." Spreading happiness wherever he went, fittingly was he named, "Sunny Balfe." Well could his old colleague, Fitzball, say of him:

Rest, Balfe, rest.
Than thine ne'er throbbed a kinder breast;
Others may come with skill as great,
But hardly one to emulate
A soul like thine.

AFTER THE ASCENSION.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

I.

The twilight hour I keep for Thee,
That time of solitude and calm
When labor sets the chained soul free,
And peace falls on the world like balm.

II.

The twilight hour I keep for Thee;
Nor is its rapture less divine
Because no more Thy Face I see,
No more Thy pure Hand touches mine.

A HAPPY MISFORTUNE.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

It really was rather tiresome. But misfortunes never come singly, and having nursed little Duncan—alone and unaided—through the influenza while putting the evil thing over herself "on her feet," it did seem rather unkind of the Fates to ordain that she must now settle down to nurse old Judy, her maid-of-all-work, just as she was hoping to get back to her teaching. But there seemed no help for it, all the more since Judy (who like most of her compeers was dreadfully fussy and nervous about herself in illness) had taken to her bed from the beginning, and refused all nourishment or even medicine. Ada Lombard had protested in vain. There the old woman lay, feverish, weak and despondent, but entirely resolute, and it seemed as though nothing short of physical force would induce her to take either bit or sup from her anxious mistress' hands.

"But you know, Judy, this will never do," Mrs. Lombard said, with a sorely worried look, turning away from the sick woman's bedside and setting down on a side-table the cup of nourishing chicken broth which she had vainly besought the obdurate old creature to drink. "If you go on like this I must only send for the doctor."

"Troth then, it's the doctor I'll be wantin' and the priest too, if I don't soon get better out of this," the old woman burst out with a sudden access of energy. "Oh, my poor back! and the pains in my head! What's comin' over me at all, at all?"

"Now, Judy, don't be so nervous and excited about it," her mistress said soothingly. "You'll be all right in a day or two if you'll only be obedient and take what I give you. We've all had to go through it, Judy, you know."

"But you weren't near as bad as me, ma'am," Judy averred in tones of conviction. "Sure you never took to your bed with it."

Despite the undoubted anxiety, Judy's mistress could hardly forbear a smile.

"Well, perhaps I wasn't," she said patiently. "But you'll admit that poor Duncan was so really ill that I couldn't think of lying up. However, Judy, if you're really as bad as you say, perhaps it would be better to send for the doctor at once."

She said it with a sigh, for to call in a doctor meant spending money; and that was not now too plentiful a commodity at Cosy Nook. Yet for all her "crassness" and waywardness Judy was a faithful old body, and even if she had not been Ada Lombard would have still been just as anxious to do what was right and best on her behalf. She had not thought it necessary to call in medical aid for her own or Duncan's illness, and the loss of her lessons, with the added cost of medicine and delicacies for the boy had already proved a serious drain on her resources; nevertheless, after a calculating survey of the diminished contents of her purse she sent off the now convalescent Duncan to ask old Dr. Browne to come round to Cosy Nook as soon as he conveniently could.

Ada Lombard had been a widow for the past five years, and was still—despite certain lines of care and sorrow in her face—a young and distinctly pretty woman, with raven dark hair, a clear,

pale skin tinged with the faintest wild-rose color, deep blue eyes fringed with sweeping black lashes, and a mobile mouth of indescribable sweetness. Long-limbed and slender, her lissome, rounded figure under the austere folds of the simple black gown she was still wearing carried a dainty grace and a womanly dignity all its own. She had married, at nineteen, a clever young stockbroker in her native town, and her lot had promised to be of the easiest; but within two years of her wedding day the youthful husband and father had fallen a victim to consumption, leaving her with one son and a very small pittance saved out of an income that had been largely swallowed up by the expenses of his long illness.

Will Lombard had been a kind and devoted husband, and, though her marriage was hardly of her own making, Ada had been to him all that a tender and loving wife could be. True, there had been "a somebody else," one of those unforgettable first loves, the remembrance of which comes back at odd moments to tantalize — with a feeling as of a lost Paradise — even the most contented and matter-of-fact husbands and wives.

It was not till after her father's death, following a year or two on that of her husband, and the consequent disclosures as to his affairs, that Ada knew why it was that Mr. Lyster had been so anxious to see her married to the wealthy young stockbroker rather than the impecunious if hopeful medical student who had been her sweetheart from childhood. Ada Lyster had been an only daughter, and one would have thought that such a fond and doating father as James Lyster certainly was, could have afforded to let his child have her own choice in the matter of a husband. It was precisely because he had always been so fond, so generous with her, that Ada found it hard in the end to refuse him this one great wish.

And then—perhaps she had scarcely been quite sure of her own heart, and there had been something so very winsome and lovable about handsome, fair-haired, blue-eyed Will Lombard. But it had been a bit of a heart-break at first to say good-bye to poor Harry Burton, to see the hurt, dumb look in his eyes as she faltered out to him at last the bitter sorrowful truth.

He had gone away a day or two afterwards, and she had never heard of him since, except to see in the papers his name recorded—usually at the head of the list—as a successful candidate at some professional examination. Yet, often of late, she had found herself thinking of him a little wistfully. Would they ever drift across each other's path again? After all, despite her great love for and the constant companionship of her little son, widowhood was a lonely and desolate thing, even if unaccompanied by the daily harassing cares which made the supplementing of her small income by wearying and ill-paid music lessons a matter of stern necessity. But probably Harry had forgotten her existence long ago—maybe be was already married and the father of a young family —though it was hard to imagine her boyish, impulsive laddie so soon settled down as a sober and sedate paterfamilias.

The dusk of early springtime was already closing in; she lit the lamps in the parlor and hall, stirred old Judy's fire to a cheerier blaze, and then returned to the parlor and set the table for her own and Duncan's tea. Perhaps old Dr. Browne, who had been her father's medi-

cal attendant, might stay and have a cup with them; so she tidied up the hearth and put one or two unaccustomed dainties on the tea-table with a view to that possibility. Then, just as she had washed her hands and brushed back from her forehead some rebellious little curls which her recent exertions had set free, the old doctor's quick "rat-ta-ra-ra" was heard at the door.

"You are good! You certainly did not lose much time," she began, as she opened the door wide—and then fell back with a startled look and a gasping little cry.

"Harry!"

He stepped in, hat in hand, over the threshold, the same brown-eyed, kindly faced Harry she had known so long, little Duncan following behind wide-eyed and beaming.

"I thought it must be you, but couldn't be quite sure, Ada—Mrs. Lombard," he corrected quickly. For all his air of self-possession there was just the faintest tremor noticeable in his deep-toned voice. "Dr. Browne, you know, has been ill and has resigned. I have been appointed to his place."

"I did not know, I had not heard you were in town," she faltered.' "I have not been well lately and was hardly out at all."

"You don't look very strong, indeed. We must see to that and mend it," he said with something of the old tender and protective air she had known and loved in him, and which now in her loneliness seemed sweeter and more pleasant than ever. It looked as though poor Judy were like to be forgotten, till Ada suddenly thought of her.

And after the old woman had been questioned and examined and the case diagnosed as one of simple influenza, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that her mistress should ask Dr. Burton to stay to tea.

"You see there is a chair ready, a place set for you. We had expected Dr. Browne and thought he might take a cup of tea with us."

Dr. Burton's lips curved in a whimsical smile.

"I hope you are not greatly disappointed in only having Dr. Burton instead?" he asked, and Ada's blue eyes flashed him a reproachful if entirely satisfying reply. Then while she poured out tea and dispensed home-made cakes, he told her of his struggles and of all he had been doing since he last saw her. Things had been a bit "stiffish" for a while, but now he "had got his foot well in" as he described it; and with this new appointment his income would be not far short of four figures. Yet, sometimes he declared he had been sorely tempted to kick off the traces—had felt disheartened, even bitter against the fates, asking himself what on earth was the use of it all. He had been in London some of the time, in Edinburgh the remainder; and had not cared to open old sores by making inquiries concerning her, so that it was not till his return to Warringham three or four days ago that he learnt of Mr. Lombard's early death. Then he had made up his mind to seek out Ada at the first opportunity; so that little Duncan's coming that evening had seemed like a message from heaven. What a fine manly little lad the boy was! They too, had made fast friends on their way across town.

"And I had been looking on Judy's illness as such a misfortune," Ada said, with a restful little sigh.

"A happy misfortune for me!" he said. She looked up at him with grateful eyes that held a certain appeal in their depths.

"You are the same good, forgiving Harry as ever," she said. "And sometimes I have thought I treated you badly."

"And so you did," he said with emphasis. "I tell you, Ada, there was a time when I felt very like going headlong to the devil. But I suppose some good angel was praying for me."

"I'm sorry, Harry. I have often felt sorry about it all."

He caught her hands impulsively in his; Duncan, happily, had gone to fetch a new log for the fire.

"Let us forget all about the sorrow, dear," he said, with a note of deep passion in his voice. "Let us be the same Harry and Ada that we used to be, caring for nothing in the world save that we love each other. I want to drive away the tired look from your face, to draw that wistful look of sadness from your dear, beautiful eyes. Won't you let me carry your burdens for you, let me be a father to your boy, your husband and lover forever? You will marry me, Ada? Tell me you will."

For answer she lifted her face to his and he kissed her on the lips. And when Easter brought the daffodils the old wrong was made right.

A REVERIE.

BY JOHN J. MCDONOUGH.

In days long gone when life was young
And leaden cares were few,
I had a love as sweetly fair
As the Easter-lily's hue:
Our bliss was like a cloudless sky,
We vowed we ne'er should part,
But stealthy Death crept in one night
And stole my loved one's heart.

How oft I think of youth's fond trance,
Of joy's ephemeral bloom,
Of flitting May-Day's sunny hour—
Now bleak November's gloom—
Of beauty for the world too chaste,
That like the sunset's beam
But for a moment tinged earth's clouds,
Then died in its own gleam.

The smile I knew, the love I owned,
The gladsome, buoyant day,
When life was one sweet wood-choir's chant,
Have gone their earthly way,
But still their memory lingers near,
Like leaves, that in the Fall,
Beneath the forest-arches rest
In nature's Gothic hall.

THE BAPTISM OF BLOOD.

(From the French.)

BY M. S. CONWELL.

Godfroi Vaudreuil, my cousin, had invited me to a "levage." The expression, perhaps, is peculiar to this part of the country—but the thing is done everywhere. My cousin, in short, was "raising" a house. During the winter he had cut the timbers for the frame from the corner of woodland he guards so jealously at the end of his land, and now he was waiting the coming of the long, beautiful summer days to build his nest.

I accepted his invitation gladly. I like these rustic gatherings for they are veritable feasts of labor, and there was reason to suppose that a merry evening would follow the laborious day. Besides, I hoped that among the workers would be old Désorey, a patriot of other days, whose fervor amused me not a little. One had only to mention the rebellion, Papineau, 1837—and he was off like a rocket. His patriotism was still in a state of ebullition. He would tell over and over of feats at arms he had witnessed—always the same feats, but growing more and more splendid and exaggerated with every telling. The heroes of his time seemed to him demi-gods—as for us, he scarcely considered us even men, for he always addressed us as "mes enfants." He called us this, I suppose, because of his great age and our comparative youthfulness,—or perhaps because of the comparison he made between the virtues of to-day and those of other days. At times though, this paternal appellation was thundered forth at us with terrible vibrations. He said "mes enfants" much as others say "Sacré tonnére."

There were many workers at the "levage." For miles around, like some strange fanfare, could be heard the resonant wood, re-echoing under the blows of the hammer, and the sharp-toothed saws singing shrilly as they rained down sawdust, like powdered gold, upon the trodden grass beneath. Léandre, one of Godfroi's boys, gave out the work and directed the laborers. Laughingly he passed from group to group, tracing out mortices, giving advice, or dictating orders. The frame, with its yawning windows, like vacant eyes, went up rapidly. The rafters were securely placed and bound together with laths. That evening, as the sun went down behind the horizon of blue mountains, the roof stood out like a bronze triangle, against the reddish sky. We nailed an enormous bouquet of fir upon the gable and the air rang with our joyous shouts.

The feast was spread in the old house between the four bare walls—for the partitions had been removed. A cheering rustic beverage flowed like a new fountain of youth and we began to feel ourselves grow younger.

Pére Désorey arrived at last, smiling.

"*Tarde venientibus ossa,*" cried Jean Dupont who after completing his third year at college had gone back to cabbage-planting. The old patriot did not understand, but all the same he answered:

"Ah! Ca! at my age, my children, one begins to grow tardy!"

The evening passed quickly, and we were about to separate, without having heard a story, when a beggar entered. He was very old and feeble and supported

himself with crutches. He asked a shelter for the night. The house was small and already more than filled, and Godfroi's wife invited him to supper, but asked him to sleep at the next neighbor's, where beds were plentiful and hospitality lavish. She spoke very kindly to him; one could see that she was vexed at having to turn him away. He answered roughly that he had not asked for food, but a bed.

We began to question him. He was from St. Césaire, his name was Jérome Dumal. At the name Pére Désorey jumped up and going over to the beggar looked at him fixedly. We could see his old limbs quiver, and twice, with evident emotion, he repeated in a low voice:

"Jérome Dumal, my children, Jérome Dumal!

"Do you know me?" demanded the beggar. Pére Désorey did not answer his question, but after a moment's silence which had something ominous in it he grumbled: "I will give you a bed—a good one."

And turning to my cousin's little son, who was looking on curiously, he added: "Take this poor creature to my house and tell them to give him my bed."

For several moments after they went out no one spoke. At last, to break a silence that was becoming embarrassing, my cousin hazarded a little pleasantry:

"How is this, Pére Désorey," he said. "You will not sleep in your bed tonight? and yet they say: 'the older the bird the more he clings to his feathers!'" "True, my children," answered the old man—"but to do good to others one must often be hard on one's self," and then he continued: "I am going to tell you a little story of 1837." "A story of '37!" we all cried, forming a circle about him. "Yes! Yes! Pére Désorey—go on, we are listening."

"At that time," the old man began, "there were great sufferings and humiliations in our country. The French name was despised and our holy religion misunderstood by our masters. We were held in bondage, my children! To-day, when victors and vanquished are brothers and form but one people, they scarcely understand the struggles and sorrows of bygone days. We must not forget though that liberty springs from sacrifice, grows by devotion, and blossoms in charity. We were the first builders of the great national edifice. Men of courage and genius guided us. At St. Césaire, my natal parish, as at St. Denys, St. Charles, St. Eustach, at Chambly, the awakening of enthusiasm and patriotism was admirable. Yet, as in other places, there were many cowards among us; but they are forgotten, my children, while the names of the brave fighters grow more and more glorious as time frees them from the mists of the past.

"I was one of the first to take down my gun. I was seized with a singular passion for fighting—yet I was not vindictive. Some unconquerable force urged me. I could not believe that a nation may not assert its authority and claim its rights—even at the price of blood. If it were so, my children, how could the Church accept the result and make herself its upholder?

"Many young men followed my example, among them one of my friends, who, eluding his father's vigilance, ran off with a splendid weapon. My friend's father was somewhat of a bureaucrat and did not like Papineau. As for me, I would walk leagues to hear him, my children. You must hear men speak, or read their works if you would know them.

"I had a little friend in those days. At twenty-five the heart asks nothing

better than to open itself to love as a flower to the sun. She loved me well, at least I thought so. Women always have an air of loving when they do not hate. We built enchanting castles in the air. Our parents were in easy circumstances, united by a life-long friendship, and favored our union. We were to have a little cottage at the end of a garden, by the river. When I came from the fields she would put her fresh young lips to my brow—all bathed in the sweat of labor—we were to dine tête-a-tête. All the joys which lovers of all times and all places dream of were to be ours.

"Delusions! delusions! The dream alone is beautiful. But I hope the young folks are not listening. I would not like to undeceive them—though why should I fear, for youth will ever believe fatally in the future as old age will always regret the past.

"I was eager for the call to arms. I burned to distinguish myself and, like the knights of old, to bring back my laurels to lay at my lady's feet. My country and my lady were my two great loves then, though had I examined my heart well I would have found others—my home, my family, my mother—my mother above all! Our hearts are immense, and those who should fill them without number.

"I received my baptism of blood at last! It happened a few miles from Loguéil, under the command of Viger, a gallant fellow, who was our leader. Our object was to wrest from the English two of our countrymen whom they had taken prisoners. I think this engagement was the first that was fought in that troubled time.

"There were about thirty of us making bullets in the house of Vincent, our captain when Viger arrived with the news. Ah, what a hero was Viger, my children! He could hold a battalion in check. Young, devoted, fearless, skillful, he was everywhere at once. We were eager to go out immediately and fight the English in the streets, but they had sworn to burn the village if there was a movement.

"That is all right," said Viger, "we will play a trick on them. We will let them see what patriots are like."

"We waited for night. Ah, how long it was in coming! We were in such a hurry to slip our new balls into our old muskets. At last it came, and like a procession of ghosts we stole out of the village, along the deserted road, and ambushed ourselves behind a clump of shrubs, praying the God of Nations to cover us with His shield, and watching eagerly all the while towards the spot where the enemy would appear. We were not ashamed to pray, my children! The more one fears God the less he fears man. Day began to dawn at last. Pale glimmers of light crept along the fields and over the dark tops of the distant mountains; reddish lights broke over the forests, and a cloud of dust rose in the road below. 'Courage, friends,' said Viger, 'here they are!' A quiver ran through us and our hearts beat fast. Not with fear, children, I could take my oath on that. We looked at our muskets as if to ask whether they would second our efforts. Viger kissed his. 'Death alone shall separate us,' he said. We did the same, our eyes filled with tears.

"The enemy came up at last dragging the two prisoners. 'Halt!' cried our leader, at the same moment we sprang up and took aim. The English seemed stunned.

'Halt!' cried the intrepid Viger again. 'Free the prisoners!' Their guns answered him. A ball grazed his leg, another carried off the end of his little finger. 'Forward, men!' he cried in a thunderous voice, and he was the first to rush out, barring the road against the English and wounding the commanding officer in the knee. The engagement became general. We fought like lions. The enemy thought us numerous, and to confirm them in their error Viger turned from side to side, shouting his orders as if the field were filled with warriors who but awaited his command to rush up. Soon the English lost heart, my children, they wavered, fell back, and fled.

"We sent up a great shout of joy and bore back our countrymen in triumph. I was wounded, and two of my comrades, less fortunate than I, helped me to walk, content in this way to share my glory. I went back to my family, where loving care soon set me on my feet again—and once more I took down my musket. It would never have done to let it rust, my children.

"The enthusiasm, however, was not general. Our organization was defective, our resources insufficient—and arms and ammunition scarce. The days followed one another rapidly—there were victories and there were many defeats. At last, realizing that it was useless and dangerous to prolong the hopeless struggle further, we disbanded and went home. Then began a cruel and unpitying persecution. We were hunted like wild beasts. Some of us, weeping, set out on the road of exile, others mounted the scaffold as criminals . . . . As criminals, my children! Those loyal men and valiant soldiers who had but loved their land too well! Too well? No, one can never love too well even when one loves unto death! . . . Ask the Crucified—."

The old man, overcome with emotion, remained silent a moment; then he continued:

"For several days I stayed in hiding in a thick wood, a little distance from the village. Besides my family one friend, and one only, knew of my retreat; it was the young hero who had stolen his father's gun to kill the despots. To fall on the battlefield in the heat of combat is a glorious thing, to be taken prisoner, wounded and exhausted after a desperate struggle, is good, too, but to be caught like a canary, when the sword is in its sheath and the cannon's smoke has disappeared, is an absurdity, my children! . . . . I wanted to keep my liberty. One morning I was kneeling upon a fallen tree, in a ray of sunlight, that had found its way between the thick branches, saying my prayers—for rebels pray as well as other folks—and better, perhaps, than the cowards. Hearing an unusual rustling among the leaves I jumped up looking feverishly towards the outskirts of the wood, for it was from there the noise came. I recognized the crackling of dry branches and ferns under heavy feet. At once I knew that my hiding place was discovered and bitter discouragement took possession of me.

"Winter was approaching. I could not plunge further into the forest, for I had to come out from time to time, to find food and to keep myself posted on political affairs. I knew that justice, so-called, had put many of our men in irons and I felt myself growing sadder and sadder in my solitude. I think I even had remorse, my children, for not sharing the sufferings of my comrades.

Suddenly there was silence again in the forest—except for the songs of the birds and the rustling of the falling leaves. I told myself that I had been scared by some roguish fox, or perhaps a grunting bear after its prey, and I began to grow easy again, when a hurried step again broke the stillness and almost immediately through the n etwork of branches I caught sight of my friend. "How you frightened me!" I cried. "What news? Is there any danger?"

"He came up to me and tried to smile, but there was bitterness in the lines of his mouth—he was pale and breathless. 'Your hiding-place is discovered,' he gasped.

"How?" I cried. "By whom?"

"The English are coming—they are here—save yourself!"

"But who has betrayed my hiding-place to them?" I cried again. "Surely not my father, nor my mother—nor you." 'It will be better perhaps, to give yourself up,' he stammered, 'they will not put you to death.'

"And how do you know?" I demanded, "why this counsel? How is it that you yourself are not a prisoner? Don't they know that you are a rebel like myself?" 'They know everything,' he answered, in a low voice. 'Impossible to escape them. It is better to submit—that disarms them—they will show themselves generous.'

"And is that what you have done?" I cried in a voice that must have echoed far my children. He did not answer. Again I heard the sound of feet echoing ominously through the wood. A light broke upon me—I understood everything.

"You have sold me!" I cried. "You have delivered me up to them! Judas! 'Save yourself—you can yet escape,' he answered, almost in a whisper, and disappeared.

"The Saxon hounds were upon me. I had no time to seize my gun—no doubt it was better so. I was surrounded, seized, and thrown to earth. They put irons on my wrists—and pushed me, helpless and disarmed, through the great unfeeling trees.

"They laughed and the birds sang." Again the good old man was silent, and his sad gaze seemed to lose itself in that sorrowful past he had been recalling. We knew that he had been exiled to the Bermudas with seven of his comrades, while more than fifty other patriots were crowded into the holds of sailing-vessels and transported to the other side of the equator. But liberty springs speedily from the blood of martyrs, and heaven is propitiated by suffering. A new era commenced. The laws which had been made for our undoing became our shield, thanks to the ability and devotedness of our statesmen, and after a few years the poor exiles saw once more their beautiful St. Lawrence, their peaceful fields and happy firesides. Exile was but an evil dream.

"What you do not know, my children," continued the old man, "is that my homecoming was sad—like my departure. I had not yet drained the chalice of bitterness to its dregs! My poor heart had still torments to suffer! The young girl whom I loved, and who was to have been my wife, had not had the courage to wait. A coward had won her. He made her believe that I would never return—or that if I did that I would still be hunted as a criminal. He told her—but why recall things that cannot interest you? She forgot me—she became his wife, his, the man who had deceived and betrayed me!"

He ended with a sob.

There was an angry murmur among us.

"And has heaven never punished him?" I asked anxiously.

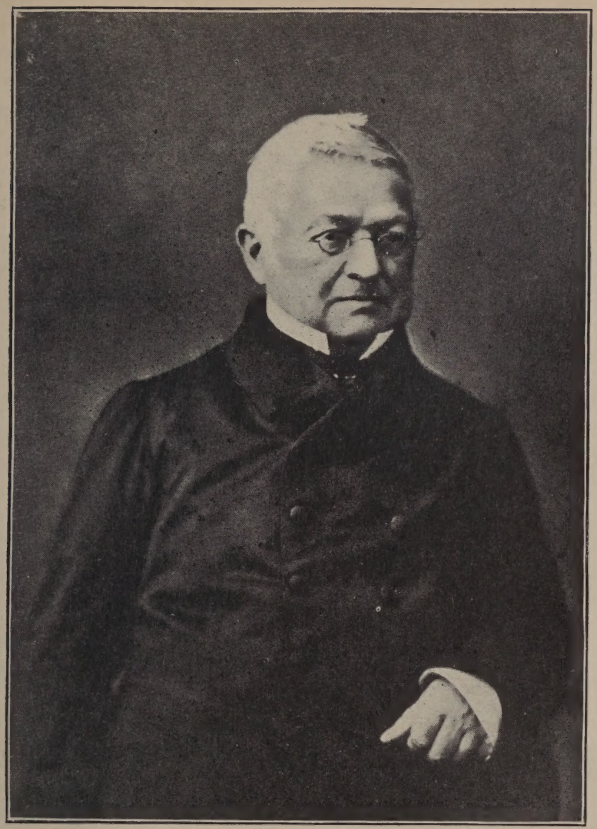
"Heaven," said the old man, "does not always repay in this world—It does not often punish. It is at death that the books are balanced, my children. Time is man's—eternity is God's. Yet, judge for yourselves. She had not long to live with the traitor whom she learned to scorn. And he—he was the man that just went out from here to sleep in my bed. God grant that he rest well."

THE FIRST MASS.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

Great friend of God! This morn at his first Mass
The brightest jewel in a life's fair crown—
I knelt in peace, while pray'rs walked up and down
My soul's white corridors; I heard them pass,
Rev'rent and slow. Out on the earth's green grass
The sunbeam-children stood. Tanned shadows brown
E'en journeyed from the noisy, throbbing town
To see him pass from out the church. Alas!
The earth is full of men, and yet how few
The toilers in the sinful, reeking street!
This morn, I saw in his frail, trembling hands
The Spotless One. It seemed the shadows knew—
They bowed their heads. I heard the winds repeat—
"Another priest at Life's wide threshold stands."

I saw his mother, poor old soul, prepare
For the Communion, on her bended knees,
Her mother-heart throbbing love-ecstasies,
Her rose lips scenting rich perfumes of pray'r.
The sunlight lay upon her silvered hair
Like his own blessing, child. Her eyes were seas
Wherein hope-ships were sailing in a breeze,
That seemed like God's breath stealing ev'rywhere.
Long, long she knelt at the bright altar's throne,
Her cherished beads hung loosely in her hand.
For years and years she'd waited for this day—
God only knew the joy that was her own.
"O Lord—I'm satisfied," she begged. "Command
Thy angels to take my poor life away!"



ADOLPHE THIERS.
First President of the Republic.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

IX.

The Third Republic.

The Second Empire, especially during its last ten years, had proven itself no less hostile and treacherous to the Church than had many of its predecessors. This was evident most of all in the unworthy treatment of the Holy See during its trying conflict with the revolutionists of Italy. France had encouraged the spoliation of the Papal States by the forces of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel, and in 1870 it was forced to abandon Rome to the Italian Unionists. Before this last act had been consummated, however, a revolution broke out in France, Sept. 4, 1870, and overturned the imperial Government.

The new republic was born in the midst of war and confusion. The Prussians were already displaying admirable vigor and activity, and the cause of France was trembling in the balance. A provisory government was established, entitled the Government of the National

Defence. During the five and a half months of its life the National Defence held its sessions in Paris, then surrounded by the besieging forces of the enemy. In the meantime the French armies met with one defeat after another. Paris itself capitulated on Jan. 29, 1871. Preliminaries of peace were signed that day at Versailles and confirmed by the Treaty of Frankfort on May 10 of the same year. After the capitulation of Paris a general election was held to provide representatives to a national Assembly. This Assembly met at Bordeaux and named Adolph Thiers, Chief of the Executive of the French Republic.

MARSHAL McMAHON.

On August 31 of the same year, 1871, Thiers was elected President of the Republic. The presidents thence to the present time were: Marshal MacMahon, from May 24, 1873 to 1879; Jules Grèvy, from January 30, 1879 to December,

1887; Sadi Carnot, from December 3, 1887, to his assassination in June, 1894; Casimir Périer, from June 27, 1894, to January, 1895; Felix Faure, from January 17, 1895, to his death, Feb. 16, 1899; Loubet, from Feb. 18, 1899, to February, 1906; Fallieres, at present holding that office.

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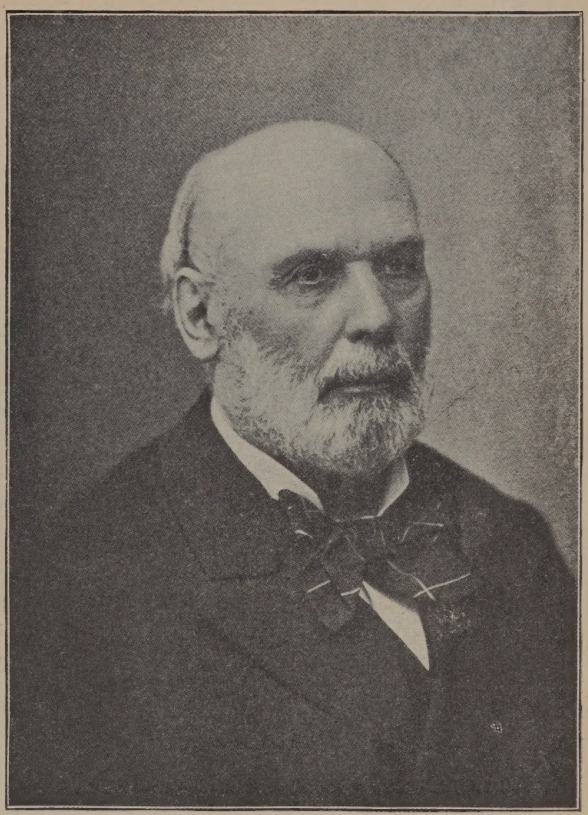
It was while the Prussian army was yet encamped near Paris, during the months of March, April and May of 1871, that the Commune held its sway. At the very moment when France was bleeding from a thousand wounds, the International, taking advantage of the circumstances, and aided by 150,000 of the National Guard, took possession of Paris and ruled the city with a high hand. On March 18 the Assembly fled to Versailles, leaving the place in the hands of the insurgents. On the 26th a species of election was held which surrendered the destinies of the Capital to the Commune. It numbered among its members fifty-four Jacobins, Blanquists and Hebertists, out of a total of seventy-nine. It was an assembly of Internationalists indeed. During the two months that followed, from March 18 to May 26, nothing was done without the approbation or intervention of the International.

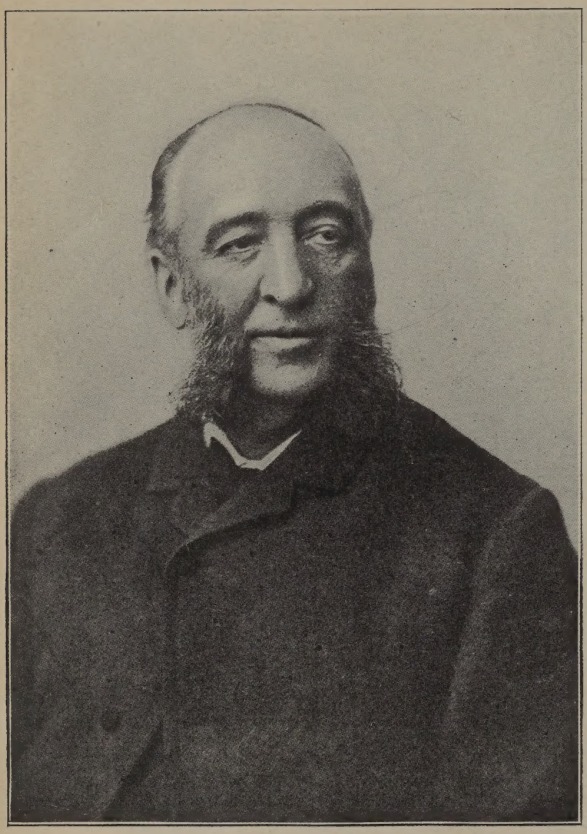
Socialists of a later date, in their shame over the excesses of their party, have endeavored to excuse their actions; but the cold facts of history stand unshaken to condemn them, and to point out the sort of destiny to which practical socialism must inevitably lead.



JULES GRÈVY.

The Commune was an orgy of dissipation. Its officials, to compensate themselves for their services, sat down to banquets worthy of Sardanapalus, where there was no lack of the wines of Beaune and Màcon, nor of litres of cognac, nor of routs unmentionable. The simple National Guards gorged themselves with wine and alcohol, while the common people looked on and howled their approbation and applause. There were women in their ranks, dressed as men, who feared neither sword nor rifle, and to whom in their unsexed condition the horrors of bloodshed and conflagration acted as intoxicating draughts of burning absinthe.

The Commune was above all an ex-

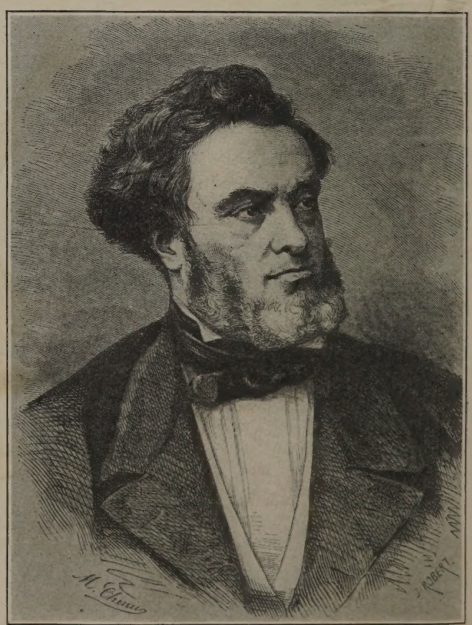


JULES FERRY.

plosion of rage against religion and the middle classes. All who in any way represented religion or the social order,—priests, magistrates, soldiers, police,—were arrested and cast into prison as "hostages." The Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Darboy; M. Bonjeau, President of the Tribunal; M. Deguerry, Pastor of the Madeleine; the Jesuits; the Fathers of Picpus; the Dominicans; the Sulpicians, and other priests, besides an entire convent of religious women, were confined in the various jails of the city. The Commune imprisoned about 5000 persons, both lay and clerical. At the same time it laid hands upon the property of the churches, sacked the Archbishop's palace, and turned the churches to sacrilegious and scandalous uses.

Feeling at length that its victory could only be short-lived, and that Paris must soon fall before the army of MacMahon, surrounding it from without, the Commune began its campaign of destruction of the city itself. Vast quantities of petroleum were procured, and tons of gunpowder were made the instruments for furthering this end. On the night of May 21, the army of Versailles made a breach in the walls, the savage instincts of the mob were loosened and the "bloody week" began. Cluseret, the International, had already written: "It is we, or nothing! Paris will be ours, or it will cease to exist." The Commune accomplished as much as it could of this sinister programme.

As the army of Versailles advanced, the Communards applied the torch to every monument of note that came in their way.



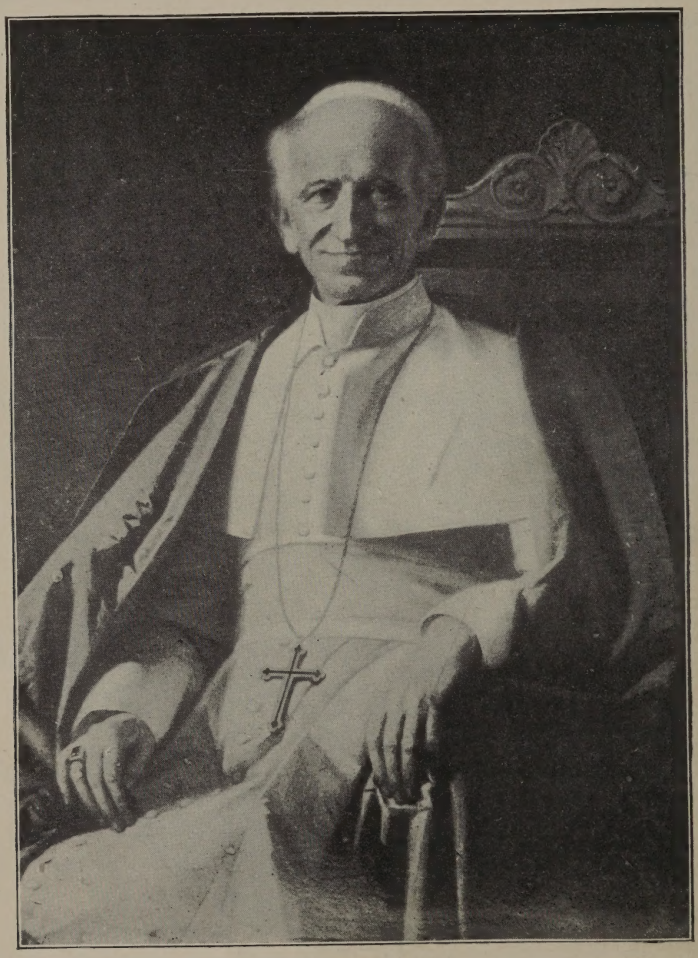
JULES FAVRE.

Duing the 23rd of May petroleum was poured upon the Tuileries, and all along the Rue de Lille. Towards the end of the day the buildings on the Rue Royale and the Rue Saint-Honoré were burning. The Court of Accounts, the Legion of Honor, the Council of State, the Barracks, went down one by one. The next day the flames attacked the Prefecture of Police, the City Hall, the Custom House, the Archives and other buildings. How far the fury of the Communards might have gone towards the complete destruction of Paris cannot be said; it was a fortunate circumstance which saved from their torches the Louvre with its treasures of art, and the great church of Notre Dame.

When it was not possible to employ fire, the artillery was called into action. The batteries of Père-Lachaise poured shot and shell against the dome of St. Augustine's, the bourse, the post-office, and other prominent edifices. Murder accompanied the horrors of fire. Men were shot down in the open street, or stabbed in the shadows of dark alleys. Six hostages, among them Mgr. Darboy and M. Bonjean fell at La Roquette. Fifteen priests and religious sustained on

LÉON GAMBETTA

that day the agonies that make martyrs, pierced with bullets, transfixed by bayonets, and beaten to death by the blows of a savage mob. With them a number



POPE LEO XIII.

of laymen fell victims to hatred on that fateful 25th of May, 1871.

While all Europe felt a thrill of horror at these cowardly and brutal deeds, socialism siezed the occasion to chant the praises of the Commune. Its principal organ, the *Vorbote*, calls it a revolution "which the socialist democracy of the whole world ought to hail with enthusiasm," "which is only an episode in the social revolution." "The Commune is dead," it cried, "Long live the Commune!"

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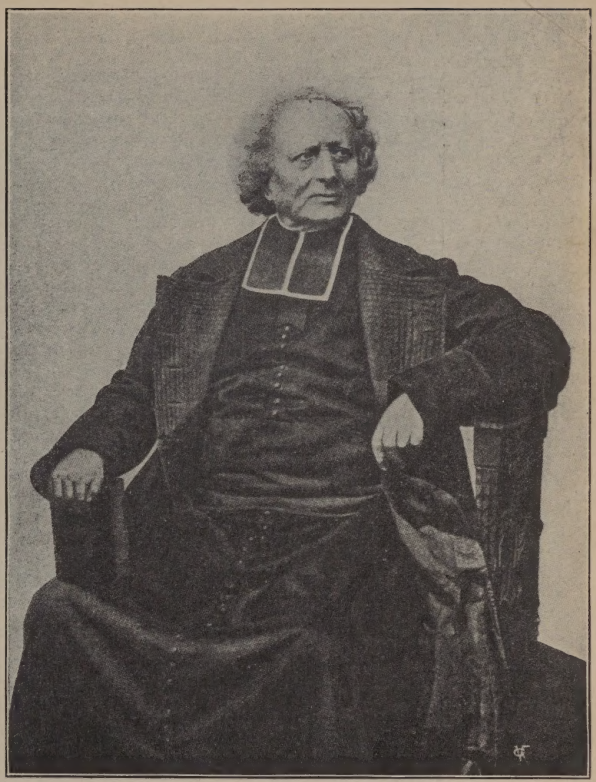
It is not surprising that a Government born under such auspices should prove very unfavorable to the cause of religious and social freedom. The first promptings

of war against the Church had sounded in the very first moments of the Third Republic. Its actual declaration and acts of hostility required a preparation of several years. It was on May 4, 1877, that M. Gambetta terminated his vehement assault upon the Catholic Church in the Chamber of Deputies with those words which have become famous: "Our enemy is clericalism!" In spite of the protest uttered by the Count de Mun, the Chamber acquiesced silently in the charge and thereby betrayed its evident purpose of antagonizing the Church. The administration of President MacMahon proving unfavorable to anti-religious sectarianism, it was determined to compel the hero of so many battles to resign—a consummation that was finally effected in January, 1879.



ABBE DEGUERRY.
Cure De La Madeleine. (1797–1871.)

The following election placed Jules Grèvy in the chair, with Jules Ferry as Minister of Public Instruction. The latter, one of the most acrobatic and unscrupulous demagogues of the century, would have courted the favor of the Catholic party had it been dominant at the time; but his ambition for power and notoriety led him to the side he found most opportune. His zeal against the Church was increased by the competition of such rivals as Gambetta, Brisson and Paul Bert, all worthy apostles in the cause of de-christianization. The law of laicisation constitutes the culminating point in the life of Jules Ferry.

This law was not of recent origin; it had already been proposed in 1876, by the extreme Left. Paul Bert was then one of its most enthusiastic exponents. It is a law that denies to French Catholics the most essential liberties.

It required the elimination of the religious element in the Superior Council of Public Instruction, the reservation to the State of the monopoly of degrees, the suppression of mixed juries,—established by the law of 1875 in regard to higher education,—the suppression of university rights for every Catholic establishment of superior education, and, finally, it asserted that every member of a Congregation not authorized should be held incapable of participating in any instruction public or private. In a

REV. P. OLIVAINT, S.J.
Rev. Fathers Caubert, Clerc, DeBengy and DeCoudray.
Victims of the Commune.

word, it made the Catholic an outcast in the domain of education.

The discussion upon the law took place in the Chamber from June 16 to July 9, 1879. During this time the high lodges of Masonry hoped to diminish in the eyes of Catholics the importance of this law. But the Catholic Press did its duty; the question was placed in its proper light, public attention was awakened, and the contest promised to become warm. It became especially bitter when the discussions touched upon the Congregations. Jules Ferry had inserted in the bill, under Article VII., the words: "No one shall be permitted to participate in instruction, whether public or private, or to direct an establishment of instruction, of whatever order it may be, who belongs to a Congregation not authorized."

These few lines awakened the Catholics of the country, and with them the more honest republicans. To declare an immense category of French citizens incapable of teaching, in spite of the fact

that they held diplomas, and that only because they pleased to live in community, constituted the most evident violation of justice and equality.

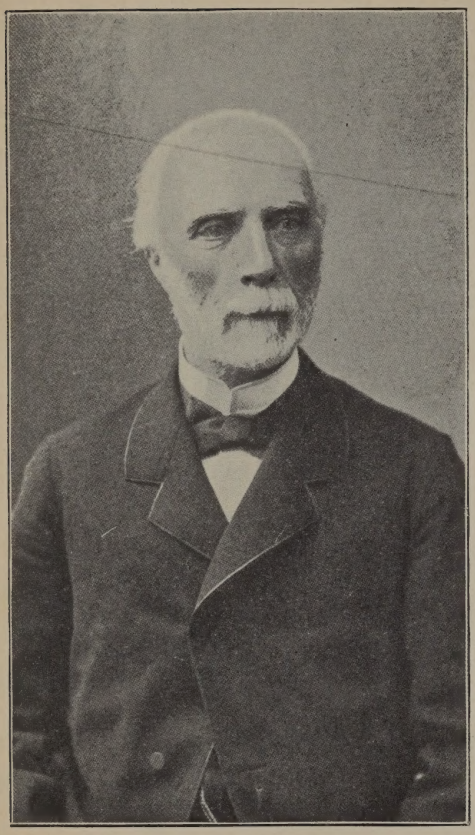
A cry of protest went up from every side. Jules Ferry, realizing that he was playing his highest stakes, and urged on by his brethren, struggled desperately for his *Article*. Moreover, all the Masonic lodges had entered into the contest; every morning the irreligious journals denounced the Congregations as the great peril of the nation. Political questions, both foreign and domestic, seemed to have no more interest; the military reorganization of Germany was forgotten; all attention was concentrated upon the Congregations, the members of which were themselves astonished at the importance given to them by their adversaries; even in the tribune it was considered proper to discuss cases of conscience selected from old volumes of Jesuit theologians.

CARDINAL GUIBERT.

MONSIGNOR FREPPEL.

Nevertheless, despite the mobilization of all the forces of irreligion, despite the explosion of the most unbridled anger that was ever seen since the Revolution, despite the personal intervention of De Freycinet at the Luxembourg the Senate, influenced by more than 1,800,000 protests from heads of families, vetoed *Article VII.* Jules Ferry was defeated, and every one imagined his defeat to be definitive.

The worthy Minister of Public Instruction revised his tactics. Repulsed in one method of action, he knew how to gain his end by other and more decisive ways. On March 27, 1880, in concert with his friends of the Cabinet, he induced the President to affix his signature to the famous decrees of expulsion. In virtue



CH. DE FREYCINET.

of these decrees, which were launched under the pretence of "existing laws," thousands of religious were expelled from their convents—with what violence, and in the midst of what protestations and tragic incidents, it would take too long to tell.

When the decrees were made known to the Pope, Leo XIII., on March 31, the Holy Father replied to M. Desprez, then ambassador of France to the Holy See:

> The Church, which seeks the salvation of souls, has no more ardent desire than to preserve peace with those who govern public affairs, and to strengthen that peace among peoples. At the same time, the Church never changes. We are plunged in grief to learn that it is intended to adopt certain measures in regard to the religious Congregations. In the eyes of the Holy See the Congregations are all of equal value. Our heart is torn with the profoundest sorrow to learn that they have become the butt of a hostile power, and it is our duty to raise our voice to protest in their favor.

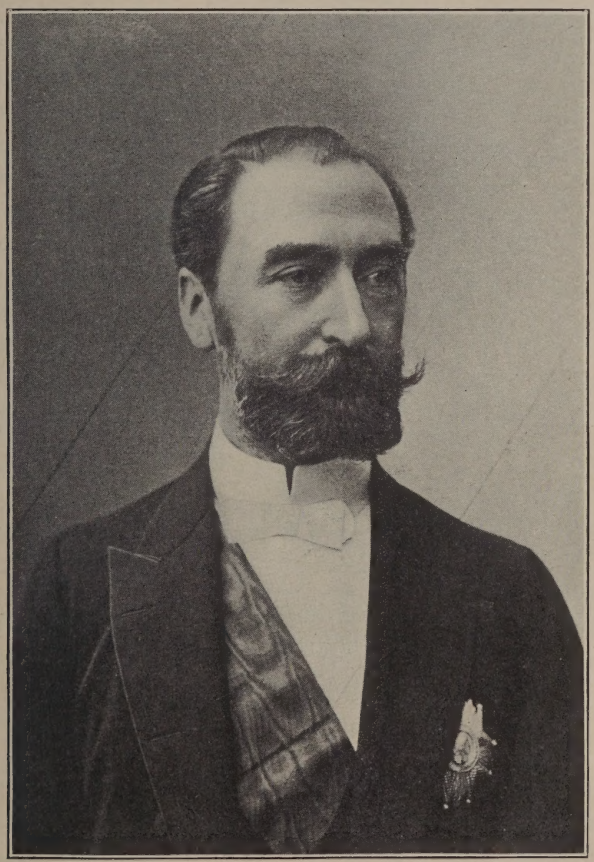
Still later, in writing to Cardinal Guibert, the Holy Father said:

> As soon as the expulsion of the Company of Jesus was ordered, we have directed our Nuncio in Paris to bear our remonstrances to the members of the government of the Republic, and to represent to them the injustice of this treatment accorded to men of virtue, of devotion, and of recognized and approved learning. But, as the remonstrances formulated by our Nuncio have been fruitless, we were on the point of raising our Apostolic voice, as it was our right and our duty to do, when it was represented to us that there was a chance of arresting the execution of the decrees.

This last resource, which M. de Freycinet proposed to the Holy Father, was to obtain from the Congregations not yet stricken the written declaration that they were not hostile to the political institutions of France. Following the guidance

PAUL BERT.

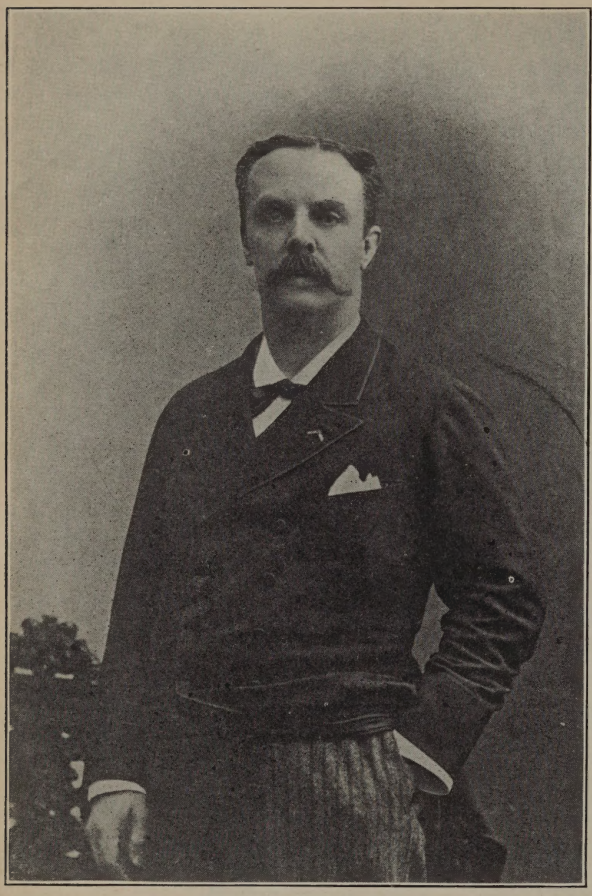
of Cardinals Guibert and Bonnechose, and counselled by the Holy Father, the Congregations appended their signatures to the declaration. The action of M. Freycinet only aroused the anger of the Masons, whose adherents in the



SADI CARNOT.

Cabinet met the declaration and destroyed it as soon as presented. Freycinet was not long in meeting summary punishment from the sectaries. On the day following the presentation of the declaration he was forced to resign his portfolio.

In October, 1880, the expulsions began. The residences and colleges of the Jesuits and other Congregations were entered and their occupants driven out. Very often the military were called upon to enforce the decrees. It was to no purpose that the Catholics of the nation lifted up their voices in angry protest, or that bishops—like Mgr. Gay and Mgr. de Cabrieres—clothed in their pontifical vestments, uttered sentence of excommunication against the despoilers. The rout went on with ever-increasing ardor. It is to the credit of the French bar of the time that it refused to concur



CASIMIR PERIER.

in the shameful acts. M. Chesnelong, in 1891, writes: "After the decrees of March 29, 1880, more than three hundred magistrates abandoned their career rather than sacrifice the least particle of their honor; these heroes of duty displayed a magnificent spirit of sacrifice to the very end."

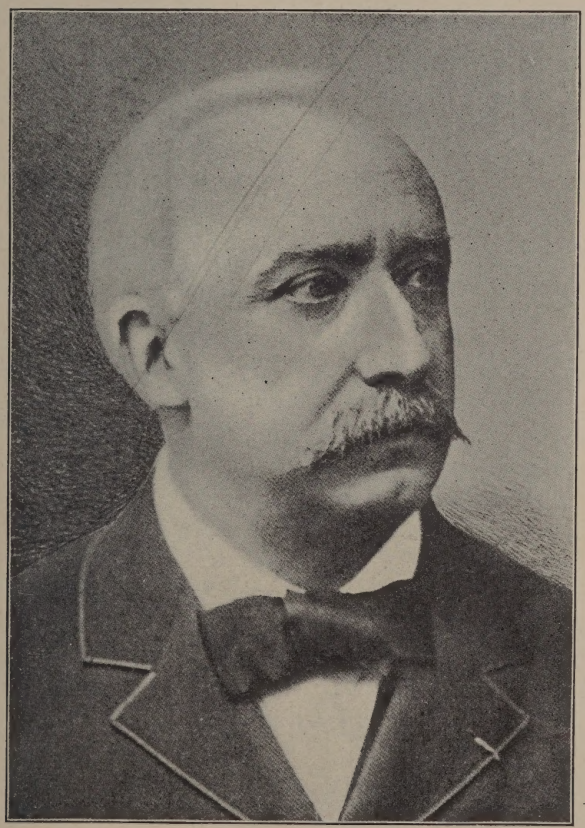
Against the Congregations not attainted by the decrees, recourse was had to tactics slower but more perfidious. They were rounded up in a pitiless circle of taxes and assessments to such an extent as to rob the Congregations of one-fifth of their net revenues.

Once more the Holy Father sent forth his vigorous protestations. In an open letter to Cardinal Guibert of Paris, dated Oct. 22, 1880, after reviewing the situation he writes: "But today, in the midst of these new disasters, our emotion is great, our anguish is extreme; and we cannot help but grieve and protest against the injury done to the Catholic Church." The great Pope ended by declaring that "in the presence of this license, the duties of his office commanded him to safeguard with invincible constancy the institutions of the Church, and to defend her rights with a courage that would not end at any peril." Following this letter of the Sovereign Pontiff the Apostolic Nuncio, Mgr. Czacki, proceeded in a few weeks, Nov. 25, to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and placed before him a ministerial declaration of November 9, which gloried in having dis-

CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

persed two hundred and sixty-one non-authorized establishments, together with a note protesting against these avowed and cowardly persecutions.

The word, however, had gone forth to pursue the Church and her influence wherever they should appear, in any form. During the ten following years a veritable fury of laicisation and de-christianization was let loose. Catholicity was hunted down in every section of the social organization. The laws were penetrated more and more with an irreligious spirit. In the army the chaplaincies were disorganized. (Law of July 8, 1880) the military Mass was suppressed, and the troops were forbidden to take part—as a body—in any religious ceremonies (Ministerial circulars of Dec. 7 and 29, 1883), nor were they permitted even to enter a Catholic Church in a body (Decree Oct. 23, 1883); moreover, numerous Catholic military associations were closed upon the slightest pretext. In the Courts the usual prayers at the opening of judicial proceedings were either suppressed or declared optional (May 23, 1884); the members of the bar were forbidden to assist in a body at religious processions (May 23, 1880).



FELIX FAURE

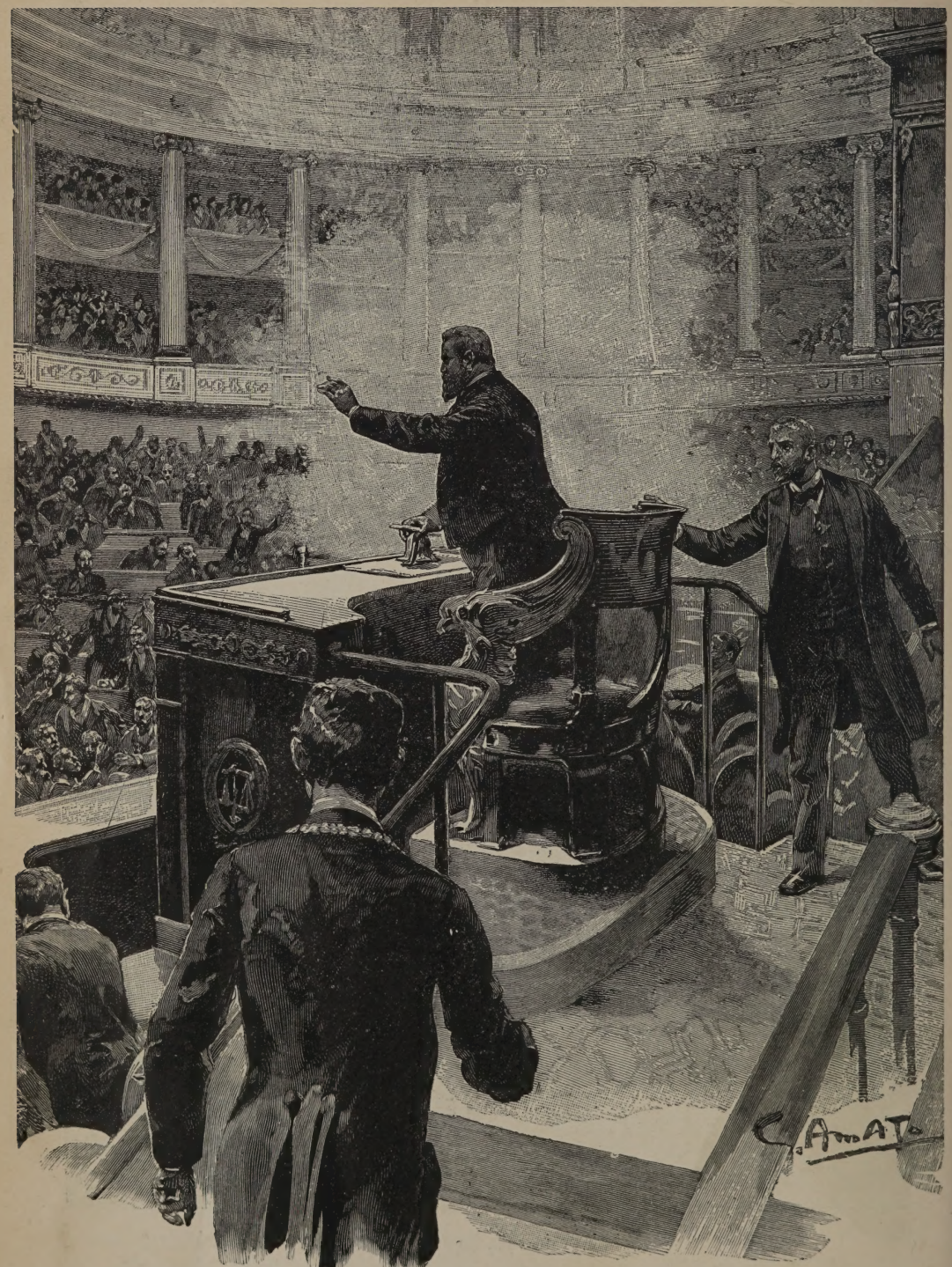
In the matter of education the bishops and clergy were excluded from the Superior Council of Public Instruction. Before 1880 the episcopate had been represented in this Council by four of its members. Since that date the representatives of private education held four seats out of sixty; but a priest has never been admitted.

In the matter of higher education, the faculties of Catholic theology in the Sorbonne were suppressed (Budget of 1885), while the Protestant faculties have been maintained. In secondary education, religious instruction was made optional (December 21, 1881). In primary education a law of March 28, 1882, interdicted anyone from teaching the catechism in the local schools. In the prisons the religious services were notably reduced. In the hospitals of many cities the Sisters were driven out despite protestations of all kinds; moreover, no priest was henceforth to be placed upon the administrative commissions of the hospitals (April 5, 1879). The curés were also driven from the bureaus of charity (April 5, 1879). The exterior ceremonies of religion were forbidden in the streets, and religious monuments proscribed. In the cemeteries non-Catholics were to be admitted to burial side by side with Catholics (Nov. 15, 1881). In the churches, the mayor of the town was to have a key, could order the church bells to be rung, and exercise police supervision within the church limits, in contradiction to Article XV. of the Concordat. In the workshops and factories the law of Sunday rest was abrogated (1880). In private houses, no private chapels might be maintained. In the family, the law of divorce was felt (July 27, 1884). In May, 1893, this law was so transformed that a mere separation lasting three years could then, on the demand of one of the parties, be changed into absolute divorce. Civil contracts were elevated to a position of honor. The laws stood at the bedside of the dying to prevent the making of pious legacies; in the cemeteries civil funerals were permitted with attendant anti-religious manifestations, and the new practice of cremation.

The laws oppressed the consciences of the people by the pressure constantly exercised and the menace held over the heads of functionaries culpable of confiding their children to Christian teachers, of taking part in Catholic works, or of simply performing their religious duties. State officials were spied upon, denounced, reprimanded, and disgraced because they endeavored to reconcile the accomplishment of their duties to the State with the open practice of their religious obligations.

In the matter of schools the laws were especially unreasonable. In 1880, lyceums were opened for young girls in order to transform their Catholic spirit. In October 30, 1886, a law was voted declaring that thenceforth all Congregation teachers, male and female, should be excluded from all public schools, primary and maternal. In schools for boys the law was executed promptly, and their personal administrations were completely laicised before October, 1891. The schools for girls were subjected to the change more gradually but none the less effectively. By the law of March 28, 1882, priests were excluded from the schools. In November, 1882, it was forbidden to display any longer the crucifix, which was thereupon taken down from the walls and cast, in many cases, into the filth of the sewers.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.



AN EXCITING MOMENT IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

Other laws attainted the salaries of the clergy. In 1886 that of the bishops was reduced by one-third, and that of the archbishops by one-fourth. The salaries of canons were gradually extinguished altogether, as were also those of many curacies and assistants. The same method of reduction was brought to bear upon the allowances for seminaries; the towns were released from the obligation of repairing churches and religious establishments of charity. From 1876 to 1893, the budget for religious worship was reduced from 53,727,925 to 42,560,000 francs, or more than 11,000,000.

Still other laws affected the work of the bishops in the administration of their dioceses. In 1892, the Archbishop of Rennes was condemned for having taught the Catholic doctrine of marriage, and the Bishop of Lucon for defending the rights of the Pope. Other bishops were prosecuted for instructing the faithful in regard to their duty in the elections. In 1889, a law was framed imposing on all religious without exception the obligation of serving three years in the army. Its object was evidently to destroy the spirit of the priesthood in the hearts of young men, an object, however, which happily failed of its realization.

In the midst of all these exasperating infractions of religious liberty, the Catholic people of France were constantly consoled by the deep and abiding interest manifested by the Holy Father. In 1884, he addressed to them his celebrated encyclical *Nobilissima Gallorum gens*, an effusion of fatherly tenderness towards a noble daughter of the Church. In a magnificent word-picture he spoke of the past grandeur of France, he deplored her present evils, and he pointed out, as an efficacious remedy, a cordial understanding and necessary concord between Church and State. This understanding the Concordat of 1801 had cemented for the happiness and prosperity of a country which was then at the height of its power. And it was still to the Concordat not mutilated and denatured in its letter and spirit, but loyally interpreted and honestly executed that recourse must be had for the re-establishment of union and peace. At the same time he warned the bishops that they should give no occasion for a suspicion of hostility to the Republic: "Nemo jure criminabitur vos constitutae reipublicae adversari." The same sentiments, calling for close union among Catholics in a Catholic State, were reiterated in his letter to the Bishop of Perigueux, and in his encyclicals, *Immortale Dei* of Nov. 19, 1885, in his *Libertas*, June 20, 1888, and still more in the encyclical, *Sapientiae Christianae*, Jan. 10, 1890, all of which while defending the glory and rights of the French Catholics, instructed them in the duties and methods of unity among themselves, and of loyalty to the Republic.

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The enemies of the Church, who during former periods had rested the defence of their persecutions upon the doctrines and internal life of Catholics, began during the period of the Third Republic to have recourse to tactics more effective among a people to whom republican liberty appeared the consummation of all national well-being. The Government no longer dared to touch upon the religion of the soul; it perceived clearly that dogmas and the internal rules of morality were beyond the scope of civil legislation. In its new war upon re-

ligion it invoked against the Church reasons of State, and interests of a political order. Comprehending as they did that the French people were attached to republican institutions, the party of persecution endeavored to represent the Catholics as the enemies of the republican Government while they would identify their own cause with that of the established power.

The Catholics were accused of political ends in all their actions, and their zeal in defending the spiritual order was transformed into a greedy desire for exclusive advancement in things temporal. Hence the Government, menaced by the plots and schemes of Catholics, was obliged to defend itself, and to adopt the most effective measures for destroying Catholic conspiracy. These insinuations were constantly injected into the masses by anti-Christian journals, orators, and demagogues, whose perpetual cry was that the Church is the enemy of the State, of civil authority, of modern society and of intellectual progress, all of which were by them comprehended in the term "Republic."

The tactics in themselves are not historically new. You find them mentioned in the Gospel as employed by the Jews in their false testimony against Christ when they represented Him as a disturber of the people, as one who would forbid the tribute to Caesar, as one who called Himself a King. For whosoever maketh himself a king is an enemy to Caesar. Later still, the pagans in their envy of the Christians, called them "useless beings, dangerous and factious citizens, the enemies of the Empire and of the Emperors."

The same complaints and the same bitterness are renewed more or less in the succeeding centuries as often as there are governments unreasonably jealous of their power, and animated with intentions hostile to the Church. They always know how to put before the public the pretext of pretended usurpations of the Church over the State, in order to furnish the State with the appearance of right in its encroachments and violence toward the Catholic religion. (Encyclical of Leo XIII. to the Catholics of France, Feb. 16, 1892.)

There were not wanting apologists to place the true position of Catholics before the nation. Thus Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, in his letter addressed to the President of the Republic, March 30, 1886, declared:

No, the clergy never had, and has not to-day, any spirit of hostility toward existing institutions. . . . If the Republic accepted the obligation, binding on all governments, of respecting the faith and worship of the vast majority of our country, it would find nothing in the doctrine of the Church, nor in her traditions, which would justify in a priest a sentiment of mistrust or opposition. . . . Monsieur le President, I appeal to your intelligence and your impartiality. . . . The Catholic clergy has made no opposition to the Government which rules France, but the Government for six years has not ceased to persecute the clergy, to weaken Christian institutions, and to prepare the abolition of religion itself.

So also spoke Mgr. Freppel, the bishop-deputy, in a discussion held in the Chamber, December 12, 1891:

It is evident that the President of the Council (M. de Freycinet) believes in a hostile attitude of the clergy towards the Republic. That hostile attitude I deny formally. Already, on a former occasion, I was not afraid, from the height of this tribune, to defy our adversaries to produce one single pastoral letter in which a member of the clergy shows himself in favor of the monarchy against the Republic. That challenge has remained unanswered. For, Monsieur President, to simply demand the modification of certain laws as unjust or anti-religious is not sufficient to merit even for an instant the epithet of an enemy to the Republic. We are certainly allowed to form a different conception of the Republic than yours; that is the right of every one. It is certainly permissible not to identify in principle the republican idea or form with atheism, anti-Christianism, or Freemasonry. One may combat these errors or these institutions without having thereby an attitude hostile to the Republic itself. All that you have

the right to exact is that in no pastoral writing and by no pastoral act shall a member of the clergy pronounce against the actual form of the Government.

The French cardinals, January 16, 1892, presented the same ideas:

To resume: respect for the laws of the country, where they do not conflict with the exigencies of conscience; respect for the representatives of power; the frank and loyal acceptation of political institutions; but, at the same time, a firm resistance to the encroachments of the secular power upon the spiritual domain . . . such are the duties which, at the present hour, are imposed upon the conscience and patriotism of the French Catholics.

It is sufficiently evident that all these declarations were in perfect conformity with the instructions of the Holy See; yet, that there might be no doubt as to the authoritative teaching of the Church in that matter, the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., addressed on February 16, 1892, an encyclical letter to the Catholics of France, wherein he pointed out the bases and conditions of a possible peace—provided it was sincerely wished for—between Catholicism and the republican Government.

After denouncing the "vast plot which certain men have formed to annihilate Christianity in France, and the animosity they display in striving to realize their design," he proceeds:

The Church, in her relations with the political powers, abstracts from the forms which differentiate them, in order to treat with them upon the great religious interests of peoples, knowing that to her belongs the duty of teaching them above every other interest. If each political form is good in itself, and can be applied to the government of peoples, the fact is that it does not encounter the political power under the same form among all peoples; each possesses its own. That form arises from the *ensemble* of circumstances, historical or national, but always human, which give rise in a nation to traditional or even fundamental laws, and through these is determined the particular form of government, the basis of transmission of supreme powers. It is useless to repeat that all individuals are bound to accept such governments, and to attempt in no way to overturn them or to change their form. Thence it is that the Church, the guardian of the truest and loftiest notion of political sovereignty, since she derives it from God, has always reproved the doctrines and condemned the men rebellious to legitimate authority. And that in times when the depositaries of power used it only to abuse her, thus depriving themselves of the most powerful support of their authority, and of the most efficacious means of popular obedience to their laws.

But a difficulty presents itself: "This Republic," it may be said, "is animated by sentiments so anti-Christian that honest men, and above all Catholics, cannot conscientiously accept it." This it is which has given rise to dissensions and aggravated them. These unfortunate divergences would be avoided if one would only take into account the considerable distinction between *Constituted powers* and *Legislation*. . . . Practically the quality of the laws depends more upon the quality of the men invested with power than upon the form of the power. . . . One can never approve of points of legislation which are hostile to Religion and to God; on the contrary it is a duty to reprove them.

The Holy Father thus makes it plain that the Church, and Catholics as Catholics, are not opposed to existing governments, nor are they *in principle* opposed to the legislation of such governments, as long as such legislation is not hostile to God and religion. When hostility of this kind is found in legislation, it is the duty of Catholics to oppose it and to strive to obtain a better law. The form of the power remains the same, and the Catholic people are held by their principles to support it loyally.

These declarations coming from so many and such authoritative sources had their effect upon the common sense of the French people. The spirit of hostility to Catholicity and its institutions began to show a marked diminution. This was evidenced most of all in the very abiding place of former anti-Christianism, the French Chamber of Deputies. On March 3, 1894, M. Spuller, a disciple of Gambetta, and the man who had introduced the famous Article VII.

in 1879, made the following significant declarations in the Chamber of that day:

When the Republic had to struggle against the coalition of the old parties, when the Church served as a bond for all these old parties, I followed at that time the policy exacted by the circumstances, and which the supreme interest of the Republic commanded. . . . But does that mean that I ought to close my eyes to what is taking place to-day? Does it mean that those religious struggles which I once deplored and which I deplore still, which I proclaim a danger that ought to be avoided, a peril that it is to the interest of all of us to dissipate, does it mean that I did not deplore them even at the time I took so ardent a part in them? No, gentlemen, and if it were necessary for me to-day to summon what I consider the most precious of testimonies, because it is that of a conscience which has never weakened, I would address myself to my honorable and dear friend, M. Brisson; I would ask him to recall what he said to me himself in an intimate conversation, namely, that the struggle against clericalism, rendered necessary by the political action of the Church, is that which has done the most harm to the Republic, and has put back her triumph for ten or rather fifteen years.

Very well, gentlemen, I believe with the profoundest conviction, that after twenty-five years of existence, after the proofs which the Republic has given of her resistance and vitality, this struggle ought, if not to cease altogether, at least to take on a different character. . . . I declare that now the Church, instead of serving as the support of the monarchical parties, has cast herself into the arms of the democracy. I declare that by this movement the Church will draw you perhaps, you republicans, farther than you would wish to go, for if you do not take care she will regain over the masses the influence which you have lost. That is why I consider that we ought not to abandon any of our old traditions in our incessant struggles for the benefit of secular and civil society; but at the same time I believe that a new spirit ought to animate our democracy and those who represent it.

Here the speaker began to be interrupted, thus:

Voices from the Left: "What new spirit?"

M. Spuller: "I will explain. . . The new spirit is this: instead of a mean, vexatious and exasperating war. . . (Protests from the Extreme Left—Applause from the Centre).

M. Rene Goblet: "Whom are you accusing of carrying on this exasperating war?"

M. Camille Pelletan: "You insult the memory of Ferry."

M. Spuller: "If you permit me, gentlemen, I will say that it is I myself whom I accuse at the present moment, so that nobody can be offended."

M. Millerand: "That is a *mea culpa.*"

M. Spuller: "Precisely, but all your *finesse,* all your casuistry will not prevent the country from understanding my words."

M. Chauvin: "The country will understand that the Government has become clerical."

M. Spuller replied:

I shall certainly be understood without, and when I assert that in a new situation we have need of a new policy, a new spirit, I am sure of being understood by everyone who is not blinded by his passions. That new spirit of which I speak, I do not wish you to think it ought under any pretext to be a spirit of weakness, of condescension, of abandonment, of abdication; on the contrary it ought to be a lofty and large spirit of tolerance, of intellectual and moral renovation, altogether different from that which has prevailed heretofore. Such is my profound conviction. . . . Yes, gentlemen, and mark it well the Church must not any longer pretend, as she has so long contended, that she is tyrannized, persecuted, hunted, shut out and kept out of the social life of the country.

I will say to M. Goblet, who has done me the honor of interrupting me, and of crying out as they cry out to me in the public reunions: "Confess that you are with the Pope;" I will say to him that it would be no more unworthy of me than of him to recognize in the present Pope a man who merits the greatest respect, because he is invested with the highest moral authority.

These words, in the very Chamber itself, and uttered by a man who professed himself bound by no religion, found many echoes in the same quarter. Not the least important and significant were those of M. Casimir Périer, President of the Council. The Government had spoken its *mea culpa* with full consciousness of its fault.

There was another cause also which at this time awoke the country to the necessity of that moral teaching which only the Church can afford. Socialism in its rankest form had begun a campaign of assassination and terror which struck all hearts with consternation. The noise of anarchistic bombs was heard from one end to the other of France. In 1892, it was those of Ravachol and his accomplices; on Dec. 3, 1893, Vaillant exploded a bomb in the Chamber of Deputies; Emile Henri cast another in the café of the Hotel Terminus on Feb. 12, 1894; there was another in the Rue Saint-Jacques on Feb. 20, 1894, and another in the church of the Madeleine on March 15. These evidences of a social derangement recalled the necessity of religion with its moral power. This was all the more accentuated when on June 24, 1894, in revenge for the death of the anarchist, Henri, an Italian assassinated M. Sadi Carnot, President of the Republic, at Lyons. The result of the reflections aroused by these revolting crimes was the election on June 27, 1894, of that Casimir Périer who had joined M. Spuller in his demand for tolerance towards the Church.

It was under the comparative mildness of the rule thus inaugurated that the Catholics of the country could begin to breathe a little the air of freedom. From 1894 to 1900, the beneficent works of the Church made progress; her schools and colleges were filled; the religious orders, dispossessed in 1880, began to rebuild their houses, open their chapels, and to undertake publicly the direction of houses of education. Throughout the whole French Church a development was noticeable, to the great comfort of many who had groaned for fifteen years under the iron yoke of anti-Christian legislation.

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Through the efforts of Leo XIII., followed by those of the French cardinals and bishops, a new spirit, a spirit of conciliation, had indeed grown up in France, to which even the representatives of a Government hitherto hostile had lent their prestige. Nevertheless, it is difficult to define the reasons why these common aspirations of peace, instead of developing into a true religious pacification, ended in a war on religion the most terrible in its significance that France has ever known. Nevertheless it can be stated without temerity that the realization of true and definite peace was hindered through the efforts of men and circumstances.

The men of France stood in its way. In this matter we can distinguish three classes of men, the sectaries, the liberals and the Catholics. It was only natural that the sectaries, whose highest ambition was the destruction of Christianity, should repulse from evil principle every convincing argument in favor of peace. It mattered little to them that Catholics declared their adhesion to the Republican form of government; they sneered at the distinction made by Leo XIII. between the form of government and legislation.

The Catholic in combating unjust legislation was pronounced by them a peril to the Republic, and by the Republic they understood, not a form of government for the good of the people, but the concrete spirit of revolution, the glorification of free thought, anti-Christianism and irreligion. From the sectaries, therefore, nothing could be hoped for in the way of religious pacification.

The liberals, on the other hand, if they entered into the *new spirit* and dictated its methods, were nevertheless, at the best, only opportunists. Their attitude was merely political; at the depth of their ideas and sentiments they were always hostile to the Church. They feared Catholicism because it meant the restraints of virtue; they feared its light, lest it betray the evil of the ways they were treading. There was thus no real sincerity in their false liberalism towards the Church. They were, moreover, trimmers, ever on guard lest a false move betray their position and lead them into parties to which they were averse. They feared to favor the Right lest the Left call them clerical; they guarded themselves against the Left, lest the respectable element of the country should accuse them of excess. When their ministers spoke of the *new spirit*, they made plain that they looked upon the Church as a vanquished enemy, which they continued to hold in leash, desiring only to let out a little more of the rope. They were,, moreover under the full influence of Masonry. At the very time when the ministry of the *new spirit* was constituted, out of the eleven ministers, seven were Freemasons, a preponderance which the sects have not lost in the succeeding ministries.

With regard to the Catholics, themselves, it must be confessed that their want of unity proved as great a hindrance to any effectual pacification. There were many who refused in a more or less open way to enter into the movement indicated by the Sovereign Pontiff. They argued, quarrelled, and remained militant monarchists to the end. Of those who showed a desire to follow the directions of Leo XIII. some lagged behind in the movement, uncertain, timid, and nervous; others rushed to the front with an ardor that proved more bravery than prudence; others, neither timid nor rash, effected nothing through a want of understanding among themselves. Thus divided, scattered, disputing among themselves, they gave the vantage ground to the enemy. With a compact, organized army of workers, united upon one single line of policy the Catholics of France could have gained immense advantages.

Among the circumstances which contributed to the continuance of the anti-Christian spirit must be reckoned the Dreyfus affair. Dreyfus was condemned on December 22, 1894. The affair in itself was entirely a matter between him and the French army. Yet it served as a pretext for war against the majority of the French nation as comprised within the Catholic Church. Whether the defendant were innocent or guilty mattered little; his condemnation brought with it the humiliation of three orders of men who had acquired much power in France, and who determined to obtain revenge not upon the army which had exposed them to the scorn of public opinion, but upon a force entirely outside the question, but easily attainable because of its weakness, the Church.

The Jews, pointed out by press and public speech as rapacious money-seekers and place-hunters, were only too happy that the circumstance gave them an opportunity of revenge. Freemasonry still quivered under the lash of Leo XIII. who had stigmatized them as the powers of darkness, the enemies of religion and the social order; the bishops of France had adhered to the word of the Sovereign Pontiff; a petition of the *League of Patriots* was gotten up against

Masonry; books and pamphlets were scattered broadcast exposing their illegality and international character; throughout the whole of France the anti-masonic movement was spreading day by day. It was to the Church that the sects attributed their growing unpopularity, and thus Masonry determined that the Church must be punished. Socialism, also, found in the Dreyfus affair, a pretext for the solidification of its forces. It had recognized that the Church alone disputed with it for the guidance of human souls, and in the Church alone could be found remedies for social evils incomparably more apt and human than any Socialism could put forth.

The Dreyfusards arranged themselves under these three banners and, uniting against the common enemy, began their campaign by laying the whole affair at the door of the Jesuits, intending through them to strike down eventually every institution of the Church existing in France. Hence the words of M. Jaures in the Chamber, March 23, 1903: "Now that the country, now that the honest people of this country have seen the depths of the corruption, the perjury, falsehood and treason, when it can say that this policy of falsehood was the product of a long *Jesuitical* education. . . we can see the immense political character of the battle which has begun." From 1894 to the end of the century the anti-Jesuitical campaign went on, increasing every year in bitterness and intensity. In June and July, 1899, seven or eight journals of Paris every day demanded the expulsion of the Jesuits. Freemasonry, through the columns of the *Siecle*, circulated a petition against the Jesuits, laying at their door all recent crimes, especially Boulangism and the affair of Dreyfus. The Masonic congress held in Paris during the days of June 22, 23 and 24, 1899, placed at the head of its programme the dissolution of the Institute of the Jesuits and of all Congregations not authorized.

(To be continued.)

TWILIGHT.

BY FRANCIS J. CONNELL.

Shadows of even, in sunset dight,
Mystical, peaceful, sweet,
Veil in your dreamy cloak day's with light,
Smiles of the star-beams greet.

Kiss with your crimson the baby cheek,
Soft, blushing, undefiled,
Whisper your songs to the angel meek,
Watching the sleeping child.

THE AMETHYST CROSS.

BY CHARLOTTE CALLAHAN.

The sound of the monastery bell ringing through the long corridors brought Père Antoine suddenly to his feet.

The little cell fronted on the street, and the jingling of sleigh-bells from below tempted him to the window. It was the Kingsley sleigh and Mr. Kingsley himself was in the rear seat. Pere Antoine hastened down to hear the news which he had expected all day.

He was needed at the Hotel Dieu. Reverend Mother had telephoned that the doctor had grave fears for Esther, and wished her father to see her before night. She had been unconscious at times during the day, but had rallied sufficiently to ask that her father bring Father Anthony to the hospital.

The sun was just setting in the late, cold afternoon as the sleigh flew over the deep snow, accumulated during a long Quebec winter. Neither of the men spoke for a while, but at length the priest broke the silence.

"There may be hope yet," he said. "Doctors do not always know." "No, no," was the reply. "She can not stay with us much longer. What shall we all do? She was too beautiful, too good, to remain here long. The Lord is going to take her, and leave her mother and myself to pine away in our desolate old age."

"And Monsieur, le Corporal," the priest mused, half to himself. "How will it be for him? He grows pale and thin watching at the hospital doors for news of her, whenever he is off duty."

"Monsieur le Corporal indeed!" was the reply. "Let him take care of himself. If it had not been for his reckless driving our Esther would not have been injured in a runaway accident; she would have been well and happy to-day instead of waiting for death on a hospital bed."

With these words he buried himself more deeply in his fur coat, and once more there was grim silence.

Father Anthony watched anxiously for the first glimpse of the hospital walls.

At last the journey was at an end, and the Sister-portress conducted them to Esther's private room in the accident ward.

The beautiful white face, nestling in a mass of tangled golden hair, looked drawn with pain, but the girl had revived enough during the afternoon to talk a little. She was very weak, however, and it was not long before the appearance of the nurse at the door reminded the visitors that they must go.

"You will come to-morrow?" Esther feebly asked. "Oh, Father Anthony, wait a moment please. I had almost forgotten. How is little Babette?"

Babette was a poor sick girl in the Lower Town whom Father Anthony visited occasionally, usually after he had called at the hospital to see Esther. He had told Esther all about her; and then whenever he saw Babette he would tell her about Esther, who was soon to be released from her sufferings. He told her too about the wonderful golden hair that looked like a crown, and the daily visits of the heart-broken French officer. Always upon leaving Babette he had said to himself: "Babette will live, but Esther will die." So with the Franciscan as a mutual friend a bond of

sympathy had been formed between the two girls, although they had never met.

"She improves slowly, slowly, poor little Babette," said the priest, in answer to Esther's question.

"Give her this," whispered the girl, when she saw that her father was engaged in conversation with the nurse, and she drew a small jewel-box from beneath her pillow. "Tell her that when she is well she must bring it to a good jeweller and sell it. It is valuable. With the money she will get for it perhaps she can do much for the old grandmother."

Tears came into Father Anthony's eyes as he stored away the little box in his deep pocket.

The Kingsley's sleigh drew up to the entrance of their home on Grand Allée just as the Angelus was ringing clear and sweet over the snow-clad roofs.

A few days later, the same bell tolled at solemn intervals while the funeral procession of Esther Kingsley wound its way down the quiet streets.

* * * * * * *

Next morning a flurry of snowflakes was whirling against the window-pane in one of the poorer dwellings in Lower Town, and whiter even than the snowflakes was the little face that peered out at the storm.

Babette was so small and frail that she seemed to be only a child, though she was nearly twenty. "It is the day for Father Anthony's visit," she told herself, "but he will not come in the storm."

Her grandmother was vainly trying to make the fire burn more brightly in the old-fashioned stove and did not hear.

In the midst of the roaring of the wind outside Babette thought she heard a knock at the door. She listened, and heard it distinctly now.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the old lady at the prospect of a visitor on such a stormy morning, and hurrying to the door she found Father Anthony on the step, shaking the snow from his big coat.

"And how is it with Babette?" he asked kindly, as he took the thin hand. "You are better, I see, my child."

"I was afraid you would not come," said the girl. "Surely you have not been to the Hotel Dieu to-day?"

"No, ah, no! I have not been there to-day—for Esther is no longer there. They have taken her away—where she will need us no longer."

"She is dead!" exclamed Babette, the tears springing in her brown eyes.

"Yes, and you must pray for her," said the old priest, gently. "See, she wished me to give you this," and he drew out a jewelled cross from the case, and gave her the rest of Esther's message, that it was to be sold to procure some assistance for her grandmother and herself.

He had finished his speech, with his eyes on the threadbare carpet, and when he raised them he saw that Babette was crying.

"It is beautiful, beautiful, but O, Esther!" she was saying, "we would rather you had lived to wear it yourself. I shall never sell it, *mon Pere*, unless you make me do it," she sobbed, "for grandmother's sake. O, I don't want to sell what belongs to Esther."

The priest wisely left her to her own reflections. At the door he spoke a few words of parting admonition, as he saw her fondling the beautiful ornament.

"Remember, Babette, if you do sell it, bring it to a good jeweller, for those are valuable amethysts and the chain is fine gold. Do not let it go for nothing."

Before he had finished Babette fastened it about her neck and the jewels were sparkling against the folds of her black dress.

"I won't sell it at all," she insisted, "not unless we are starving," and she repeated her resolution over and over again long after Father Anthony's retreating figure had disappeared down the narrow street.

A week had passed, and Babette had hidden the amethyst cross safely away in a corner of her quaint old walnut bureau, when one afternoon, a stranger came to the door and asked to see Mademoiselle. He was conducted to the scantily furnished parlor where the girl was propped in a chair against the pillows.

He explained in his native tongue that he was a French officer, though now in citizen's clothes, and Babette understood at once that he was "Monsieur le Corporal," who had been bereft of all his happiness.

He told her his errand briefly; how he had tried to obtain some little token of remembrance, but owing to Mr. Kingsley's antipathy for him it had been impossible. He had known that Esther had had the amethyst cross about her neck during her last illness, had missed seeing it a little before her death, and when he questioned Father Anthony he had told him all, to whom it had been given, etc. Would she not, if she were to sell it anyway, accept a liberal offer from him? He would like to be of assistance to her, and in this way feel that he was also assisting Esther by carrying out her beneficent wishes. He was not wealthy, but he would give her anything she asked. Would three hundred and fifty dollars be sufficient? He knew the gems were costly, and if necessary she could get the estimate of a reliable jeweller, and he would place the price of it in her hands that very day. Babette at first smiled at his enthusiasm and thought what a vast sum of money that would be. Already she was wondering what she would do with it all, when she suddenly saw once more in imagination the lovely jewels glinting out from their setting of frosted gold as the cross lay hidden in the box upstairs.

"You are kind," she murmured, "but I tell you once and for all that I will not sell it. I wish to keep the cross that Esther gave me, and unless grandmother and I are driven to beg I will never part with it."

The officer urged her no further, but told her where she might find him if she ever changed her mind and wished to dispose of her treasure. On certain nights of the week he was on sentinel duty at the citadel and for a few hours of the day also, but these days were uncertain. She might get word to him in some way, he explained. As he rose to go, Babette tried to imagine how he would look in his scarlet uniform, and thought to herself that he must look very grand indeed.

When the last traces of snow had melted from the remotest corners and alleys and the long Quebec winter had yielded at last to spring, the little French maiden found herself restored to health, but she was unable to find any work to do. Her grandmother had been ill for several days, and the doctor told her

that unless she could have better nourishment and care she might never be well. So Babette was sadly worried.

The girl would go daily to the furrier who had employed her, but as the busy season was over she could only work a few hours now and then. She began to think how selfish she had been not to sell the cross at any price long ago, rather than have her good grandmother want for anything during her illness.

So one evening after she had finished her scanty meal, having seen with dismay that her grandmother seemed weaker even since morning, she dressed hastily, and that no one might recognize her, threw a black shawl over her head. With the box containing the cross and chain in her pocket she started up the steep hill towards the grass-grown fortifications that crowned the summit. It was a long journey through steep and crooked streets, and she had to stop many times to get breath.

The moon was well up in the sky by the time she neared the top of the hill and a chill spring breeze was blowing her dark hair vigorously from beneath the shawl and tingeing her cheeks with the tint of the rose.

It was no wonder that many looked after her for she was indeed an attractive picture.

But Babette saw no one; her eyes were straining towards the enclosure, from whence she heard the measured footfall of the guard passing up and down.

The place was deserted now and the moon threw queer shadows across the sidewalk. She crept towards the embankment that rose like a green wall above the white strip of pavement.

It was his night on duty she was sure, unless of course the men had shifted their hours as was frequently done.

As she drew nearer, to see if she could recognize the sentinel, there was a halt in his steps and "Who goes there?" rang out on the clear air. The girl was too frightened to move. Would he shoot her perhaps if she didn't answer? She stood as if turned to stone. The officer seeing that she was frightened came nearer. "O, *c'est tu donc*, Mlle. Babette Vallee!" was his salutation.

She was too delighted to answer and simply drew out the jewel-box. "It is the cross," she whispered. "I have decided to sell it." He pushed it towards her with a swift gesture, as he saw another officer turning the opposite corner. Babette understood and with a whispered promise that he would call the next day the sentry resumed his military pace, and the girl vanished in the darkness as she had come.

Their interview had lasted only a few moments, but long enough for the soldier to notice that Babette looked bewitching in the black shawl, with the breeze blowing the color into her cheeks; and long enough also for the girl, though filled with anxiety for her grandmother, to remark to herself upon the corporal's fine appearance in his smart uniform.

The next day the cross passed into its new owner's hands; and Babette's grief at parting with it was fully recompensed by her satisfaction in feeling that she had made this sacrifice for the poor old grandmother.

The French soldier and Babette met often until they finally discovered that there was no place to enjoy a summer evening like the promenade around Dufferin Terrace, where music floated out from the direction of Chateau

Frontenac. Here they would sit, when he was not on duty, watching the lights from Levis opposite twinkling out from the darkness and throwing long rays across the St. Lawrence far below.

When the maple trees along the broad avenues were beginning to take on their autumn colors Babette's grandmother went to her long rest and it was then that a great wave of pity rose in the heart of the soldier at the sight of the girl's desolation.

The loss of Esther had wounded him deeply, but now he had begun to feel that if any one could heal the wound it was the girl to whom Esther had been a benefactor.

Among all Babette's friends there was no one so well pleased as Father Anthony, for the corporal had always been a dear friend.

So it happened one morning at the Franciscan friary that Monsieur and Mademoiselle knelt to receive the priest's blessing, and as a sign of their betrothal the young officer hung the chain with its beautiful pendant cross about Babette's neck. And this time she felt sure that it was to be hers forever.

THE HILLS OF HOME.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

Oh, far across the sea they lie,
The hills of home!
All darkly blue 'gainst the blue sky
When sunbeams o'er them flit and fly.
And cuckoos call, and landrails cry.
And brown bees roam.

The rills are merry as they flow.
They laugh and sing,
And sweet and strong the breezes blow,
Brighter than gold the gorses glow,
The hawthorn boughs are white as snow
When blossoming.

The apple trees are fair to see
With scented foam,
The daisies dance upon the lea,
The song birds sing in shrub and tree,—
But, oh, they're far across the sea,
The hills of home!

THE OPEN DOOR.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

The day was warm; a day of sun and showers. A day of shadow and brightness; of stormy skies, and quickly passing clouds. The lights on the bay, on the purple hills and gigantic rocks and boulders round Horn Head, were of entrancing beauty. Lured on by an unusually long burst of sunshine; I walked down from Port-na-blagh, drinking in the pure sweet air with real delight, fascinated and charmed by the grandeur of the scenery, as I made my way along the high cliffs above the sea. Below me, the waves dashed white and foaming against the granite rocks; before me the sand of Dunfanaghy, always golden, rose now resplendent, almost a deep orange in the sunshine. Beautifully situated, the waters of the bay running side by side with its principal street, Dunfanaghy, like most towns in Donegal, is dull, dreary, ugly and uninteresting. To-day, however, it is crowded and noisy. It is market day, and herds of cattle, grunting pigs, sturdy, strong men in frieze suits, and short pipes in their mouths; dark-eyed, stoutly built women, draped in long black shawls, make a din that is stupifying and bewildering, after the heavenly stillness and tranquil peace of the cliffs I had left behind me. Tired after my walk, longing to rest, I went on up the high street, telling myself that it was indeed at present a place to be avoided.

The shops did not look inviting. Being a stranger, I had no friends to invite me in—so I hurried on through the town, and made my way into a quiet, beautiful road, thinking that here I would surely find a grassy bank on which to rest and get cool. Then suddenly, without warning, down came the rain. To sit out of doors was not to be thought of, and I looked about me despairingly. The road with its background of purple hills and golden sands offered me no shelter, and the idea of walking home in such a deluge made me shiver and turn cold. All at once my spirits rose. At the top of the hill, set back from the road, and surrounded by a broad sweep of fresh green grass, stood the Catholic church. Its walls of grey granite, and cross-crowned roof loomed out dimly through the heavy sheets of rain. Here, at least, was a haven. There, I knew, I would find an open door.

Quickly I stepped out, and running up the broad walk with the swiftness of Atalanta I soon found myself safely sheltered from storm and rain and very grateful as I knelt for a moment before the altar. After a while the black clouds passed, the sun shone out brilliantly once more, and as it lit up the sacred edifice, with its golden light, I looked round me admiringly. The architecture was simple. The church was large, and very lofty; the roof and doors of pine, painted and stained like dark oak. The stone walls were white and bare, with no decoration save the colored Stations of the Cross. The high altar, raised on a flight of red carpeted steps, was of wood, sevverely simple, with its Tabernacle and six tall candles; the smaller altars at each side, one of the Sacred Heart, the other of Our Lady, were neat and unpretentious, the statues plain, yet good.

The doors of the church were all wide open, yet I was completely alone. Every

thing was quiet, peaceful, and silent, and I found myself wondering where the immense congregation that I had seen filling it to suffocation on the Sunday before, could be at this moment. Then I remembered the long miles most of these poor people had to traverse over hill and bog and road before reaching the church. I thought of their hard work in the fields, their nights and days fishing on the so often tempestuous sea, their business in the market-place; and I no longer wondered why they were absent from God's house on such a day. "To labor is to pray," said a great saint. God does not ask the impossible. The exactitude with which these poor peasants journey far once every week, in wind and rain and heat, surmounting many difficulties, in order that they may assist at the Great Sacrifice of the Mass and so sanctify the Sunday is a strong proof of their faith, and might serve as a lesson to many better off and more self-absorbed men and women who have grown careless and, in some cases, indifferent to the service of their Creator.

I sat long, wrapt in thought, heedless of time, or the now brilliant but probably passing sunshine. The tranquillity of the holy place was restful. Something of the "peace that passeth understanding" enveloped me as a mantle. I was absorbed and happy. "The world forgotten, by the world forgot," I had no wish to move, no desire to be disturbed by anyone.

Presently, however, the stillness was broken. Some one entered the church by the side door, and with light yet shuffling footsteps walked across the stone floor. I did not look around. But as the new arrival continued to move restlessly about I grew impatient, and, after many vain endeavors to control myself, turned, exasperated, on my seat, determined to remonstrate firmly and severely with this objectionable invader of the holy place. But the words of indignation died upon my lips, and I drew a long deep breath of surprise and consternation. The disturber of my peace was neither man, woman, nor child, but a beautiful snow-white, well-grown calf. I started to my feet, and went hurrying down the wide nave. Such a creature in the church seemed a desecration. I must drive it out at once. Then, I paused —the calf had suddenly stood quite still, and, heedless of my approach, raised its pretty head, and with big innocent brown eyes looked solemnly in unfeigned wonder, towards the altar.

Before me rose the recollection of that night, so long ago, when the Lord of the Universe had lain a Babe in a Manger, and was warmed by the breath of creatures such as this.

A little verse I had read somewhere flashed across my mind:

"O Mary full of grace!
And He, thy Babe upon the straw will lie;
And kindly beast with fragrant breath the air
Will warm, nor grudge Him shelter from the cold."

He, the Creator of all things, had made them and us. To us He had given souls and hearts and minds. And yet—

A quick patter of bare feet interrupted my reflections, and a small girl in a short cotton frock, and long fair hair to her waist, ran in, brandishing a stout little stick.

"Wirra, wirra, sure is that where ye

are?" she cried, under her breath, after a low bow towards the altar, and a hurried Sign of the Cross. "Out wid ye now—or sure it's the shtick ye'll be afther feelin'."

Then catching sight of me, she crimsoned to her sweet blue eyes, whispering with grave apology:

"Sure he oughtn't to be here, ma'am, I know—but it's the open door does it. He comes stravagin' in, if I take my eyes aff him. But sure, he's innocent, the crathur, an' manes no harm. Only for the open door he'd stay content in the field beyant the length of the day. Out wid ye now," and, driving the calf before her, she caught up a chair from the porch, stood it sideways, across the smaller door leading into the meadow, and pattered quietly after him into the sunshine. Over the fresh, green grass the calf gamboled happily, the little one shouting and flourishing her stick merrily at his heels. I watched them, thinking what a pretty picture the pair made against the background of sea and mountain. Then, smiling, I hurried on my way, grateful for the peace and rest I had enjoyed, deeply thankful for the open door.

CATHOLIC ROYALTIES.

XIII.

Archduchess Maria Annunziata and Archduke Eugene.

BY BEN HURST.

The post at the Austrian court which can be best described as that of "Vice-Empress," has lately been bestowed on a young lady who already bears the unique and gracious title of Abbess of the Hradschin Sisterhood in Prague.

Archduchess Maria Annunziata is at the head of the community which is neither cloistered nor bound by any rules incompatible with life in the world.

Celibacy is of course an actual condition of membership, and the convent was founded exclusively for noble dames. There is a strict rule of life; fixed hours for religious exercises at frequent intervals during the day; participation in charitable works; and implicit obedience to the head of the Order, who is herself subject to ecclesiastical authority.

The convent is one of the many institutions due to the initiative of Maria Theresa, and since 1755 a female scion of the House of Hapsburg has invariably been forthcoming to stand at its head. The ceremony of enthroning presents a wonderful pageant, and the city of Prague joins in the solemn welcome extended to the new Abbess. When we remember that the Church was the prime founder of the modern theatre it will not seem incongruous that after the religious functions the day's festivities wind up at the convent with a dramatic representation.

The honor which a great empress wished to confer on those of her sex and caste who sought to follow a devout life has been carefully maintained and many privileges have been added. To the Abbess herself it belongs to place the crown of Wencenslas on the head of a new sovereign of Bohemia, and this is as near an approach to sacerdotal privileges as a woman can exercise.

It was the active devotion of Archduchess Maria Annunziata to the interests of her Order that inspired Kaiser Franz Josef with the wish to make her the hostess of the palace. This is the first time that the post has been given to an unmarried woman, but on the retirement of Archduchess Maria Josefa, owing to the death of her husband, the Kaiser had made up his mind to put his maiden niece in her place. The announcement came as a surprise to Vienna society and the young Abbess herself was much distressed. She is still somewhat intimidated at the weight of duties and honors imposed by imperial will on her slender shoulders. She had seldom appeared in the great world, and her natural bent lay in quite another direction. Moreover, her lease of office will be long, for when her brother, the Crown Prince, succeeds to the throne, his wife, Princess Hohenberg, will play no rôle in court ceremonies.

People began to recall eagerly the slight girlish figure they had scarcely remarked among the ladies on the steps of the throne, and to wonder how she would acquit herself of her functions. It was indeed a sweet apparition of gentle maidenly reserve, tempered by kind intent, that met the gaze of curious courtiers in the first great assembly where she stood at the aged Kaiser's side, welcoming his guests. Before a few weeks had passed she was absolutely at home in her new position and had won the sympathy of everybody who approached her.

The Radetsky apartments of the palace have been placed at the Archduchess' disposal for the dispensing of audiences, and here, on the appointed days, ambassadors, state dignitaries and their wives, throng the anterooms, awaiting their turn to be received by the new leader of Vienna society.

The Archduchess will hardly set the fashion in clothes, for her simple black silk gown, worn high to the throat, has often stood out among the brilliant variegated toilets and resplendent jewels of

the ladies of the court. She has ever appeared most to advantage clad in the habit of her Order, and invested with the insignia of her monastic rank—a crozier, carved and inlaid by a famous goldsmith of the fourteenth century; a tiara of precious stones, dating from the sixteenth; and an episcopal ring whose dimensions oblige the present wearer to don a white woolen glove in order to secure it on her slender finger. Her severely claustral black robe contrasts strongly with the velvet, ermine-trimmed mantle falling from the shoulders. The entire costume is dignified in the extreme. The toilets worn by the Archduchess since her recent appointment—while of a richness conformable to the state she

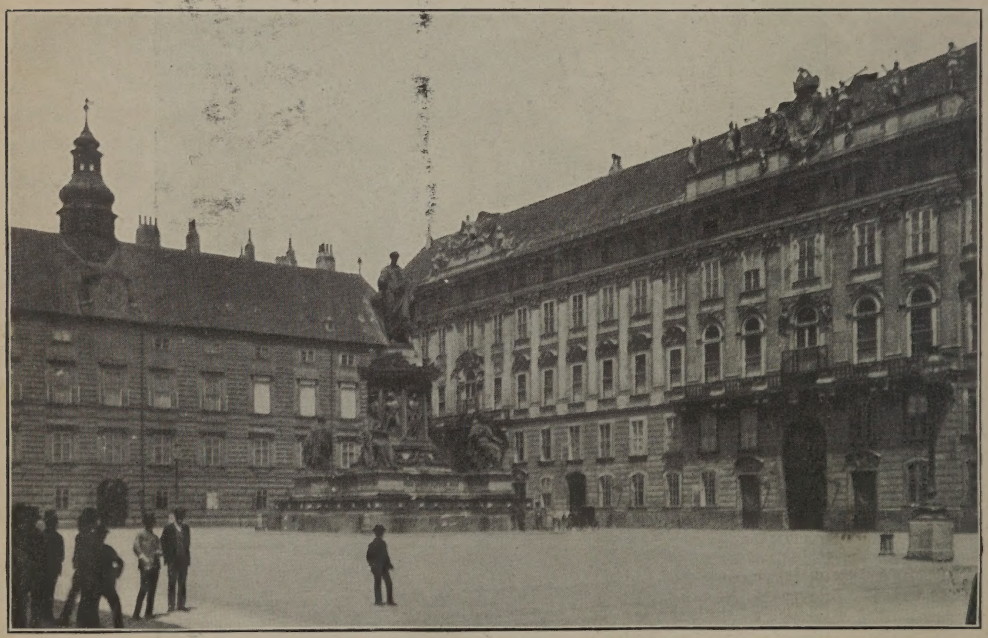
ARCHDUCHESS MARIA ANNUNZIATA OF AUSTRIA,

Abbess of the Hradschin convent, and now by the Kaiser's decree first lady of the Empire, to whom all debutantes must make their curtsey before being admitted to Court.

represents—are marked by a note of simplicity truly characteristic.

A lady gives the following impressions of her reception by Archduchess Maria Annunziata:

"Up the monumental pillared staircase, from lengthy corridor to spacious hall, were we conducted by the gorgeously-liveried lackeys, we the favored ones (while deputations and solitary individuals or whole families still awaited their turn) to the final anteroom where are posted two soldiers of the bodyguard. The time of waiting is longer than one was accustomed to with the expeditious Archduchess Maria Josefa. A diffident but winsome personality was that of the slim girl who shyly advanced to meet us. Countess Hoyos, grand mistress of ceremonies, was also present, but could not, of course, take the initiative. The conversation was led gently and in a low voice by the Archduchess who evidently seeks information and means to show good-will towards all brought under her notice. If a humanitarian scheme is broached her reserve vanishes and she is eagerly attentive, nor does she hesitate to express her opinion of its feasibility. Gradually her tone becomes warmer; her inborn kindness is manifest, and it is with the congenial smile of one who has struck the chord of sympathy that she closes the interview. Neither pompous usher, nor gold-laced attendant, nor dazzling guardsmen that re-confronted us outside could efface that noblest thing we had seen, a good woman's face."



INNER COURTYARD OF THE IMPERIAL BURG, VIENNA.

Judging by the careful manner in which she acquaints herself with all that is laid before her, and her conscientiousness in bestowing her patronage, Arch-

duchess Maria Annunziata must give much more time to business details than did her predecessor. That practised lady, besides supervising her sons' education, always by means of pressing an electric button.

Such expedition is born of habit and experience, and it would ill beseem any-

ARCHDUKE EUGENE OF AUSTRIA.
Grand-Master of the Teutonic Order of the Knights of Malta.

was the leading spirit in the Austrian Capital. She dealt with fourteen audiences in an hour,—sending everybody away satisfied,—and could open several bazaars and exhibitions in one day, not body to criticise the gentle girl who is so valiantly striving to cope with the responsibilities that overwhelm her as yet.

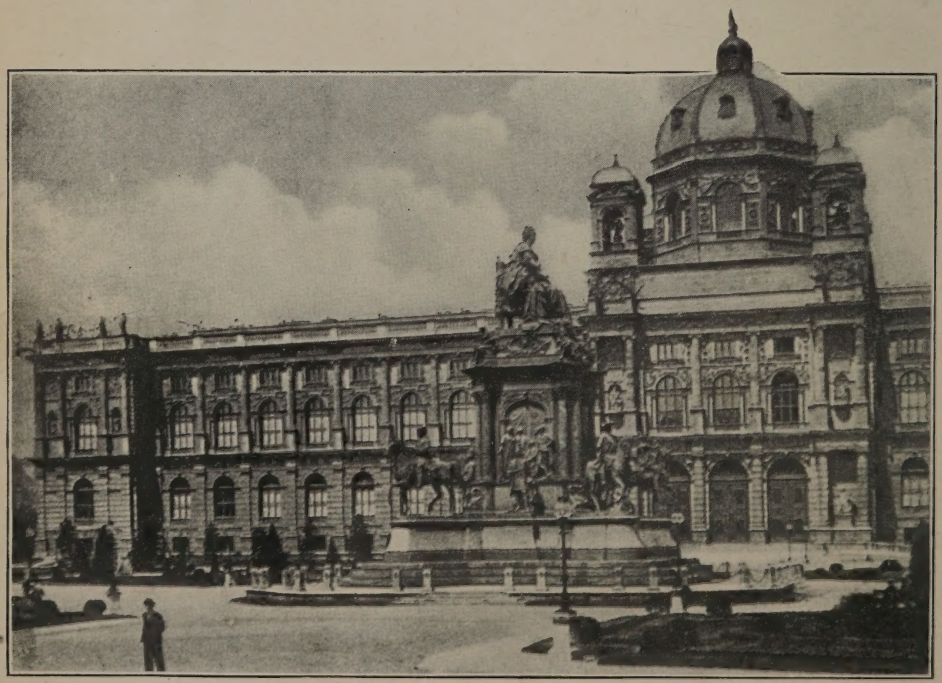
The inclination for a religious life runs in this family. The Archduchess' grand-

mother, Duchess Adelaide of Braganza, widow of an ex-king of Portugal, joined the Benedictine Order, and when it was banished from Solesmes, acquired a residence in the Isle of Wight where the community have now settled. Here she is often visited by King Edward, Princess Beatrice, and other members of the English reigning house, as well as by her own relatives from Austria.

Archduke Eugene, grand nephew of the Kaiser, is one of the most prominent members of the House of Hapsburg. He is Grand Master of the Order of the Knights of Malta, who, besides the vow of celibacy, take that of championship of the Christian cause. Modern infidelity is perhaps a worse scourge than the Islam of old, which the Knights were sworn to combat; and the Archduke in all probability has often regretted that it can not be dealt with in a hand-to-hand fashion. For he is of decidedly military tastes, holds several important army commands, and is never happier than when camping out with the soldiers of his regiment.

It is a tradition that some imperial scion must be Grand Master, and Archduke Eugene, among other aspirants, was chosen,—for his thoroughness and earnest conviction,—to be the recipient of the honor. Friendship with his sister, Queen Maria Christina of Spain, fostered by constant correspondence through years of separation, has supplied the feminine element otherwise wanting in his life. And the Queen on her side owes much of her steadfastness during the troublous times of her regency to the encouragement and sympathy of her brother Eugene.

The Grand Master, a finely built, handsome man, presents a striking figure in the mediæval attire of the Order, with the distinctive Maltese Cross.



IMPERIAL MUSEUM WITH THE MARIA-THERESA MONUMENT.

HERE AND THERE IN PARIS.

BY R. M. SILLARD.

A FLOWER MARKET

What can be said of Paris that has not been said already? And yet how few, who are not Parisians born, have really literally seen more of Paris than its surface! There have been English and Americans who have resided years in Paris and never set foot in a real Parisian house and home —for there is such a thing as a Parisian home, though I know that the general opinion is that the Parisians live in the street, feed at the *restaurateurs*, and receive their friends either on the boulevards or in the cafés. The French have a hatred of living in common with strangers. They are fond of society, of theatres, of out door amusements; but, contradictory to the received ideas, they have a strong love of home. However poor, however humble, every French family has a home of its own, where it can keep the prying eye of idle curiosity from either its smiles or its tears.

One of the great charms of Paris is certainly its atmosphere—so clear, light, and bouyant; it is like inhaling champagne. Paris in May or June is sufficient to convert the veriest hypochondriac into a cheerful, good-natured being. This climate has, no doubt, a great influence on the character of the people, and accounts for their joyousness, their excitability, their wit. *L'esprit court les rues* is true in Paris, more than in any other city in the world. Another effect of the Parisian climate, so exhilarating, is that it has made the *flaneur*—a word that can be explained, but not translated. It means an easy sauntering, without any definite object, though enjoying all. It means a good-humored search after comfort and amusement, without previous design or preparation, skimming from life—as it passes by—the cream, and never going deep enough to get at the dregs, or to trouble and darken the stream. Foreigners have difficulty in understanding this habit, and many call it idleness, especially those for whom bustle means activity, and who think nothing achieved if not done with noise and toil.

Now the boulevards were created and

arranged for the *flaneurs*. Let us, then, *flaneur*, and saunter through them.

Place de la Madeleine! Here let us stand. Come here—here, in the midst of this flower market, on this stone bench, surrounded by roses, geraniums, and heliotropes. Observe well the noble structure which Napoleon I. intended for a "Temple of Glory," but Louis XVIII. desired to make an expiatory church. Note the simplicity of its style; destitute of windows, and constructed exclusively of stone. See how the sun glances through those imposing Corinthian columns and illumines those statues in their niches! The façade has a beautiful frieze,—but you know all that! And you know also, the imposing bronze doors, thirty-five feet high, and all the marvels in painting and sculpture in the interior.

Before we begin our saunter, look around you. There is no crowd in this flower market; and if you look at the flowers and plants you will see that they are the rarest, loveliest, and most evanescent. Here, as we merge fairly on to the Grands Boulevards, or Boulevards Interieurs, we are enveloped in a confusion of traffic. A walk from the Madeleine to the Place de la Republique in the afternoon will afford the stranger an admirable insight into the general character of Paris. Note the innumerable omnibuses and more numerous *citadines*, with their good horses and cheerful-looking drivers. Turn round if you come near a *citadine*, for the chances are that you will see a pretty face. French women have a hatred of omnibuses.

Now we are at the Boulevard des Capucines, and the crowd increases,—fed from the wide Rue de la Paix, and its

A BIT OF BUSY PARIS.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS.

Place Vendôme, whose immortal column rises in the background—all moving along, past the Opera House, the largest theatre in the world, to the Boulevard des Italiens, the boulevard of the whole *par excellence*. It is so named from the old Théâtre des Italiens, replaced by the Opéra Comique.

What brilliant shops on this side where we are walking! And with what harmony of colors, with what elegance, is all disposed! Within, too, what politeness!

And then there is such a preponderance of nice, neat, civil young shop-women. Women keep all the books in the various shops of Paris. They sit enthroned on a chair, with their desk and account books before them. So also in almost every Parisian counting-house; the wife or daughter keeps the books, and conducts the correspondence. All the circulating libraries are kept by women, and most of the railway booking offices and suburban post-offices. Woman in France is the helpmate, the companion, as well as the wife; and though it is sometimes the fashion to laugh at French domestic habits, there is no country where there are fewer unhappy marriages, or where family ties are so much cherished and revered.

How many Parisians, how many foreigners, never progress beyond this oasis—not in the desert, but in the busiest and gayest of all cities? The Boulevard des Italiens is the concentration of fashion, gaiety, brilliancy, and business,—for business in Paris assumes as far as possible the garb of pleasure. In no case is it the sole aim of life, but the means of obtaining all the enjoyments, comforts, and pleasures, without which life is nothing to a Frenchman. Money-making was never reckoned amongst the enjoyments of a Parisian man of business.

He enjoys life as it passes, rather putting off the consummation of his fortune than foregoing its advantages. It is probably for some such reason that at about one o'clock the stock brokers, bankers, speculators, *e tutti quanti*, Jews and all, emerge from the Bourse to the platform and steps and out towards the Place de l'Opera, where a formidable areopagus decide on the state of the money market, and the condition of the *corps de ballet*. Thus these "business" men have the privilege and pleasure of seeing the heroines of the footlights as they conclude their forenoon rehearsals at the *salle de danse* of the Opera. Some have acquaintances and get a word, and often a bouquet from the florists, at the entrance of the passage, out of the aspirants to fashion; whilst the *jeunesse doree* merely call them by their names, with a careless *"bon jour"*; whilst some (the novices) remain entranced, hat in hand, gazing at the Mad'lles Marguerite, Florine or Eugenie, as the case may be, of their nightly vision.

The money-making population is very different in Paris to that of other great commercial cities. The stock-broker in Paris is an elegant man of fashion; the banker and the merchant are men of intelligence and refined manners. Money is made as easily in a well-fitting coat, varnished boots, and light-colored gloves as in sordid apparel and uncleaned shoes; nor do the operation of the barber and the coiffeur, on the outside of the head, take from the powers of conception or financial combination of the inside.

The boulevard still continues to fill;

IN THE PARK.

the chairs are occupied, not by fashionable, but by thoroughly respectable people, the middle class, living on small revenues, in the adjacent streets, who only see the outside movements of the world, the world which they read of in the novels and in the newspapers.

Do not pause! Yet it is difficult to go on—all around you seems in such harmony of pleasure. No vestige of poverty is to be seen here, nothing to recall any of the miseries of life.

Now for the Boulevard Montmartre. Here the bustle of life begins to mingle with its elegancies. The crowd of carriages waiting outside the large drapery houses, milliners, or *marchand des nouveautes* considerably increases the confusion. Still though the cream of the crowd no longer rises to the surface, there is a fair sprinkling of the *comme il faut*; the men, however, dressed in black from head to foot, with papers in their hands, greatly predominate, as we move on to the Boulevard Poissonniere, a favorite domicile for attorneys, barristers and notaries. Close by, in the Rue des Petits-Carreaux, was the famous Cour des Miracles, the haunt of beggars and vagrants in the time of Louis XIV., of which Victor Hugo gives some graphic descriptions in his Notre Dame de Paris.

Now we are getting on towards the domain of the people, the true Parisian, hard-working, barricade-making people. We pass the Rue St. Denis, one of the oldest streets in Paris, and the triumphal arch erected in 1675 to commemorate the victories of Louis XIV. in Holland. The handsome square at the end of the Boulevard St. Martin, now known as the Place de la Republique, occupies the site of an ancient bastion belonging to the fortifications removed by Louis XIV. In the centre is a striking bronze statue of the "Republic" some forty feet high, on a granite pedestal fifty feet high. It is the work of the brothers Morice.

Life begins to acquire reality in this neighborhood. The blouse prevails. The women, though neatly, are coarsely clad, and their features show marks of toil. Four-fifths of all the working girls in Paris are needlewomen, or *ouvrieres de l'aiguille*. They are employed in the innumerable ateliers where are "created" the gowns, hats, lingerie, etc., which make Paris famous as a centre of fashion. The remaining fifth of the female workers are employed upon feathers, flowers, passementerie and such like accessories.

Between noon and one o'clock you will see great numbers of those hard workers,—*midinette* (noon-girl) the Parisians have nicknamed them—taking a well earned hour's walk in the fresh air along the shady boulevards. Yet they, with their friends and relatives, nightly fill the many theatres about the Boulevard St. Martin,—the Ambigu Comique, the Théâtre de la Renaissance, the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, the Folies Dramatiques, also the Gaieté, and even the Théâtre du Gymnase,—the theatre which first produced Scribe's pieces. This theatre belongs to the people, though not exclusively, like the Gaité and the Ambigu. The *"theatres du boulevards"* is a term of reproach amongst the theatrical hierarchy, so much so as to make the Opéra Comique disdain to have its façade even on the Boulevard des Italiens, and actually to make its entrances on a side street (the Place Boieldieu) in order to avoid this stigma.

And now our boulevards begin to grow

thinner of passengers. Impromptu shops are all around you, selling the most unimaginable things at fabulously low prices. The Boulevard Beaumarchais —named after Caron de Beaumarchais, the author, who owned a considerable portion of this street,—the last of the great boulevards, is also the longest. The famous Cagliostro and Ninon de l'Enclos both lived in this street.

We are now within hail of the precincts of the street and faubourg of St. Antoine, where first arose the insurgents of the great revolution, and whence in later years the stream of revolt has often poured in to the city. Here we are now in the Place de la Bastille, or simply *La Bastille,* as it is usually called. It was formerly the site of the Bastille St. Antoine, a castle built in the fourteenth century by Charles V. to be afterwards used as a state prison. This prison attained a world-wide celebrity in consequence of its destruction on the memorable fourteenth of July, 1789, when the populace flew to arms. The colossal Colonne de Julliet was erected here in the middle of the last century in memory of the heroes who fell in the revolutions of 1830 and 1848, and the remains of many lie in the vaults beneath the column.

Lovers of old Paris always enjoy a stroll through the streets in this neighborhood. The numerous "curiosity shops" situated about here bring pilgrims of the antique into these regions. A good deal has been said and written about Parisian shops, but there is one division of these tempting establishments that has received but scant justice from the chronicler, and that is the multitude of second-hand shops wherewith Paris abounds. From the aristocratic Rue de la Paix down to the rag-pickers' quarter, the Rue Mouffetard, there is hardly a street in the commercial quarters that does not boast of one or more of such establishments, while certain streets, such as the Rue de Provence, the Chaussée d'Antin, and the Boulevard Beaumarchais are lined wth them. They are of every grade and every style, from the elegantly fitted up shops whose proprietors deal only in antique cabinets, *chaises Louis XVI.,* bronzes, tapestry, Louis XV. jewelery, old miniatures, and ancient lace (the standing passion of Frenchwomen), velvets, fans, antique clocks, china, and missals, down to the dingy little shops in side passages behind some massive building, or along the quai de la Tournelle, opposite Notre Dame, where such signs as "Soldes Occasions et Antiquites" continually meet the eye, wherein old odds and ends are vended to whomsoever comes to buy.

Apart from those shops that are devoted to the sale of second-hand furniture only, very few of them have any definite style or class of wares. Of course I except the dealers in old prints and old and rare books. Usually these tempting shops display every class and variety of goods. All the elegancies of a lady's wardrobe, for instance, will fill one window—robes of satin and velvet, faded ribbons, tossed hats with crushed feathers, mother-of-pearl fans, cleaned gloves, and satin slippers, all blended in one bewildering chaos. The dainty shoes of an opera dancer are tangled up in the lace of a Cardinal's robe, an ivory-bound prayer book serves as a support for an inlaid box of cosmetics or a broken opera glass. In these windows we may read the story of half of the vanished fashions of fifty years

back. Here be the goods and the gauds of a century ago; soapy-looking cameo brooches, or others set with coarse Roman mosaics, pictures carved out of alabaster, and long spindly-looking vases in marble — such are some of the spoils of old Parisian dwellings and old provincial chateaux that come to find an abiding place in Paris at last. I can not fancy who buy these things. The vases and clocks and china might find a purchaser, but what lady in her senses would consent to clasp at her throat one of those brooches? The old-fashioned silverware, on the other hand, has a quaint attractiveness about it; it has its *cachet* in its stiff and prim simplicity.

If the walls and counters of these shops could speak what tales might they not tell. There is many an elegant and aristocratic Parisian lady whose purse is narrower than her social aspirations, and who does not hesitate to replenish her wardrobe from some of these establishments. Many of these houses have their *clientele* that have the refusal of any eligible purchase before it is exhibited among the stock of those toilet merchants.

But we are lingering. Let us take our stand now in the Place de la Concorde, the most beautiful place in Europe, ever made beautiful by the handiwork of man, whether called *Platz*, *Piazza*, *Place*, or *Square*. In the middle of the eighteenth century this site was still a desert. After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle an equestrian statue of the indolent Louis XV. was erected here by the Parisians, to be pulled down by them thirty years later and the place named Place de la Revolution till the restoration of the Bourbons, when it was known as Place Louis XVI. After the fall of the Bourbons and the election of Louis Philippe, it received its present appropriate name. The imposing granite obelisk which stands in the centre once stood in front of a famous temple at Luxor in Upper Egypt. It was presented by a Viceroy of Egypt to Louis Philippe in 1831. Here it stands, perpetuating, as it were, to the Parisians the sublime address of Napoleon to his army in Egypt: "From yonder pyramids, forty centuries look down on you."

Old Egypt! Were greater deeds done ages ago in that mysterious country than those which have swept over the wide circle on which this monument now stands? To Louis Philippe it must be owned are the improvements of the Place de la Concorde attributable. They were planned by Napoleon, to whom was left no time to develop his great schemes for the embellishment of his capital. Here, on this bright spot, where the sunbeams are now dancing and all is luxury and joy, tread lightly! The soil beneath your feet is saturated with the blood of some three thousand citizens who perished here by the guillotine. Here on this place where the waters from those beautiful fountains are dancing in the sunshine, stood the scaffold of the Revolution for three years. Here fell the head of Louis XVI. Here, too, Charlotte Corday, the enthusiast, met the heroic termination of a life unfit for the common duties of her sex. And here—oh, ponder as you gaze on the Tuileries—here fell a woman whom a whole population had worshipped and poets sung—on these very stones, perchance, rolled the head of Marie Antoinette. Soon after, Robespierre and his associates met a retributive end here. But now the Place seems definitely to have become a *Place de la Concorde.*

How pleasant it is to saunter on to the Champs Elysées, that portion of the park which adjoins this memorable square. Sometimes a strain of music will issue from the open windows of the stately houses in the rue St. Honore; or the laugh of some gay children sporting like fairies in the gardens which stretch down to this spot. But as we wend our way along this path shaded by thick trees as far as the Palais de Glace, to the Rond Point and its beautiful fountains, we are soon back to busy life again. And how busy? Come here on the busiest of days, Sundays, or a fête day, when the Champs Elysées are for pleasure only, and pleasure and relaxation are the only objects of all you see around you. Here on fête days is every kind of *al fresco* amusement for the working class. Here we see the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," husbands and wives and their little ones, clean and orderly and neatly dressed, but not above their station. No prosperity in Paris would induce a woman in this class to assume the silks and satins of a higher one. In Paris the men do not toil to minister to their wives' extravagances, nor the women suffer privations at home that their husbands may drink abroad. Happy are the marriages in the lower classes of Paris. Husband and wife share the same toils and the same pleasures, and the influence of a good wife is to be seen in the orderly conduct of a popular crowd on a fête day.

Did you ever see a French wedding? Cross the river with me; we shall soon reach the Place St. Sulpice in the centre of which is the beautiful church of St. Sulpice. It is gloomy enough within, usually, silent and solemn. But now all is bright. If the light of day comes but dimly through the windows numerous wax lights illumine the aisles and the Corinthian pillars. On the stone floor a rich carpet has been laid. Rows of velvet surround the altar itself; the masses of white camelias, roses, jessamine and white lilacs almost exclude the images. The aisles are all filled with clean straw chairs. The sacristans are in their best, the beggars in their worst, for that is *their* wedding garment. All stand in waiting round the door. On the steps is the *suisse*, looking to the uninitiated uncommonly like the drum-major of a regiment, all gold lace, with cocked hat, and sword by his side, and in his hand a long pole with a silver knob. His legs are models and the fellow knows it.

Now the carriages arrive. Our friend the *suisse*, (the beadle) stamps his stick upon the stones, and down gets the bride, led by the mother,—fathers are often in the background on these occasions. The organ peals, and the procession, headed by the *suisse*, marches into the church and up to the altar. Then the aisles fill with every sort of magnificence of dress, —one, or a few hundred people. Everybody whose name was ever known to the bride or bridegroom comes to the wedding, or at least to church. When the question, "*Voulez-vous prendre cette homme?*" is addressed to the bride she takes forever her leave of maternal control by turning with a profound courtesy to her mother to ask her permission to answer. Mamma responds by another inclination; and then her daughter says the momentous "*Oui,*" which gives her freedom evermore.

The youngest sister of either bride or bridegroom and one of the gentlemen of the party, preceded by the beadle with his silver-topped pole, then go through the crowd soliciting contributions—"*pour*

les pauvres, s'il vous plait,"—which are dropped into a dainty velvet bag. Then they adjourn to the sacristy, and then for the first time the bridegroom calls his wife by her Christian name, though the timid bride does not drop the "Monsieur" till some days after she has been a wife. Then there is feasting at home, dressing, dancing, and a little crying, and then the bride, installed in her home by her mother, leaves forever the paternal roof.

One feature of Parisian society is its simplicity and sociability. Invitations are of course given for any great festivities, but there is scarcely a house in Paris which has not its own small circle of friends meeting uninvited, excepting by general invitation, every evening throughout the year. At these meetings there is no elaborate dressing or ceremony, no obligation to stay a long or a short time; the only obligation is to bring good temper, intelligence, and as much wit as nature has bestowed on you.

Frenchmen, as is well known, are fond of the society of well-bred intellectual women. The proof of this may be seen in the deserted cafés,—which from the dinner hour to midnight are left to foreigners, provincials and waiters,—and in the impossibility of establishing in Paris clubs such as are so numerous in London and other large cities in the United Kingdom. Frenchmen cannot understand the enjoyment of doing nothing but lolling about looking at a number of men in all kinds of *sans-gene* attitudes or dozing over newspapers. They prefer general society, society where each holds a place, and it is perhaps because in these assemblies every one has a part to play and is of some importance that they are so liked by all, so frequented, and so inherent to the French character. The art of conversation is, therefore, in France the most esteemed,—wit, information, learning, vivacity, knowledge, and sentiment, infused into one local current and clothed in correct and elegant language—considered as the greatest accomplishment that can be possessed. A *salon* where brilliant conversationalists are known to assemble will be sure to attract in Paris, in preference even to the most splendid fêtes.

The electric lamps and gas now lighted, our saunter must come to an end. Let us home. As we pass along and see the lights gleaming from every window of every *etage*, you may be sure that within each is a little circle of old friends, who for years perhaps have sat at each other's fireside, and who, if not brilliant or celebrated, are cheerful companions and fast friends.

WHERE THE BABIES SLEEP.

BY K. O'KELLY.

In the island of Aranmore, off the west coast of Ireland, the children who die in infancy are buried in a cemetery set apart for them. This picturesque custom is very ancient

In the holy isle of Aran,
  Near the beach of "the rosy shells,"
Is a shadowed place of loveliest green
  All misty with blue harebells.
And here the dead babes of Aran rest
  In tiny dew-bright graves,
Lulled in their sleep, that long sweet sleep,
  By the song of the murmurous waves.

Where the babies sleep in Aran
  No death *Caoine** is ever raised
For the mothers who come to kneel there,
  Through their weeping, cry: "God be praised."
Their children are free from the hunger pang,
  From tears that blind, from pain,
From death midst the sea's mad frenzy,
  From withering sin's black stain.

To these stricken women of Aran
  God sends comfort. Each Christmas night
The "Four Beautiful Saints" of the Churches,—
  And those too from Benain's height,—
Bring back from Heaven to *Aran-na-Naimbh*
  Child angels in radiant bands.
And the innocents bend, and waft blessings,
  As they float o'er the star-gemmed strands.

Then the sleeping mothers of Aran,
  Through the hours of that mystic night
Hear the sweep of angels' pinions
  And in dreams see visions of light.

. . . . . .

Why weep you? Oh mothers of Aran!
  Why stretch empty arms to the graves
Where your babies lie cradled in mist-blue flowers,
  By the leaping, laughing waves?

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*Caoine—pronounced Keen.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE RELIEF OF EXPELLED RELIGIOUS.

Section of Brussels, Belgium.

The Association for the Relief of Expelled Religious, formed in Belgium and established in Brussels, Chaussée de Wavre, 205, under the presidency of the Countess Louis de Mérode, makes a pressing appeal to public charity in favor of the many religious communities who have taken refuge on Belgian territory. A large number of them are without means of subsistence, as shown by the official report printed below.

The treasurer of the Association in France is Countess Guillaume de la Roche-Aymon who will receive with gratitude the smallest contribution forwarded to her address, 41 Rue Saint Dominique, Paris.

The money thus collected is spent strictly according to the direction of the ladies, patrons of the work, who visit in Belgium the communities to be assisted by the Association, observing the greatest care to ascertain their most pressing needs.

The committee of Brussels consists of Countess Louis de Mérode, president, and the Count Eugene de Lur-Saluces; and the Committee of Paris of Princess Henri de Ligne, president; Countess G. de la Roche-Aymon, treasurer.

The Official Report Presented to the Lady Patrons.

The committee know that there are at present in Belgium 526 houses of religious exiled from France. They are located as follows: Archdiocese of Malines, 84 houses; Bruges, 62; Gand, 13; Liege, 151; Namur, 109; Tournai, 107.

From a summary examination of the correspondence that has reached the committee it is found that the general situation is as follows: The majority of these communities can with difficulty procure the necessaries of life; the priests see the *stipendia* for Masses more and more reduced; the gifts and offerings from France diminish every year; former benefactors drop or lessen their contributions on account of new obligations arising from the necessity of reorganizing the church finances in France. The communities in general cannot make a living in Belgium. For fear of damage to the Belgium trade, they cannot work for private individuals, nor perform any manual labor; owing to tariff duties,—except in special cases,—they can no longer work for their friends in France; finally they are not allowed to teach, except gratuitously, or to beg from house to house.

Already several houses have been closed and the members obliged to retire to the mother-house or to join some other house of the same order.

In consequence of the difficulties of the situation many communities see themselves under the necessity of refusing new subjects, and the novitiate of men cannot through want of means accept the vocations coming from France.

But the communities most to be pitied are without doubt cloistered nuns. These religious women—Carmelites, Clarisses, Benedictines, Canonesses of St. Augustine—are not engaged in an active life and cannot apply themselves at home to an assiduous and paying labor, being obliged by their rules to spend in prayer three-fourths of their time.

I have known one of those communities whose distress was heartrending.

These poor nuns having come to a small town of Brabant rented a house which they furnished wretchedly, and divided up into narrow compartments, instead of regular cells, by means of old pieces of packing canvas. There were three or four nuns in a room not large enough for one person.

When reports of their situation reached me I sought information and satisfied myself that this community was actually perishing in misery. The food had to be sparingly portioned out, and what wretched food! chiefly beans and canned vegetables! And with all these privations they could not even pay the rent of the house. The rules forbid to heat the rooms, but, in the midst of the winter, always severe for strangers to our climate, a light blanket would not have been a luxury, yet there were not enough to give one to each person.

The aged, the sick, the infirm, were literally freezing. Thanks to the generosity of a kind neighbor they were given the use of an annex and of a small oratory chapel; a member of the Committee of Paris, informed by us of their distress, had blankets sent to them, stoves for the sick room and the infirmary, and money to buy some coal. Our committee repeatedly helped them, and we continue to do so; but alas! our resources are diminishing, and we ask ourselves how we are going to provide for this and many other cases of distress brought to our notice.

A few of the cloistered communities are so situated as to be able to provide for themselves, but the majority are in straits of misery.

Frightful indeed was the misery of another community we were called to assist. Sheltered in a private lodging (*maison bourgeoise*) to the number of twenty, among whom one-third at least were sick, aged or infirm, after selling, to secure their daily subsistence, furniture and objects that could ill be spared, those religious women were reduced to such a condition as to be unable to pay the rent of the house. They offered for sale their sacred vessels,—chalice, ciborium, relic-cases, ostensorium,—these being their last fortune and most dear to them, not on account of their intrinsic value, but for their sacred uses, and also because they were gifts bestowed upon their community by the Duchess of Montmorency.

Another body, given up by their benefactors in France, had no other resources than some postal money orders that reached them,—after many letters had been sent to France,—and the few francs, pieces of bread, vegetables, and remnants of food, collected by their two lay-Sisters (*tourieres*). Later this community, unable to maintain the two lay-Sisters, was obliged to part with them. Hence, the rules forbidding them to go out, they found themselves in perfect seclusion and with no other resource than to wait until some neighbor should come in the morning and help them in their distress.

Another writes to us: "We had been able to do some embroidery and other needlework for families in France devoted to us. Three weeks ago we lost one of our most skilful hands,—a good Sister who certainly overworked herself, thus increasing the stomach trouble that carried her off, after incredible sufferings. We have still a number of sick. The others work, even during the night, but women's labor is so cheap! And the profit is lessened by expenses for correspond-

ence, transportation and tariff. Our religious exercises do not allow us to work the whole day, and so in spite of all our efforts we are unable to provide for our daily wants."

A lady of our committee, who visited a community in the diocese of Namur, writes as follows: "These Sisters are in distress; they are fourteen in number; six of them are sick, incapable of working; one was ordered by the physician to use milk and eggs, but for want of means they are compelled most of the time to be satisfied with skim milk and to do without the eggs, for which they can not pay. A neighbor gives them some potatoes; the physician provides them with coal; but they owe to the baker and grocer the sum of 260 francs; so I beg for those unfortunate women some help to enable them to pay that debt."

Another community, whose Prioress is afflicted with a severe opthalmy and can not do any work, had the misfortune to fall into the hands of an unscrupulous architect, who—under the pretext of improving the property which these Sisters had received from a friend,—compelled this community to spend in building the resources needed for their daily expenses. They work as much as they can for their clients in the north of France; yet in spite of their distress they can not omit their essential occupation, prayers seven hours every day. Hence, although they labor in sewing and in cultivating painfully their ground, they are hard up. It is painful for them to beg whilst owners of property, mortgaged, it is true, to its full value, so they may be reckoned as belonging to that class of people who are ashamed to beg. Yet they must find wherewith to pay both for the building, which they now bitterly regret having erected, and for the daily maintenance of thirty-seven persons. They would be grateful to our committee for some help.

The communities that are not cloistered may go out and visit people; those that are cloistered can only make known their need by letters. If nothing comes from outside they have to depend on the scanty means procured by the lay-Sisters, or else wait, fasting, for better days.

In a word, I repeat it, the situation of the cloistered communities especially, is most distressing, and although much remains to be done for the others, the committee will have to yield to the painful necessity of doing nothing for the latter unless new resources are created.

Yet among the non-cloistered communities there is suffering to relieve; there are houses of refuge for aged Brothers, juniorates and novitiates to assist. It is indeed painful to see children and young men—who have left parents, relatives, and country—as well as old men in exile, suffering from cold and hunger, for many among the Superiors have repeatedly informed us that they have had to spare the food and that they were unable to renew their winter wardrobe. I have visited a juniorate-novitiate where, after two hours class-work in a poorly-heated room, the children and young men had to run around the yard to get warm. For want of a sufficient supply of blankets, the Director was obliged to select three every night who were to have none, that those who had been without any the preceding night might enjoy some little comfort and sleep.

Here is the situation of many training establishments for religious, missionary priests exiled in Belgium, as it is described by a Superior:

"Owing to the present situation in

France nine out of ten of our benefactors wrote to us that they had to reduce and even to stop entirely sending help. And yet our work becomes more and more necessary; the Church will need priests, missionaries to revive the Catholic spirit in France. We are at a loss to know how we shall manage to subsist and procure the means of feeding and clothing our Fathers and young men."

Our committee granted them a subsidy, but this offering will be like a drop in the bucket to cover expenses at the end of the year. They have seventy-five or eighty students, and about fifteen teachers who are priests. Some few subjects pay a scanty allowance for their board; the others, on their arrival, had to be entirely clothed by the community. Such distress moved the neighboring people to pity and many among them brought some provisions to those whom they called the famished poor (*les pauvres affames*).

I witnessed a fact which occurred in a novitiate, and I cannot help relating it here.

The Director of a novitiate of Brothers had called upon a person to obtain some help that he might send back to his family one of his religious who, being tuberculous, threatened the community with contagion. The result of a summary inquiry instituted by the committee was that one of the inmates,—the one referred to above—was dying from tuberculosis, and that in consequence of deficiency in the food three other young religious seemed to have contracted the same disease. The committee provided for the sending back of their patient to his family in the south of France. One month later he died.

The Superior General of that community assured us that all the property being sequestered, all resources cut off by the right of teaching being withdrawn, the community to its great regret was unable to assist its novitiate, the sad situation of which I had mentioned to him.

This religious himself, as he explained to us, was secularized, and he remained in France in order to procure their daily bread for the aged and infirm of the Congregation whom the liquidator had allowed to occupy—until further orders—a portion of the former mother-house. He was reduced as it was to the condition of a traveling agent, trying to sell wine, pictures and religious objects. Being unable to do anything for the members of his Order living in Belgium, he implored the assistance of our committee.

We assisted this novitiate at different times, within the last two years. Besides the religious spoken of above, three others had to quit the novitiate to return to their familes, where they died of consumption. This community is still in difficult circumstances; first, several times the house and all in it has had to be disinfected, causing extra expense which was unavoidable; then some days ago occurred the death of a benefactress who used to pay a portion of the rent; and finally, one of the religious whose brain has been dreadfully affected by the wants of the last years—expulsion from the mother-house, departure for Belgium, miseries endured here—is being driven fast to insanity and will soon have to be confined in a madhouse.

Another community of Brothers has applied to our committee for relief. A real hospital is that community, made up of sick, infirm, aged men, broken down by teaching who, destitute of all

P 357 missing

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Nun. By René Bazin. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1908. $1.25.

A heart-breaking story is that which M. Bazin tells so simply and yet with such power that one can not get away from the scenes he depicts, nor forget the portraits he draws. It is a fortunate circumstance for many that the book has been rendered into English and in such a manner that the original does not suffer.

On a June evening the little community is assembled in the playground—"five nuns dressed in blue homespun, white frontlet and black veil" —free to enjoy a brief leisure now that the school children were gone; to indulge in the pleasure "of merely being together, in being quiet, in loving one another."

Sister Justine, quick in decision, brief in speech, of clear intelligence, and more courageous than the average of men, had been the superior for twenty-five years, and had never ceased to be the counsellor and support of a throng that constantly shifted and changed about her. Children, parents, the poor, in all emergencies said "Let us go to Sister Justine." And Sister Justine never failed them. "Never belong to yourself," said she, "that is the way never to be tired." Sister Danielle, ardent of heart and eager for duty; little Sister Leonide, who did the lowly tasks—from sweeping the class rooms to carrying heavy baskets of carrots and potatoes from the market,—Sister Edwige, reminding one always of "the Eternal Compassion;" and Sister Pascale, vivacious, loving, frank, delighting in beautiful things and shrinking from pain, were the other members of a community more closely united than a family, and having but one aim: "To carry Christ through the world."

The conversation in the garden is an expression of holy thoughts—words to bear away with one and recall often. What could surpass the beauty of Sister Edwige's comment on the little girls forming their school: "They are life growing up," she said, "they are divine grace going by."

Into this haven of rest comes Ursula Magre, a former pupil, who says to Sister Justine: "I have got to tell you that the school is closed." Sister Justine grew whiter than her frontlet, and her wrinkles were suddenly ploughed deep. "You'll have to go in five or six days," reiterated the girl, and the superior bowing low uttered a cry: "My God! My God! how can I bear this?"

But back in the garden with her four companions about her she was again the superior, concealing her own suffering that she might give courage to the four Sisters whose distress voiced itself in prayers and tears and exclamations.

Though Sister Justine was head of the community she is not the central figure of the story, the subject of the great tragedy. It is pretty, beauty-loving Pascale around whom the poignant interest centres. The chapter dealing with the development of her vocation is written with exquisite delicacy and fineness of touch. The word-pictures are so clear that we see them one by one—a corner of the Croix Rousse, the steep streets, the buildings centuries old, where the master weaver, Adolphe Mouvand, wrought exquisite silken fabrics and dreamed of a future for petted, motherless Pascale, his joy and solace. What wonder that Pascale hesitated to tell him of her vocation, her treasured secret. And yet, after the silent agony of renunciation was over the father spoke out bravely: "I will not grudge you to God, Pascale, you shall go where you wish." The eighth of December was the day Pascale had chosen to open her heart to her father, who, from that time to the hour when he left her at the convent door was sustained by a nobility of soul that gave him courage to make the sacrifice. But when the door closed after the little novice "Mouvand sat down on the step and wept without control."

It is difficult to touch even briefly on the chapters that follow—of Pascale's happy years at St. Hildegarde's, her father's loneliness in the old home till death found him at his loom, the dispersion of the nuns, and their occupations in the world into which they had been thrust by the tyranny of the law. Sister Justine and Sister Danielle seeking an interview with the Canon whose character is summed up tersely as being informed by a "well-mitigated zeal"—seem to walk before the reader, so real are they as they turn from the prosperous churchman to Abbé Monechal, "himself in want by reason of that rare and splendid cause of ruin—charity."

This study of conditions among the religious in France grows in poignant interest with the recital of happenings after St. Hildegarde's has been closed. Sister Justine is the nurse of a consumptive, Sister Edwige a railway crossing keeper, Sister Danielle a farm drudge, and little Sister Leonide a school mistress in a mountain region among people of whom the little teacher said: "On their very death-beds they hardly remember to look upwards." Untold hardship, loneliness, lack of love,—almost every form of suffering fall to the share of these exiled women; but for little Pascale, the child of their prayers, the youngest of their community, a fate so awful was reserved that it is a heart-break to read of it and a grief to remember it—except as the triumph of the spirit above the worst that earth and earthly passions could inflict on the bright young creature, who gave herself to God "to save her soul."

No more powerful indictment against the work of the French Government could be written than this story of the expelled community of St. Hildegarde's, in the city of Lyons.

Writing of the author, "Rome," March 21,

1908, speaks of a meeting of the Society of Christian Publicists of France at which M. Bazin presided. The illustrious Academician delivered an address which ought to be read by all Catholics who use the pen "Rome" declares. Commenting on his personal pride in bearing the title of Christian Publicist, he continued: "You, gentlemen, are engaged in sowing honor, probity, life; you are sowing Jesus Christ Who is all that. When we look at the present state of things we are not slow to find that, in spite of everything, there are reasons for hope. An ocean of mud threatens to submerge us, but even in the mud one may easily discern grains of gold.' Then M. Bazin paid an eloquent tribute to Pius X, 'the man who has no fear of men, the pilot with the clear, strong eye. Never before did the episcopate of France offer the world such a thrilling spectacle as now while it is affirming in such a striking manner its complete unity around the Sovereign Pontiff. After pointing out that there is a great body of the intellectual and moral elite of France ready to sacrifice everything, even their most vital interests, for their faith, he added: 'one thing alone we must envy foreign countries—their organization.' Which, unfortunately, under the present circumstances is almost everything."

Parerga. By Canon Sheehan. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1908. $1.75.

"I am not sure that the habit of day dreaming, or reveries, is at all wholesome," says Canon Sheehan, "but like all opiates it is very sweet and very tyrannical. At least I know that three or four of the morning hours after breakfast used to pass away almost unconsciously there, in my smooth bed of heather beneath the rock. A little reading, a little observation, a little meditation on what I had read, and then—dream-pictures, such as seem to come in sleep; only that they never were grotesque or uncouth, or frightful—only shadows passing on and over the glistening surface of the sea as it slept beneath the warm rays of a midsummer sun."

These day reveries with fireside thoughts that came in winter evenings, and reflections, meditations, personal reminiscences, form the subject matter of Dr. Sheehan's latest book, a companion volume to "Under the Cedars and the Stars." There are learned thoughts on the science of law, theological science, the mystery of suffering, astronomy, altruism, a dissertation on the autumn of life, and then a pen picture of the thoroughly successful man, followed by a mildly cynical illustration of the fleeting character of success.

There are things that you have to know a great deal to read of them with understanding, and there are other things that you can read and enjoy without being at all learned. Such is the account of Lu and Ju, who seem to revel in interrupting the scholar's thoughts by tearing clawsful of fur from the hearth rug, chasing each other under tables and chairs, rolling over on the carpet, and clawing each other in sportive playfulness.

Another glimpse of the fireside—the fireside on Christmas night—shows us a different aspect. The dreamer is absolutely alone, the great Christmas candle, burning silently in the next room, casting a flickering flame on the glistening holly with its scarlet berries beneath. "From every house, even the humblest, the tall Christmas candle, placed in the window, shed a yellow light across the pathways."

Christmastide gives place to spring, and a walk to Kilcolman Castle supplies material for a series of reveries going back to the time when Sir Walter Raleigh brought potatoes and tobacco into Ireland. There is an appreciation of Swinburne as the children's poet, par excellence, a meditation on mortality, and then a chapter on athletes with an account of the summary manner in which the referee insists on fair play. And here is a paragraph that will rouse many a responsive memory, for few indeed, are the men, young or old, who do not recall with keen interest their experiences of that most wonderful pageant of boyhood, the circus.

Dr. Sheehan has a vivid memory of the monster wagons, the gorgeous ladies, the clowns, and the myriad other attractions that drew him and his companions "to feast our eyes on the few things we were permitted to behold through the iron gates of the enclosure. With what heavy hearts we went to early school, and how we envied the courage of the truants who dared the master's anger (and fast and furious was his anger) and 'mitched,' 'slinged,' or 'slanged' all the forenoon beneath the cars, and ropes, and masts that lay in glorious confusion all around."

A less fleeting pleasure is referred to in the reminiscence of a summer holiday in a seaside village.

"I had not been to this seaside village for thirty-five years—since my student days; but I carried always with me the recollection of its one street, wind-swept and sloping down to where abruptly rose, or seemed to rise from the sea, a naked island; and just beyond, the white walls of the lighthouse. And there was one sheltered spot, where the flat face of a rock fronted the sea, and formed a kind of natural seat or lounge, where in my adolescence I read, and read and read the livelong day; and even hoped for rain and tempestuous weather that I might have the sea-cliffs and the sea all alone to myself."

It was fortunate indeed that the student in his maturer years decided to share his reading and his thoughts with the world, to admit his fellow men to his "treasure-house of memory."

Campaign de Cuba. Herbert Howland Sargant. A. C. McClurg, Chicago. $5.00.

Col. Herbert Howland Sargant, U. S. A., has accomplished in his book (3 volumes) on the Santiago Campaign, a work not only of great popular interest, but also of considerable value as a study of history and the art of war. It deals with a period fresh in the memory of all, but which is fast being recognized as having the profoundest significance in the political evolution of modern times.

The supreme merit of the work is its detailed

resources, are waiting for death. The Order is dispersed. The school buildings have been seized and sold; the Superior is wandering from door to door begging; the other religious are scattered and are trying to make a living as seculars. They are now putting up for sale a chalice adorned with enamel work, a piano, harmonium, some collections of fossils, of old and rare coins, for which they have been so far offered but a nominal price. They have not a penny on hand, and yet for these patients, these old men, there will be need of fire,—the climate in the Belgium Ardennes is particularly severe,—there will be need of bread and medicines.

We have to provide for those poor women who are perishing in misery, destitution and sadness; for those old men destitute of all things. Where shall we find the means?

Our committee makes an appeal to the generosity of all Catholics, of all charitable people not insensible to these sufferings. May this appeal be published by the press, may it be spread and especially acted upon everywhere, and thus enable us to provide at least for the most urgent necessities.

The communities exiled in Belgium have repeatedly assured us that they do not fail to pray every day for all their benefactors.

TO A LITTLE GIRL ON HER FIRST COMMUNION.

BY D. CARROLL.

God's benediction floods the morn;
Thy soul can hear
The music of angelic choirs
Roll near, more near,
Mystic and deep, while altar bell
The hour of consecration tells.

Oh, maiden, God's mysterious love!
His joy sublime!
Hovers on mighty wings above
The soul of thine;
A rapture felt by saints alone
Thy trembling heart this day hath known.

Thy angel, with uplifted face
And radiant brow,
Pleads, "Keep her, God, in perfect grace
And pure as now:
In all her life's sweet years no trace
Of shadow find a dwelling place."

Oh, Mary, guardian of the May,
Guardian of innocence, we pray,
Take to thy mother's care to-day
This child, and keep her thine for aye.

ST. JULIA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR.

May 23.

BY S. L. EMERY.

There are no nail-prints in thy hands and feet,
St. Julia, on thy cross,
Thou who, for love of Jesus Christ most sweet,
Didst count earth's gain as loss.

Yet there thou hangest on the awful tree,
By hands and feet fast tied.
Those cruel cords thy wedding bracelets be,
Bride of the Crucified!

And thou dost reign today in heaven with Christ,
Virgin and martyr blest!
That lingering death, that death for Him, sufficed
To win thy crown, thy rest.

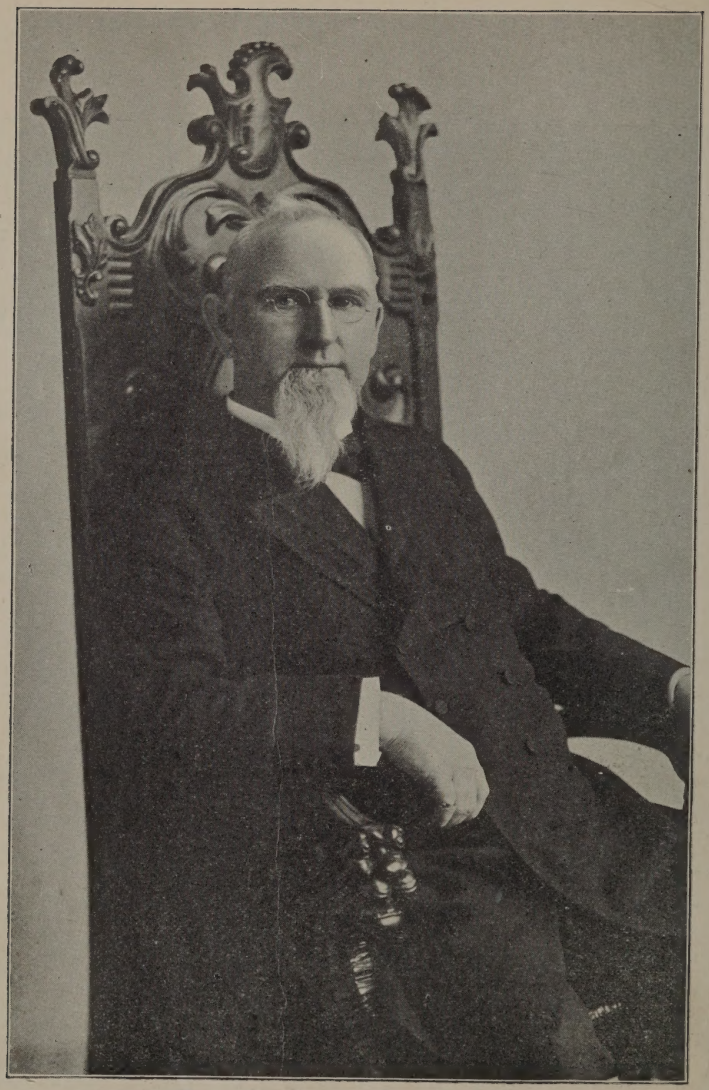
Some souls there are who walk our earth today,
Bearing a load unseen.
No scars upon your hands and feet, we say,
Surely, have ever been!

You smile on us, you speak some word of cheer,
Your own deep pain you hide.
Christ heeds, and gives you place with her so dear,
St. Julia crucified.

And you shall win St. Julia's crown at last,
Martyrs and saints confest;
Your sufferings, borne with smiles will then be past,
Your trials merged in rest.

There are no nail-prints in thy hands and feet,
St. Julia, throned on high!
Pray thou for these, thy sister-souls so sweet,
Who calmly smile, and die!

"There are no nail-prints in thy hands and feet,
St. Julia, on thy Cross."



HON. THOMAS H. CARTER.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

At the annual banquet of the Knights of Columbus in Boston, April 20th, in response to the toast "Our Country," Senator Carter, of Montana, made a stirring speech, dwelling on the ennobling sentiment of patriotism and its visible expression in the achievements of a race. Of the discovery of America and its development he said in part:—

"In the light of these opening years of the twentieth century we can but note a suggestive coincidence in the fact that it was on a tented field in Granada, looking forward to a final victory over the Moors, that the renowned Queen of Spain heard and heeded the theory of Christopher Columbus. Thenceforth the story is but an open book. A virgin continent was discovered and settled with magic speed by a Christian people. The Christian conception of the rights of man discarded by the people of Asia eighteen hundred years before were crystalized into organic law and under that law a body of freemen conquered a continent, built a succession of mighty states and established a world power supported by the largest number of Christian people ever loyally devoted to any flag. We are not what we are nor where we are by chance. America has been called half brother of the world. Made up of worthy contributions from all the nationalities of Christendom, we are a composite people,—not Anglo-Saxons but

a distinct national type to be known henceforth forever as 'Americans.' "

After a thoughtful consideration of the problems now confronting the Nation, Senator Carter concluded with a forceful exhortation to be true to the trust imposed on all citizens of the country Columbus gave to the world:—

"The faith of our fathers and the destiny of our race unite in a mute appeal to us for unfaltering fidelity in all the days of the hopeful future. If we but prove true to ourselves and our inheritance, all will be well. Let not envy, malice and greed, the triple vices of our age, work our undoing. Our most effective missionary work will be done at home. 'By their fruits ye shall know them' is an aphorism pure in origin, venerable in antiquity and specially instructive today. The Christian religion is at once the inspiration and the hope of our progressive modern age. If we can but square our individual, our home, our municipal, our State and our National life with its precepts the reward will descend as a common benediction upon all mankind. United in a broad spirit of true charity, this nation, under the Providence of God assigned to the post of honor in the firing line of Christian civilization, will lead a triumphant and bloodless march Westward until the teachings of the Saviour shall have dominated the globe."

RENÉ BAZIN,
Author of "The Nun."

René Bazin's great novel, "The Nun" (*"L'Isolée"*), has just been brought out in this country in a translation. M. Bazin, who is acknowledged to be one of the first, if not the first, among French novelists of today, was recently made a member of the French Academy. "The Nun," which has already passed its fifty-eighth edition in France, has created a peculiarly deep impression through its striking and brilliant treatment of a question of the moment. It is the story of five nuns who are turned back into the world through the closing of their school by the recent French law. Their experiences and their fates, happy and unhappy, are described with a simplicity, a power and vigor of expression that make an absorbing story and a novel far above the ordinary.

Dr. James Charles Monaghan has been selected by the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, as the Laetare medalist for 1908, in recognition of his distinguished services to this country. He has served as an educator, as a teacher of right morals and a great example of true and noble citizenship. He has been in the service of the United States for many years. He acted as United States consul at Mannheim, Germany, between 1885 and 1889, and to Chemnitz from 1893 to 1897. In 1899 he was a delegate to the world's commercial congress, and in 1885 and 1892 campaigned the country for Hon. Grover Cleveland.

Dr. Monaghan was born in Boston, Mass., October 11, 1857. His father having met with an accident that made him a helpless cripple. young Monaghan was compelled to seek work in the cotton mills in Salem, Mass., and Providence. R. I., at an early age. Endowed with an indomitable desire to make a mark for himself, he attended night school while engaged in work

in the factories, and at the age of twenty-two he entered Mowry's academy. From Mowry's he went to Brown University from which institution he was graduated in 1885.

Before entering Brown and while a student there he was a member of the City Council and School Board in Providence. Later, while acting consul to Mannheim, Dr. Monaghan studied in Heidelberg University. He returned to the United States in 1890, taking up the study of law and also newspaper work. In 1903 he became editor of the reports of foreign commerce in the Department of Commerce and Labor.

Dr. Monaghan has held a place on faculty boards of Wisconsin and Notre Dame universities. He was dean of the history and economics courses at Notre Dame during September and December, 1907. At present he is engaged in speaking in different parts of the country. He has given many lectures at Notre Dame in the past three years.

As an educator, as a type of true citizen and as a teacher of right and sound principles Dr. Monaghan stands out very prominently in the Catholic world. Sincerity is his characteristic mark and those who have come in contact with him frequently know him as a lover of justice. righteousness, duty, morality and honesty and as an ideal and representative citizen.

The Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., President of Notre Dame, says of him: "While he is a great teacher of Economics the best lesson Dr. Monaghan teaches is the example of his spotless character and his fidelity to every duty."

DR. JAMES C. MONAGHAN.

LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER.

À KEMPIS.

BY J. FREDERIC WELTY.

O little book! set in thy binding quaint
  Of fretted gold and carved ivory,
    I ope thee up, and lo!
By Fancy's hues beneath the dull text dyed
Fairer than any Guido's brush could paint,—
  From thy small page a face looks out at me,
    So pure and holy-eyed.
O little book! . . . . . .

I hear the bells within an olden city,
  I see the lights in all the windows shine,
And many faces gaze on me in pity,—
  No festival in this heart of mine.

Within thy convent cell I see thee sitting,
  (O little cell, in this forever blest!)
The while a single candle's gold is flitting,
Above the worn hands folded on thy breast.

"O Father! hear you not the bells a-ringing?
  And hear you not the little children call?
And hear you not the choristers a-singing?
  And wot you not the merry festival?

"How sitt'st thou here alone and so repentless?
  O teach me how thou cam'st to such a peace!
I who of the world am long contentless,
  But of the world's desire find no surcease!"

And then I see the brown eyes slowly lifted:
  "O son, full long and weary was the quest!
O'er wide and sunless seas of years I drifted,
  Ere came I to the Isles of Holy Rest.

"I sought Peace everywhere and only found it
  Here in this corner with a little book;
So small it is! yet angels do surround it,
  To read with me from it, in this my nook!"

"O Father!" cry I, "let me sit beside thee.
O let me read this wondrous book with thee!"
No anger riseth in the eyes to chide me:
"Yea, thou may'st read this little book with me!"

Far off I hear the festal bells a-ringing,
In echoes sweet the little children call;
The choristers and mine own heart are singing,
And all my soul is making festival!

"O Father! I will always sit beside thee.
Such wonders in this little book there be:
I am content forevermore to hide me,
Here in thy convent clôse, beside the sea!"

MOTHER AND CHILD.

historical accuracy. The author begins with a brief, though careful review of the Cuban insurrection and of the principal occurrences leading to the interference of the United States and the declaration of war. This is supplemented by a careful geographical survey of the Island of Cuba with its harbors and internal conformation. The resources and status of the two nations, both military and naval, are next compared from detailed official statements supported by the correspondence of commanders and heads of departments.

A strategical discussion of the theatre of hostilities together with the outlook as it then appeared, brings the reader fully prepared to the immediate preparations for war, the massing of the fleet and the embarking and landing of the troops.

Here the author's definite and substantiated statements read the nation a timely lesson which cannot be too deeply felt or too carefully heeded: —the lesson of our unpreparedness and our lack of organization when war was at our very doors.

The account of the actual campaign and the fighting which follows has the charm of historical narrative stripped of the glamor of journalistic report, though not without the flavor of real literature. The deeds of our soldiers and sailors are robbed of none of their deserving glory, but it is all the more satisfactory to hear them recounted without sentiment from the reports of experts and eye-witnesses.

The second important merit of the work is its value as a study of strategy, both military and naval. The author's wide and accurate knowledge of the art of war, established by well-known published works in the past, is applied to the analysis and scientific appreciation of the Cuban campaign and the manœuvres of the assisting fleet. The parallelism between many strategic moves and situations there and those of other historical campaigns is appositely pointed out and amplified. There is one point so radical in the science of war which the author emphasizes and insists on until even to the layman its bearing and importance is clear. This is the principle of the concentration of resources and efforts against the particular portion of the defence which must be carried. This he uses as a touchstone in his examination of the succeeding phases of the campaign and it gives a unity and coherence to his critical study.

A very graceful feature of the work—one which marks the writer as a true soldier as well as an unbiased historian—is his warm tribute to the bravery of the Spanish soldiers and sailors. This will sound strange to those whose information has extended no further than the columns of narrow popular newspapers. But it will sound grateful to all ears that are fond of truth and chivalrous regard for an enemy. Mr. Sargant speaks in glowing terms of the heroism and unflinching obedience of Admiral Cervera, together with his far seeing wisdom. He tells, too, of the military honors accorded to the body of Vara de Rey, for his gallant defence. Mr. Sargant makes it clear that the Spanish officers and men though poorly generaled were bravely led, and that they fought as nobly as men have ever fought, and against odds that he plainly calls overwhelming.

Altogether the book is a fascinating and reliable account of the brief though fierce struggle the smoke of which does not seem, yet, quite to have passed and the scars of which have not faded.

Quickened. By Anna Chapin Ray. Little, Brown & Company, Boston, 1908. $1.50.

Miss Ray has an intimate knowledge of Quebec and St. Anne's, and has written a series of novels based on events in the quaint old city and at the famous shrine. Knowing every nook and cranny of her stamping ground she is an excellent guide, and has no difficulty in keeping her readers with her by her charm of description. "Hearts and Creeds," and "By the Good Sainte Anne" have been reviewed in these columns and fully deserve the warm praise bestowed on them. "Quickened," her latest novel, has also much to recommend it. Like its predecessors it introduces a pilgrimage to bring the chief characters together. It is at St. Anne's that Thorne Alstrom and Denise Allard meet. Miss Ray makes a brave effort to solve the problem that she presents, and she turns to the confessional as the means of bringing peace to the fugitive American. She fails to recognize the fact, however, that in such cases there must be restitution as well as contrition and that the confessor, Father Francois Allard, could not make such a concession, even to his prospective brother-in-law, in order to smooth the way for the lovers. It must be conceded that Miss Ray's errors are never made in malice. She is a respectful observer of things Catholic, and has written with frank admiration of the beautiful ceremonies at St. Anne's.

The Dream of Gerontius. Cardinal Newman. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. Ninety Cents.

This new edition of "The Dream of Gerontius" is a fitting tribute to the Easter season. It is beautifully made up with photogravure portrait, and illustrations showing Rednal House, the cemetery at Rednal, Father Gordon, the Oratory, and a facsimile of a page of Sir Edward Elgar's music. This poem was written in 1865, six months or more, after the *Apologia*.

In answer to an enquiry from Mr. Allies, Dr. Newman wrote in October of that year:

"No, I assure you I have nothing more to produce of Gerontius. On the 17th of January last, it came into my head to write it. I really cannot tell how. And I wrote on till it was finished, on small bits of paper. And I could no more write anything else by willing it than I could fly."

The "Dream" first appeared in two sections, in successive numbers of the Month. The first edition has seen thirty-four reprints up to the present time, and seventy-five thousand copies

have been printed by the firm in thirteen issues since 1888. An American edition of the poem with notes by Dr. Egan has also been published by Messrs. Longmans, in London and New York. A French version appeared in Caen in 1869, and one in German in 1885.

On the 29th of October, 1888, Mr. Gladstone wrote to Mr. Lawrence Dillon about the poem. "It originally came into the world in grave clothes, swaddled, that is to say, in the folds of the anonymous, but it has now fairly burst them, and will, I hope, take and hold its position in the literature of the world."

That this hope has been realized the number of editions since issued fully proves. The latest reprint is a worthy setting of the poem of which the author said forty-three years ago: "I am greatly honored by the good nuns of Notre Dame having got their children to act it."

The Catholic Church, the Renaissance and Protestantism. By Alfred Baudrillart. Benziger Brothers, New York. 1908. $2.00.

In this work the author gives to the public a series of lectures delivered at the Catholic Institute of Paris in 1904. They are the result of much reading, research and reflection.

In a personal word M. Baudrillart says:

"During ten years I have thrice taught the history of the Renaissance and the Reformation, and I have been forced to keep always up to date. Of selections from text books, pamphlets, treatises, or articles, I have read or consulted all that seemed likely to cast some true light on a subject which will doubtless never be quite exhausted. Moreover, when the Catholic Institute confided to me a part of the recently founded apologetic instruction, I chose, for preference, an epoch in which I thought I was already well qualified. The welcome given to my lectures by a numerous and sympathetic audience encourages me to publish them, a thing I had at first no thought of doing. I add to them a study, slightly modified, which appeared eight years ago in *La France chrétienne dans l'histoire*, published by Didot. It formed the necessary complement to this volume. There will be found in these studies the trace of ideas put into circulation by certain great works which are, or should be, classics among Catholics."

In a prefatory letter, Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, says: "It seemed to me unnecessary to introduce to the public, as if he were a stranger, a historian to whom the French Academy has twice decreed the highest of its rewards, the *Grand prix Gobert*, and a professor who in the performance of his duties has brought so much honor to the Catholic Institute of Paris."

He then commends the scrupulous care, absolute sincerity, impartiality, and original research marking these lectures which summarize the problems of philosophy, theology, morals and even of social economy, involved in the study of Protestantism. The work is divided into ten periods, dealing with such issues as "What is the Renaissance?" "The Renaisance in France, England and Germany;" "The Papacy and the Renaissance;" "The Birth of Protestantism in Germany;" "How and Why France remained Catholic;" "How did the Catholic Church defend herself against Protestantism?" "The Inquisition in Italy and Spain;" "Has Protestantism been, as stated, more favorable than Catholicism to moral and spiritual progress;" "Intellectual and Doctrinal Consequences of Protestantism;" "Has Protestantism been more favorable than Catholicism to the social and political progress of modern nations?"

Regina Poetarum. Our Lady's Anthology. By Hon. Alison Stourton. Benziger Brothers. New York. $1.50.

A collection of fifty poems arranged in the order of the events in the Blessed Virgin's life beginning with the Annunciation. The selections include poems by Coventry Patmore, Aubrey De Vere, Wordsworth, Rossetti, Mrs. Browning, Louise Imogen Guiney, John Keble, Father Tabb, Francis Thompson, Father Caswall, Felicia Hemans, Father Faber, Gerald Griffin, and Father Bridgett. An index of authors gives the century to which each poet belongs.

This anthology is a fitting tribute to the month of May, and clients of the Blessed Virgin will find within its pages sweetest utterances of devotion to the Queen of May.

The Mission Remembrance. By Rev. Peter Geiermann, C.SS.R. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1908. Fifty cents.

A book of practical direction and devotion in the spirit and words of St. Alphonsus, published with the approbation of the Superior of the Province of St. Louis and bearing the imprimatur of the Archbishop of New York. In addition to the ordinary prayers and devotional practices this manual contains instructions for each day in the week, and is supplemented by an outline of Catholic doctrine.

The Law of Christian Marriage. By Rev. Arthur Devine, C.P. Benziger Brothers. New York. 1908. $1.50.

False teachings and theories in regard to marriage strike at the root of the Christian family, serve to undermine the foundations of society, and to destroy private happiness as well as public peace and morality. Therefore the Church provides for the protection of marriage, and has always maintained the unity and indissolubility of the marriage tie. Outside the Catholic Church questions concerning the sacred institution are raised and settled by the statesmen, the social student, and the Christian moralists, who regard the contract of marriage as a creation of the civil law and look upon divorce as a mere matter of expediency. The Church regards marriage not only as a natural contract, but as a sacrament, and prohibits divorce.

The relations of Church and State in respect to marriage have to be considered and determined. Therefore a treatise on the law of Christian marriage—such as the present volume

which appears most opportunely on account of the recent ruling of the Holy Father—is of use to all Christian citizens in need of general instructions concerning the laws of marriage and directions as to their practical issues. The principles taught by Jesus Christ are set forth according to the canon law and discipline of the Catholic Church. The text of the new decree is given under its several headings with a short commentary and explanation dealing with each article and each clause separately. The scope and value of the decree and the difference between the old and the new discipline concerning marriage are all dealt with in a manner intended to instruct the faithful in general and to be useful to all who may have any interest in or special duties to perform in connection with Christian marriages, such as priests, parents and betrothed couples.

The Irish Priest. By Tory Hill. Fifteen cents. For sale by Matthew F. Sheehan & Company, 19 Beach St., Boston, Mass.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, to whom this book is dedicated, by permission, "recommends it especially to priests of Irish nationality." It is essentially a tribute to the character and mission of the Irish priest, but general interest in it will be excited when it is known that the proceeds of its sale will be devoted to defraying the expenses of a youth who desires to study for the priesthood. His strong vocation has manifested itself unmistakeably, but his circumstances are such that he cannot unaided take the necessary course of studies.

In the hope that an appreciative public would second his efforts, the author of this poem on the Irish priest made over the copyright to the youth; and through the kind offices of another friend—himself a noble exponent of the influence of the Irish priest in America—the pamphlet is now brought to the attention of our readers. It is not lauded as a literary composition—though it tells a simple, direct story in pleasing rhyme—but as a means open to every one who reads this notice to help an aspirant to the priesthood to realize his high ambition. The price is so small that all who read can order one copy or more. When fifteen or twenty copies are ordered by individuals or societies, the priest who is striving to aid the youth will offer up a Mass for the intention of his benefactors.

Well Spent Quarters. By a Sister of Mercy. Christian Press Association. New York. 1908. 75 cents.

The title of this manual suggests advice in regard to money, but it is really advice of a much higher nature,—how to spend fifteen minutes each day in spiritual meditation. As a practical instance of the character of the instruction given we may quote from the meditation on spiritual reading: "A spiritual book is the voice of God. When you read it Our Lord is speaking to your heart, and every page of it brings you light and strength. When you pray you speak to God. When you read good books God speaks to you.

"You should never let a day pass without reading some good book, at least for a few minutes. Examine what is your practice in regard to this. Do you read good books often? Do you encourage others to do the same. Do you spread good reading when you can?" These questions are followed by suggestions of what books to read, including the Imitation and the lives of certain saints who may be considered in a special degree exemplars for the young.

In addition to the meditations there are also instructions for a three days' retreat.

A Turnpike Lady. By Sarah N. Cleghorn. Henry Holt & Company. New York. 1907. $1.25.

The daily happenings in a Vermont village, with a romance woven through them, form the theme of this novel, which has the spirit of locality strong upon it. Naomi, the "Turnpike Lady" is a Polke, and the first chapter is devoted to introducing the family—a rather dreary group in much need of the "sisterly child's" ministrations. John Michaelfergus, the Irish farm-hand, is a pleasant contrast to the other male characters. Even his gait is different from the men of the Green Mountains—"a longer and more springing step." He was of fair height, but not tall. His hair was black, his eyes a shining hazel, and as he walked he sang 'Shule Aroon,' from the lightness of his heart. The closing chapter suggests that his wish to keep the wind and rain of life away from Naomi will be granted, and poor Naomi is sadly in need of such protection. There is too much domestic tragedy in the Polke household, too much sordid care, and the humor that occasionally brightens a situation cannot dispel the impression that this Vermont village is a dispiriting place to visit even in fiction.

The Story of Ellen. By Rosa Mulholland. Benziger Bros. New York. 1907. $1.50.

Rosa Mulholland's books are too well known to need a recommendation to the public; this new edition of her first novel is sure of its welcome. Quite recently it ran through the *Irish Monthly*, under the title of "Dunmara," and was also republished in the *Austral Light*. The heroine, Ellen, is of Spanish-Irish parentage and has a varied career. By means of a shipwreck she is brought to the Irish shore, and through this mishap gets the clew to her life-story. She makes many friends, but none more satisfying than the doctor and his numerous family. The doctor is a splendid type of manhood, and lends much strength to the tale. Ellen has many vicissitudes, but finally she comes into her own and the story ends happily as it should. No writer has the right to inflict a dreary conclusion on a reader seeking pleasant recreation in the pages of a novel.

The Way of the Cross. Benziger Bros. New York. 15 cents each.

This pious practice forms the subject of four

booklets brought out in convenient form. That all may have choice, the methods followed by the Jesuits, the Franciscans, the Liguorian method, and the Eucharistic method, are given.

Pictures of the Stations illustrate each manual and the Stabat Mater in Latin and English is appended to all except the Liguorian version.

The Wreck of the Julie Plante, words by the late Dr. W. H. Drummond; music by Mr. Herbert Spence. Delmar Music Company. Montreal, 1908.

Dr. Drummond's books have a phenomenal sale, not only in Canada and the United States, but in all parts of the world, and "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" is probably the best known of his short poems. The portrait of Dr. Drummond, on the title page, is a feature which of itself will command attention and interest. The music suits the words admirably, and has made a favorable impression upon all who have heard it.

Moral Training in the Public Schools. Ginn & Company. Boston. 1907.

A collection of five essays written in competition for a prize of five hundred dollars for the best essays on the subject "Moral Training in the Public Schools." The judges deemed it advisable to give them permanent form, and arrangements were accordingly made to publish.

The essays are written in a clear popular style, and varied solutions are offered to the consideration of the reader.

Literary Note.

Patrons of Catholic publications throughout the country who have read the edifying experiences of Rev. Richard W. Alexander, will learn with interest that these inimitable narratives, vouched for as true, have been collected and will appear in book form at Easter or a little later, under the title "A Missionary's Notebook." No short, true stories have been more widely copied by the press all over the world. They are absorbing in their interest. Inspiring reading for both young and old, the volume will be peculiarly desirable as a Sunday School or commencement premium. The book will issue from the press of the Catholic Standard and Times Publishing Company, Philadelphia, and will contain about two hundred pages, attractively bound and illustrated, and will sell at $1 per copy.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

"HE TAUGHT THE MULTITUDES OUT OF THE SHIP."

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

"He chides as if in helplessness,
And ofttimes spares when He might slay;
He pleads as though His perfect bliss
Could stand in need of thankless clay."

Donahoe's Magazine

VOL. LIX. JUNE, 1908. No. 6

PLEADING FOR LOVE.

BY THE REV. P. J. CORMICAN, S.J.

What is man that Thou art mindful of him? Thou hast made him but little lower than the angels, and Thou crownest him with glory and honor. Thou gavest him dominion over the works of Thy hands: Thou hast put all things under his feet.—Psalm 8.
What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?—Psalm 115.

O earth and heavens, hear the Lord,
And hearken to His faintest breath:
His anger maketh keen His sword,
His smile is life, His frown is death.

His words can pierce the dullest ear,
His voice can reach the depths of hell,
And yet His people will not hear:
When He is patient, they rebel.

He chides as if in helplessness,
And ofttimes spares when He might slay;
He pleads as though His perfect bliss
Could stand in need of thankless clay.

He saith: "The children whom I bred
Have turned their face away from Me;
The little ones I clad and fed
Have gone in search of vanity.

"As God I called them out of slime,
And quickened them with warming breath;
As man I freed them from their crime,
And rescued them from hopeless death.

"Upon their heart I set My seal,
I stamped My image on their soul,
I gave them powers to think and feel,
And made My works an open scroll.

"I left My footprints on the hills,
My paths upon the pathless sea;
The music of the spheres, which thrills
The human soul, revealeth Me.

"Before the sun My glories flee,
Behind the cloud My face doth hide;
The shadow of My majesty
Gildeth the west at eventide.

"The footless herds that roam the deep,
The countless flocks that crop the lea,
The lowing kine and bleating sheep,
The birds of air, belong to Me.

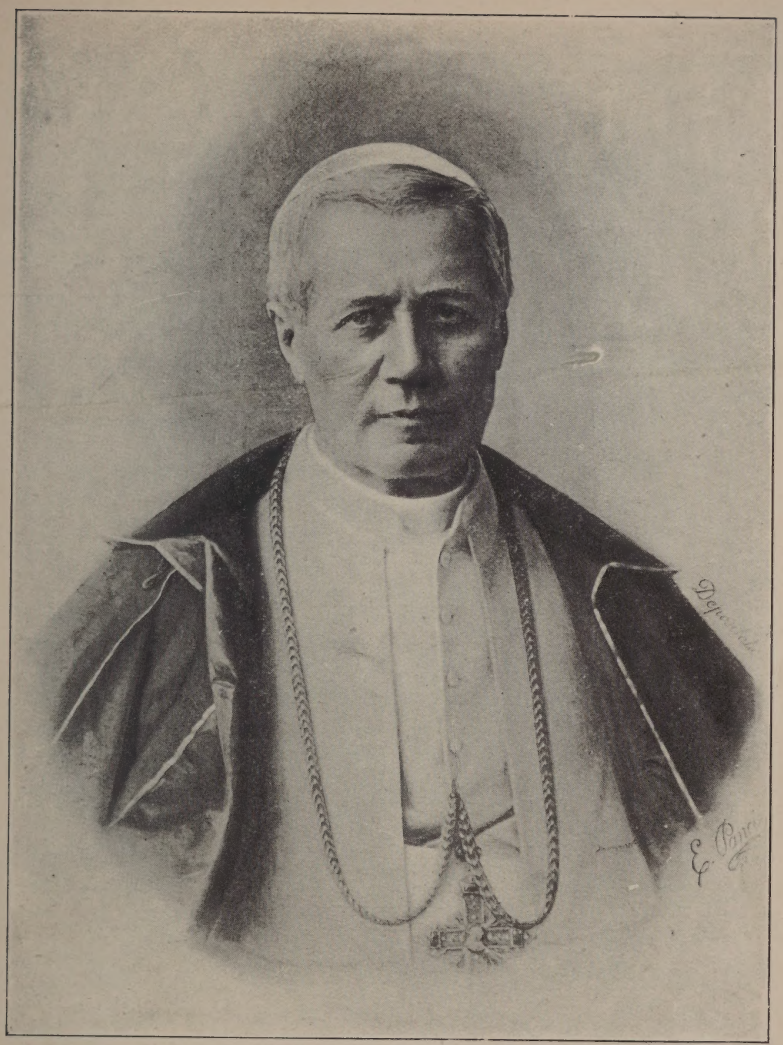
"Above them all I stationed man,
And made him monarch of the earth;
And now, in virtue of My plan,
He is a king by right of birth.

"Nay more, I gave him proof afresh
Of Love that has no counterpart;
I came on earth and took his flesh,
And made him brother of My Heart.

"He now may claim, by right divine,
A royal house and ancient sway,
Compared to which the oldest line
Of kings is but as yesterday.

"And if he seek for further proof
Of Love begot in Heaven above,
I enter still beneath his roof,
And all I ask is love for Love."

O man, thou hast not understood,
Nor loved nor thanked thy Friend of friends!
For all thy past ingratitude,
Wilt thou not haste to make amends?



POPE PIUS X.

"May the labors of the American Federation of Catholic Societies—which has begun with the prudence worthy of the highest praise—be crowned with the blessing and assistance of God."

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

BY G. H. M.

The seventh national convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies and Parishes will be held in Symphony Hall, Boston, August 9th to 12th, 1908. Hundreds of prominent Catholic men and women, from all sections of our country, and representing the various nationalities, will attend this convention, to deliberate on problems of vital interest to Church and Country. What more fitting prelude to the centenary celebration of the establishment

MOST REV. W. H. O'CONNELL, D.D.,
Archbishop of Boston.

"The Federation is a power for the nation's good and God's glory. Leo has prayed for it, Pius now prays for it, and the prayers of Christ's Vicars shall be heard."

of the Episcopal See in Boston could be desired?

To estimate the magnitude of the work undertaken by the American Federation one need but consider a few of the many issues with which this organization concerns itself—such as divorce, socialism, observance of the Lord's Day, indecent advertisements and an indecent stage, Christian education, the missions,—at home and abroad,—the Catholic press and the spread of Catholic literature, improving the condition of immigrants, approving the enactment

of laws to prohibit child labor, and many other public issues that should engage the attention of the Catholic body. There is urgent need of such a corrective influence as these federated Catholic societies can exert in bringing about a higher standard of public morality.

Much has been accomplished already. The first national convention was held at Cincinnati, Ohio, December 10, 1901. After intelligent discussion, much patient hard work and with a strong desire on the part of the different nationalities and the different societies represented to federate upon a generally acceptable

MOST REV. S. G. MESSMER, D.D.,
Archbishop of Milwaukee.

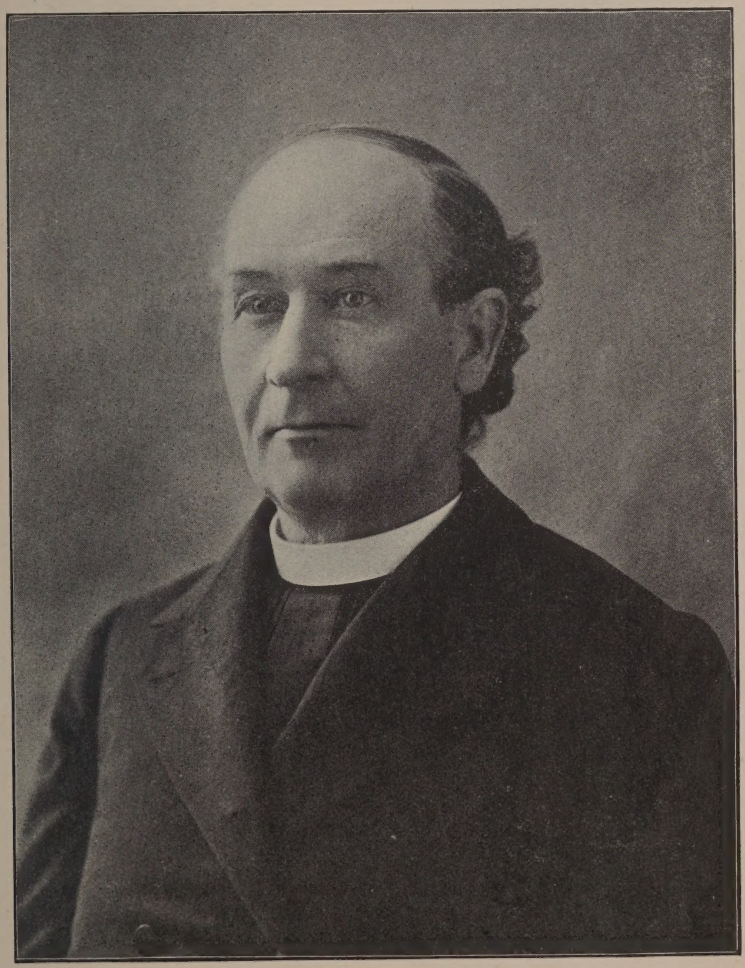
"A federation of Catholic societies . . . . . what a tremendous power that would be for the strengthening and the uplifting, the upbuilding of Catholic spirit, and Catholic work, and Catholic life among the children of the Church, first of all, and then among those that are separated from us!"

basis a charter bond was at last framed, and the American Federation of Catholic Societies began its career. Seven years have passed by, and the organization has spread throughout the length and breadth of our country. Conventions have been held at Chicago, Atlantic City, Detroit, New Orleans, Buffalo, and Indianapolis,—each one adding to the strength of the movement.

RT. REV. JAMES A. McFAUL, D.D.,
Bishop of Trenton.

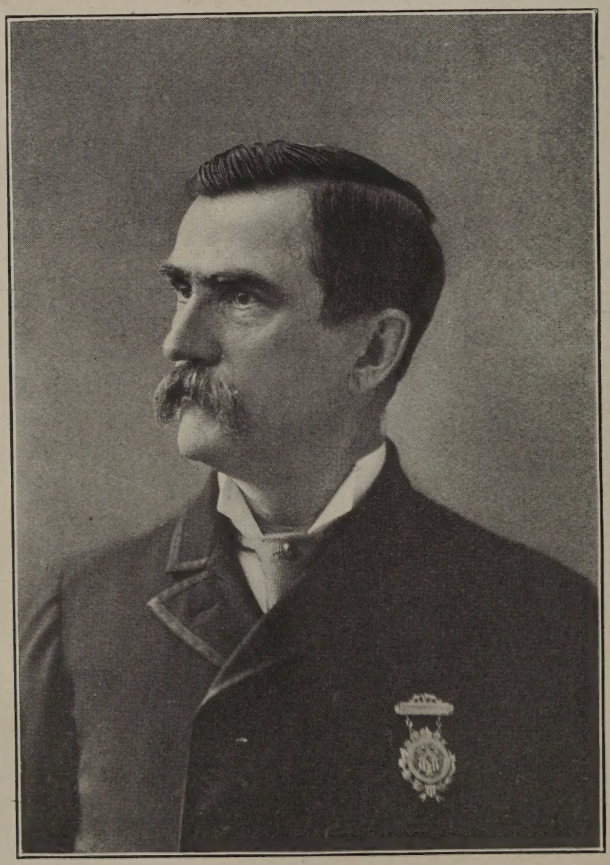
"The American Federation of Catholic Societies has been in existence about six years, and already it has grown to magnificent proportions. Not only Catholicity in the United States, but in Porto Rico and the Philippines, has received new life and vigor from the pulsations of its mighty heart."

What has Federation accomplished during the seven years of its existence? Among other things it has created a Catholic public opinion in the United States; secured the repeal of the obnoxious marriage law in Cuba; bettered conditions in the Philippine Islands; brought about the appointment of Catholics on the Indian and Philippine commissions; secured permission for the celebration of Mass in the navy yards and public institutions, including prisons and reform schools; obtained the appointment of Catholic army chaplains; assisted Catholic Indian schools and Negro missions; introduced Catholic books in public libraries; established friendly relations between societies, especially of different nationalities; agitated for stricter divorce laws; demanded revision of histories



RT. REV. ARTHUR J. TEELING, D.D.,
Chaplain Essex County A. F. C. S.

and books of reference prejudicial to the Catholic Church; secured the restoration of rations to Catholic Indian scholars, and the defeat of the Bard amendment affecting the rights of Catholic Indians; inaugurated a crusade against immoral literature, etc.



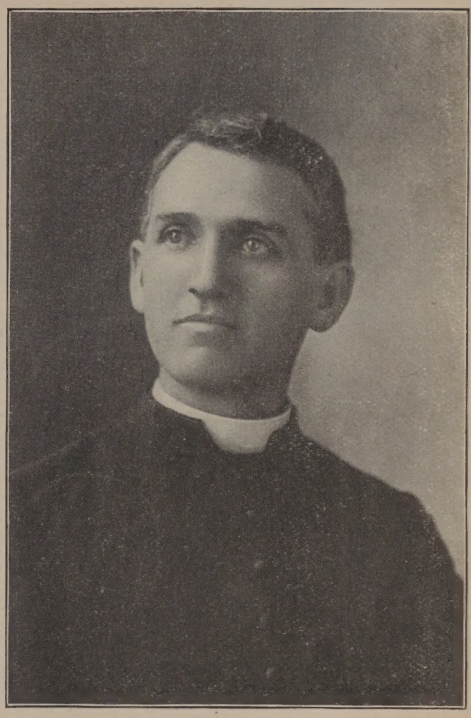
EDWARD FEENEY,
National President of A. F. C. S.

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THE MARVELLOUS GROWTH OF THE FEDERATION?

To answer this question let us consider for a moment the actual meaning of the movement, and the principle that supplies its motive power. "Every student of public affairs, and of the rise and progress of great movements," said His Grace, the Most Rev. W. H. O'Connell, D.D., Archbishop of Boston, at the convention of the Suffolk County Branch, "realizes that the power which finally stirs public sentiment to action is dual in its character: first, a principle, true, sound and sane; secondly, the numbers behind that principle. History reveals sadly enough that the mere truth of a principle is no guarantee that it will prevail over all human objects. At least its success is often delayed by the inertia of majorities on the other

side, but if with the force of truth there be the added power of numbers then success even if delayed must finally come." These words of His Grace are strikingly exemplified in the growth of the movement. More than two million earnest Catholic men and women are now enrolled in the American Federation, making it indeed a factor to be reckoned with.

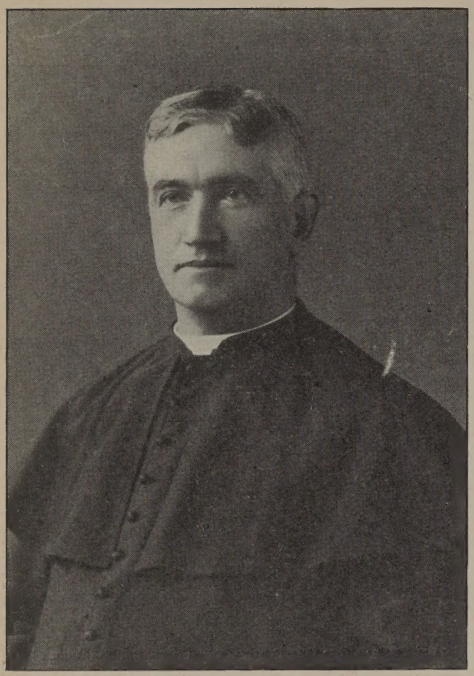
"He who would search," said Mr. Minahan, the first president of the Federation, "for the real sources of the Federation of Catholic Societies will find his pathway leading directly to the study of the most profound thinker of the age, Leo XIII. The central idea of Federation, which in its fullest meaning is but another name for apostolate of the laity, is actually only a single ray from



REV. FRANCIS X. DOLAN, D.D.
Chaplain Suffolk Co. A. F. C. S.

HENRY WESSLING.
President Suffolk Co. A. F. C. S., and 4th National Vice-President.

the broad stream of light pouring from the Vatican for a quarter of a century. The fundamental element of Federation may be recognized in the famous encyclical defining the duties of Catholic citizens. Analyzed, its utterances all point towards just such an awakening of Catholic endeavor on the part of laymen. To the great White Shepherd himself we owe the first thought of the grand movement for the apostolate of the laity. His was the clarion voice that first called upon Catholics everywhere to co-operate in moulding social thought and directing public, moral, and intellectual life. As crystalizing his thought upon lay action take this paragraph from one of the encyclicals: 'Catholic action of whatever description it be will work with greater effect if all the



REV. JOHN S. CULLEN,
Chaplain Middlesex Co., A. F. C. S.

various associations, while preserving their individual autonomy, move together under one primary and directive force." Pius X. has blessed the efforts of the zealous promoters of Federation; and the Catholic hierarchy of the United States, recognizing the real source of the movement and its momentous influence on the life of the nation, has put the seal of its approval upon the work of federating Catholic societies.

The principles of Federation must commend the movement not only to Catholics but to all who have at heart the sanctity of the home and the welfare of the nation. These principles are set forth briefly and clearly in the following platform, adopted at the sixth national convention at Indianapolis, July 14-17, 1907:

The American Federation of Catholic Societies is an organization of Catholics in the United States for the purpose of advancing their civil, social and religious interests.

It is not a political organization, and does not control the political affiliation of its members; it asks no favors or privileges, but openly proclaims what is just and fair.

It aims at the creation of sound public opinion on all important topics of the day; it stands for the Christian life of the nation itself; for the proper observance of Sunday; for the Christian education of youth; for the sanctity and perpetuity of Christian marriage; for the safeguarding of the Christian home.

It asserts the necessity of Christian principles in social and public life, in the State, in business, in all financial and industrial relations.

It combats all errors which are in opposition to Christianity and threaten to undermine the very foundations of human society.

It is willing to co-operate with all loyal citizens and with all civil and social energies which work for truth and virtue.

It exposes falsehood and injustice, whether in misrepresentation of history, doctrine, or principles of morality.

The aims of Federation, therefore, are religious and patriotic; they are the interests of all American citizens, and especially of those who believe in a divine Law-Giver and in the revelation of a divine religion through Christ our Saviour.

TIMOTHY W. HALEY,
President Middlesex Co., A. F. C. S.

THE FEDERATION CRUSADE AGAINST EVIL LITERATURE.

It would be impossible to dwell at length on the many aims of Federation, but we may profitably devote a few moments to illustrating the need of such a movement by considering what it would mean if even one of its projects received the undivided support of all Catholics,—the crusade against evil literature and the propaganda of Catholic literature for Catholic homes.

The Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, Bishop of Trenton, one of the founders of Federation, in his pastoral letter, "Some Modern Problems," has a vital word to say about the influence of good literature on the family and of the incalculable harm wrought through a vitiated press.

JAMES F. BURKE,
President Norfolk Co., A. F. C. S.

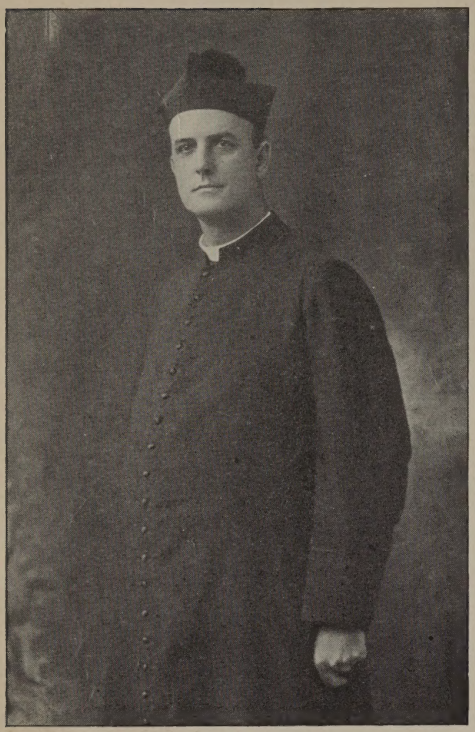
"In our day everybody reads. Periodicals, pamphlets, and newspapers are the literature of the millions. It is the daily newspaper, however, that enjoys the largest patronage. We must have the news warm at our breakfast table every morning. No doubt a newspaper is a potent factor for good or evil, and America publishes some excellent secular newspapers, which may safely be introduced into the family. But what about those purveyors of uncleanness, the vulgar sheets reeking with nastiness, so largely read by all classes? Reprove them for their vileness and the reply is: *We print the news.* Yes, they do, and *such news;* and *such advertisements!* Every one will admit that some of our newspapers are a disgrace. It is shocking to witness the harm which these disreputable journals do by pandering to the lower passions

JOHN DRISCOLL,
President Essex Co., A. F. C. S.

SIXTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OF AMERICAN FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES, HELD AT INDIANAPOLIS, JULY, 1907.

SIXTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OF AMERICAN FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES, HELD AT INDIANAPOLIS, JULY, 1907.

Photograph by C. F. Bretzman.



REV. JOHN F. KELEHER,
Chaplain Plymouth Co., A. F. C. S.

of the multitude. They educate in crime, destroy purity; in a word, sow immorality. We desire to employ all the power of our holy office to stem this flood of corruption, and we therefore most earnestly beseech parents to banish all such newspapers and books from their firesides." Continuing, Bishop McFaul scores the newspapers for placing before the young accounts of most revolting deeds, and for inciting the depraved to further crime by a detailed recital of heinous offences.

The Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D., in an exhaustive study of modern conditions in regard to reading asks the question: "Is the invention of printing a boon or a curse?" And he declares that it is precisely bad literature that has made France of to-day infidel, and that the greater number of the papers and novels of the day "bear the devil's imprimatur."

If the approaching convention can stem the tide of immoral and sensational literature that is flowing over the country that act alone would compensate it for all the labor expended. It is an object that should have the support of every member of the Catholic body.

ARCHBISHOP O'CONNELL AND FEDERATION.

As has been said before the American Federation of Catholic Societies in all its work will move under the guidance of the hierarchy, the divinely-appointed leaders of the Church of Christ. Thus in the archdiocese of Boston, Federation has progressed marvellously under the encouragement of the Most Reverend Archbishop, who while asserting his sympathy with the work earnestly ex-

EDWIN F. MULREADY,
Presidept Plymouth Co., A. F. C. S.

horted his hearers at the Suffolk County Convention to give it their undivided support. "From the beginning," said His Grace, "I have felt the most intense interest in the birth and progress of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. I am happy to be here to-day to give an added proof of that interest which has grown with the development of the Federation, and I trust that my presence and my words will give it an impetus that will ensure the success of this movement in Massachusetts . . . We must stand for the truth and make our voices heard in its behalf." During his address the Archbishop emphasized repeatedly the necessity of acting and working for ourselves "not only with reliance upon divine guidance but with the most prudent foresight and the most energetic interest in a cause that is not only His but ours. In safeguarding the Church's interests in the world we must have not only divine faith but keen, sensitive, human wisdom. To the righteousness of our cause we must therefore add the weight of public opinion. That is precisely the end for which Federation is working." United action was dwelt upon as the centralization and concentration of activities—an imperative necessity in face of the evils that Catholics of the present day are called upon to combat, evils created by enemies of God and His Church who hesitate not to employ even violence in their battle against Omnipotence.

"And against this violence, fierce and dangerous as it is, not only to us, but to all that is sacred and best to the human race, who shall forbid us to build a wall of protection? A wall impregnable because founded upon the solid foundations of the Church which cannot fail; a wall behind which some day, I firmly believe, all sane men who value whatever is best in human life in this world and the next will be glad to take refuge. Go back to your homes, to your parishes, to your local organizations fired with a new zeal to make this gospel of Federation better known and better understood. The Federation is a power for the nation's good and God's glory. Leo has prayed for it, Pius now prays for it, and the prayers of Christ's Vicars shall be heard—heard not only in the courts of heaven, but heard throughout the Christian world, and men with willing hearts and docile minds will at last unite for the common good; tied to no political party nor acting as one political party, but resting its power upon chastened and righteous public sentiment for the common good and God's eternal glory."

What wonder that the men who listened with rapt attention to the impassioned words spoken by the Most Reverend Archbishop were fired with a new zeal to make this gospel of Federation better known and better understood. The impulse thus given by the head of the archdiocese has gone like an electric current through the length and breadth of the great and flourishing archdiocese of Boston and thousands of men and women have enrolled themselves under the banner of Federation. To-day the more than two hundred parishes and the majority of the five hundred societies are affiliated, and it will be their earnest endeavor to make the coming convention the most memorable in the history of the movement.

SPECIFIC FEATURES IN MASSACHUSETTS BRANCHES.

It may be well to note here some specific features of organization work in the Massachusetts branches of Federation.

MEMBERSHIP.

The units of Federation are parishes and Catholic Societies:

1. Parishes include every adult member of the congregation. Holy Name Societies, sodalities and other societies of a strictly parochial or religious nature are comprised in term parish.
2. Societies include all Catholic Fraternal Organizations, Temperance Societies, Literary Unions, Aid Societies, Catholic Young Men's Associations and similar organizations not of a strictly parochial or religious nature.

REPRESENTATION.

The three parochial representatives may be chosen directly by the Pastor from the body of the parishioners; or, with his approval, may be elected by a parish meeting; or by one or more of the several parish organizations. The manner of selecting society representatives is left to the discretion of the societies. Women may serve as representatives of parishes and societies.

TAXATION.

Parishes which become members of the Federation pay an annual tax of five dollars. Three dollars are remitted to the National Organization for its expenses, and two dollars are kept for county needs.

Societies pay an annual per capita tax of five cents. Of this amount two cents are for the national body and three cents remain for county needs.

THE COMING CONVENTION.

The convention will open on Sunday, August 9th, with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in Holy Cross Cathedral, followed by a sermon by the Most Rev. W. H. O'Connell, D.D., Archbishop of Boston. Attendance at the convention itself will be restricted to properly accredited delegates, but the public will be cordially invited to the two mass meetings which the committee has arranged. These meetings will be held in Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, August 9th, and Tuesday evening, August 11th. Though three days of the convention will be devoted to earnest work, the committee has set aside Thursday, August 13th, for refreshment of mind and rest of body, by arranging a trip among the picturesque islands of Boston harbor and drives through the famous parkways and beautiful suburbs. No more desirable place in America could be chosen for a midsummer congress than the city of Boston, where a royal welcome awaits the delegates of the seventh national convention.

The meetings will be notable for the prominence of the speakers and the importance of the subjects discussed. It depends upon the delegates to make the convention notable also in results. Two million members await the initiative of their accredited representatives. There is a vast field of endeavor for every intelligent man and woman. Catholics need to be thoroughly roused from their lethargy, to be awakened to a full knowledge of the responsibility that their great heritage entails upon them. Much has been done already and when this full awakening takes place many more things will come to pass. Among others the inestimable advantages of Christian education will be recognized; the tremendous work that is being done so quietly and effectively by devoted religious, whose aim is solely to serve God and humanity, willl be accorded the appreciation it merits, and the Catholic laity will realize that their every need has been provided for by the broad, far-reaching policy of the Church.

Members of the American Federation have a special responsibility by reason of their standing among their fellow men. "The very fact that you are a factor in this movement means that you are a more patriotic and public-spirited citizen," said Archbishop O'Connell. "The common good means the peace, prosperity and happiness of humanity. In working for the common good, therefore, the Federation is to strive for the peace and prosperity and the happiness of America."

As a last word, to sink deep into the heart of the reader—and later bear fruit in deeds—let us take from the same source the following passage, which embodies also the exhortation of Leo XIII. of happy memory:

"Federation is going to bring about a public appreciation of what the Church stands for to the nation in a way that we can never again be ignored. How? On the first page of your Constitution I find the summing up of the whole method and principle. They are the words of the immortal Leo XIII. They ought to be engraved on every banner of the Federation and written indelibly upon the mind of every one of its members.

"May the faithful unite their efforts more efficaciously for the common good and may their union rise like an impregnable wall against the fierce violence of the enemies of God.'"

SANCTUARY.

BY MARY REGINA BRENNAN.

Yea, in my House of Life are many rooms,
Belovèd, whose walls are hung with arras fine,
Embroidered bright with dreams, my dreams and thine;
And every dream so margined with rich blooms,
A sigh but skims the arras—and perfumes
The House. And to thy hands I now resign
The key to this sweet dwelling wherein shine
The love-lamps, lighted 'gainst the evening glooms.

And at thy touch, Dear One, each waiting door
Shall open wide in welcome. Roam at will
Through garnished halls and fragrant chambers, more,
Still more, of Love's sweet tokens finding, till
Thou comest upon a door whose lock is sealed,
That guards white thoughts not e'en to thee revealed.

A QUESTION OF AGE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

The young people had met at a seaside resort,—had talked and walked and sat out of evenings to hear the band play, had talked sentiment under the moon, and the end of it was that they fell honestly and thoroughly in love with each other.

Jack Power was a journalist who had climbed from decriptive reporting to the sub-editorial chair of a daily newspaper in an important town. He was a clever fellow and certain to get on, people said. He had a university degree and was reading for the Bar, in addition to his journalistic work. His friends said he was the sweetest natured fellow in the world. And Madge Banon's friends said the same thing of her.

Madge was a school teacher and very fond of her work. She also had a university degree and was paid fairly well in the schools where she taught: and she had been careful and had put by a little money; as well as keeping herself ever since she had left the parental nest.

"I am very proud of being able to keep myself," she said. "My dear old father is the most generous of men. I simply won't take money from him, for I know he has plenty to do, with the boys only beginning to earn, and the girls to be put to school. I am very proud of it, proud too of the little nest egg I have been putting by year after year against a rainy day. I assure you, it took some self-denial at first to save anything."

"I wonder what use a nest egg would be against a rainy day," he said laughing at her. "An umbrella would be much more useful."

"I used to feel that it would be so dreadful to have no provision against old age and illness," she said, contemplatively.

"Wouldn't a husband do as well?" he laughed again.

"Ah, but I might never have had a husband."

"Is it so likely, with your eyes?"

They were engaged between themselves, but as yet neither Madge's father, Peter Banon, or Jack's father, Tom Power, knew what the young people had been doing. However, there was not likely to be any opposition to the marriage on either side. Madge, looking at Jack, Jack, looking at Madge, was certain that any parent, even the most exacting, must bless such a happy choice. And neither Peter Banon nor Tom Power was exacting; each was so fond a father that their respective children had the first faint disagreement over their perfection.

"There isn't as handsome an old man nor as kind and friendly and hospitable between the four seas of Ireland as my father," Jack Power said, glowing with affectionate pride.

"You haven't seen mine," said Madge, with an air of tolerance.

Madge wrote home her wonderful news to her father; and a little later brought down her fiancé to be inspected by the home ones. There was no mother. Mrs. Banon had died a good many years back, and Madge would often say that her father had been father and mother both to his children.

He was a beautiful old man with eyes as blue as the eyes of a young child, an innocent rosy face, handsome features and a little tossure of dark

curls encircling a head otherwise bald. It was pleasant to see him with his children, who adored him. The little home was sweet and fresh, set amid country pastures. With flowers outside and flowery chintz and wall-papers and carpets inside, to say nothing of the faces of the girls, the little house had a garden-like suggestion for Jack Power, who was a young man of imagination. He was delighted that his Madge had grown up amid such fragrant surroundings.

The neighbors came in and inspected Jack Power and approved of him. So did the relations. The young people lived in an atmosphere of goodwill.

The next thing was for Tom Power to approve his son's choice. Jack was an only son, and his father lived on his farm at Gartmore, with his sister Hannah, to take care of him and keep him company.

Madge went on her visit to Gartmore and won golden opinions even from Jack's Aunt Hannah, who was devoted to her nephew and had a low opinion of the young women of the present day. Madge was delighted with Jack's father, who was a towering giant of a man, clean-shaven, with dominant grey eyes and the close black hair on his big head just flecked with grey.

"I'm seventy-two years of age and I don't look it," said Tom Power one day when they were talking of ages.

"No, indeed you don't," Madge assented warmly; while Miss Hannah Power sniffed indignantly in the corner.

"Hannah thinks I oughtn't to be giving away her age," said Tom Power gleefully. "Isn't it written in the family bible?"

"Father is seventy-two," said Madge, "but he looks older than you. He has lost his hair and most of his teeth."

"And mine are sound as a nut," said Tom Power. "Come outside, Madge, my daughter, and see me throw the weight. I haven't forgotten the trick of it yet."

Madge duly saw and admired. Tom Power had been a famous athlete in his day and had not yet lost his prowess, despite his more than seventy years.

It was a great adventure for Tom Power and his sister Hannah to go from their warm fireside into another county to visit Peter Banon. It was so long since they had travelled; but of course they must be friends with the family into which Jack was going to marry, so they embarked on the adventure.

It was all idyllic at first. Peter Banon drove Tom Power over the farm in his little pony-cart, the two heads very close together, for Hannah Power made herself at home with the girls, winning their confidence—for at first they had been a bit afraid of the handsome, astute spinster—by her admiration of the beautiful old fashioned house and furniture, and the excellent order in which it was kept.

For two whole days there was nothing but harmony. Madge who had her holidays was in the seventh heaven, nothing missing from her happiness but the presence of Jack, who had to be at the office of his paper all the week, but was coming down for Saturday and Sunday. Madge loved to see the two old men together and to hear them talking of this and that person or event they remembered.

But on the evening of the second day there was a rift in the lute.

Some neighboring boys had come

in to supper at the hospitable house. While they waited for the meal the boys amused themselves by various athletic feats, amid the applause of the pretty, black-haired, rosy-cheeked Banon girls.

Tom Power and Peter Banon were sitting under an apple tree on which the blossoms were just turning to little apples. They were smoking the pipe of peace, looking on tranquilly at the happiness of the young people.

Presently one of the boys approached Tom Power with a request. His prowess was remembered all over Ireland, although it was a good many years since he had made any public appearance. Would he show them what he could do, so that they might tell the tale to their friends and neighbors?

They did not expect very much from the veteran, but after a modest disclaimer on Tom Power's part — "sure he was too old to do anything now: wouldn't he be only making an omadhawn of himself?"—the old man consented.

The young fellows stood around awed while Tom Power showed them some of the feats which had made him famous. He had kept himself in training, and at seventy-two he could still give points to the lads. The air rang with applause as he retired to his seat under the apple-tree, with a beaming countenance, and only very slightly winded.

"You're a great man entirely," said Peter Banon with heartfelt admiration.

"It isn't too bad for an old man like me," Tom Power said, modestly.

"Is it old you're calling yourself?" Peter Banon said. "Sure you're young. Wait till you're my age."

"Why, we're of an age, man. The *girsha* was telling me you were seventy-two last March. I was seventy-two in February. I'm an older man than you by a month."

"I don't believe it. 'Tis given in to me that I'm the halest man of my age in the County Tipperary; but I couldn't do what you've done."

"Small blame to you. I do a bit with the hammer and the pole every day. It keeps the limbs soople."

"If you're seventy-two, then I'm eighty-two," said Peter Banon doggedly.

It was the cloud no bigger than a man's hand which foreboded a storm. For two days they argued the question of their ages with an increasing acrimoniousness. The third day they almost came to blows: and Peter Banon who had never closed his door against a neighbor during all his kindly years of life, had actually suggested to Tom Power that there was a certain train very convenient for travelling to the County Waterford which left the Junction at four o'clock in the afternoon. If Mr. Power wished to travel by it the outside car, or the covered car was at his disposel.

Mr. Power was very much obliged to Mr. Banon; but he would not trouble Mr. Banon to send him to the Junction. Thank God he had good feet under him and could walk the few miles without inconvenience. The remark was another offence to Peter Banon who was a sufferer from the gout.

They bade each other farewell with the most frozen politeness. Poor Madge was almost in hysterics. The other girls were almost equally disturbed and unhappy. Miss Hannah Power, having done her best to make the two old men see sense, packed up her fine stiff silks and her good old muslins and laces with

philosophy. She thought very little of the understanding of the other sex, and she acknowledged that for her part she was not surprised. She did not suppose the breach would ever be healed—men were so pig-headed. And for her part, whether Tom liked it or not, she was going to accept Mr. Banon's offer and drive to the Junction. Indeed, she didn't know how she was going to get the luggage there else.

"But it is terrible, terrible," said Madge, weeping. "To think of Jack's father and mine parting on bad terms! What will Jack say? And it is so difficult to appease father once he has taken offence."

"Indeed it's just the same way with Tom," said Miss Power, standing by and watching Madge while she packed for her. "'Tis as likely as not they'll never speak to each other again. There, my dear, don't be crying over my *moire antique.* That particular shade of puce spoils so easily."

"I suppose I shall have to wait till Jack comes down," Madge had said to herself, with a feeling of comfort in the midst of all the trouble at the thought of Jack. Jack would soon set things to rights. The whole business was so foolish. She kept hoping till the hall door closed heavily behind Tom Power that the principals in the quarrel would recognise the folly for themselves and shake hands at last, with a laugh.

A little later and Peter Banon, with fine old-fashioned courtesy, was handing Miss Power into the covered car, tucking her in carefully with the rug, as though no shadow had come between the houses.

He stood there with his cap off till the covered car had turned a corner of the avenue and was out of sight. Then he came slowly back to the house.

As he entered the hall he came face to face with Madge, and glared at her red eyes and her air of disorder.

"That is the last of the Powers," he said vindictively. "Mind, I won't have that man's son coming about the place. If he has the poor spirit to want to come just you keep him away; for I can't answer for how I might behave to him."

"Father!"

"Let me hear no more of this folly between you and Power," he said passing her by.

The end of it was that Madge departed from her father's house within twenty-four hours of the departure of the Powers. She had had a scene with her father which hurt her dreadfully, for she had always been a little dearer, a little more devoted to him than her sisters. But she was angry with him. He would insist on regarding her engagement as a thing to be lightly put aside, because of the folly of two old men, she said to herself bitterly.

Jack, who had been looking forward with delight to his week-end, had already heard of the quarrel from his Aunt Hannah. He came to meet Madge at the station in response to her telegram and took her away to a quiet place before they talked over matters. It was a green garden much affected by children and their nurses in the mornings, but in the afternoon usually left to the birds.

The air was delicious with the scent of the new-mown hay, of the lilac and hawthorn just going out of bloom, of the syringa and elder beginning to blow.

When they had taken possession of their favorite seat which was hidden

away delightfully in a little maze of clipped hedges, to her great suprise and somewhat to her annoyance he began to laugh, quietly at first, and then more and more uproariously.

"You don't understand the seriousness of it," Madge protested. "My dear old man is so obstinate once he gets an idea into his head. You should have just seen your father's back, as he stalked off to walk over the bogland to the Junction. It was obstinacy itself."

"I can imagine it. As soon as he got home he sent me his ultimatum. All was to be over between you and me, darling."

Again he laughed softly. She did not know whether to be cheered up or annoyed by the way he was taking it. But suddenly he became serious.

"My poor little darling," he said, "it has been grieving you. You are quite pale. And I was a wretch to laugh. Only I see my way so clearly out of it."

"Tell me."

"Well, in the first place you have just to go straight home." The day was Thursday. "I shall be with you on Saturday as I promised. And I will bring my father with me. I have only to hunt up a baptisma certificate. As it happens my father was born in Dublin, my grandmother having come up to town for his birth, since doctors and nurses were scarce commodities then in the neighborhood of Sheil Bawn. You see I know my dear old governor as well as you know yours. One can always make him do the handsome thing by proving to him that the other party has been hopelessly in the wrong. His magnanimity is sheer Quixotism."

"But how are you going to do it?"

"I had a mind to keep it from you, but I won't let you suffer suspense. I thought it out in the small hours after the receipt of Aunt Hannah's letter in which she told me about the whole ruction. You've no idea what a Complete Letter-Writer Aunt Hannah is."

Again he burst into a laugh, as he told her his way out; and her eyes danced and sparkled. For the moment at least she had no misgivings. She had time for plenty during the three hours' journey to the Junction; but she put them away from her. Jack had been so certain of his father, and she knew that hers was not to be outdone in generosity. So she waited and hoped.

Her father came to meet her at the Junction, and she thought she detected in his manner a great relief at her return as well as a certain contrition for his harshness with her. Nothing was said between them about the cause of the quarrel, but he kept sending her wistful glances, and he was, if anything, more tender to her than usual.

The time that had to elapse between her return and the hour when Jack might be expected to make his appearance on Saturday was a time of uncommon nervousness for poor Madge. She was glad when at last the hour came. Anything was better than waiting and being afraid: and the thought of seeing Jack was in itself a cheerful thing.

She had enticed her father out along the bog-road by which the travellers should come. It was better than waiting at home. At last there was the whistle of the train, and a few minutes later Madge's heart leaped up, and then fluttered in terror, as she saw the two figures she expected coming to meet

them. She wished there had been a corner round which they might have come suddenly. But there they were, far away and little at first, growing taller as they came nearer.

They had almost met before Peter Banon recognized who was coming. Madge felt rather than saw him stiffen suddenly. His face became very red. Then, before anything worse could happen, Tom Power waved a scrap of paper in the air.

"I was wrong, friend Peter, I was wrong," he said, "I've come to put myself in the right. Shake hands, man."

Peter Banon took the hearty hand a bit shyly, his face clearing wonderfully.

"Here's a scrap of paper this wonderful boy of mine found," Tom Power went on. "Just look at it. I was born on the 29th of February in a Leap Year. Why by rights I won't be seventy-two for three and a half years."

Peter Banon's face dimpled humorously. "Why, sure you're no more than a quarter of my age," he said. And this time it was he who extended the hearty hand of friendship.

The little breeze after all served but to hasten the wedding-day of the happy couple.

"They might be falling out about something else," Jack said. "So we'd better put ourselves beyond the reach of their ultimatums. My persuasions might fail another time. If he wasn't the simplest of men I'd never have persuaded him that it was his duty to heal the breach. Do you know, darling, he is so delighted at your father's simplicity in accepting the Leap Year explanation that he loves him better than a brother."

"While mine chuckles all day over the simplicity of yours."

"They are a dear old couple of innocents," said Jack Power.

After all Peter Banon was not to be outdone in magnanimity. At his daughter's wedding breakfast he proposed the health of Mr. Power.

"You all know what he is, neighbors," he said. "A man I'm proud o be connected with. Look at him sitting there. He's as old a man as I am, and a better man, aye, a better man than I could ever hope to be."

Amid the torrent of 'No! No! No!'s' excited by this latter remark, which Tom Power led vigorously, the bridegroom whispered to the bride.

"It is being borne in on me," he said, "that they weren't half as simple as we thought them. It's my belief that they were both very glad to get out of an impossible quarrel, and that they were laughing in their sleeves at us for our clumsy device for bringing them together."

"*Your* clumsy device," said the bride ungratefully.

THE SNOWBIRD.

BY E. P. TIVNAN, S.J.

Hushed is thy plaining note,
Thy winter song,
Rippling from out thy throat
The dark day long.

Thy fellows all have fled
Like melting snow.
Winter, thy sire, is dead,
Thou, too, must go.

VIOLETS.

BY MARY SCULLIN.

When the violets bloom sweet in the spring, Marguerite,
Then I will be dreaming of you;
For the violet's pure grace in my heart holds a place,
With the days when our love-dream was new.
The sunshine and roses of summer will seek
In memory's sweet treasures to share,
They'll bring to my vision the rose in your cheek,
And the sunshine of gold in your hair.

Oh the violets blue will their lives renew,
In the fragrant breath of the spring,
And your memory lives in my heart as true
As the scents to the violets cling,
Let the roses wreathe the summer's brow,
And the asters deck the fall;
The violets sweet that the springtime greet
Are the dearest flowers of all.

When the autumn leaves fall in the forest, sweetheart,
And the green grass has faded to brown,
I'll think of you then—with a pain at my heart—
And the church near the old country town.
When the winter snows fall like a shroud, Marguerite,
Over village and woodland and hill,
I'll think of you then, as I saw you, my sweet,
In your grave so peaceful and still.

But the violets will grow on your grave, I know,
When the winter's reign is o'er;
With fragrant breath, that fears not death,
They'll come with the spring once more.
Let the roses wreathe the summer's brow,
And the asters deck the fall;
The violets sweet that the spring-time greet
Are the dearest flowers of all.

ROUND THE LOCH OF THE FISHES.

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BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Author of "A Lad of the O'Friels," "Donegal Fairy Stories," "Through the Turf Smoke," etc.

It was a beautiful June afternoon when I came up with the Loch of the Fishes—just where it finds outlet—and set my feet on the road that rings it. The loch empties itself adown a happy, fertile valley. From thence it stretches away, far and far, among great gray and brown and purple hills that crush and crowd around three sides of it, and eagerly stand a-tip-toe, peering over the shoulder one of another, for grateful glimpse of the beauteous thing, which, through ages beyond count, faithfully, unmurmuringly, they have guarded and cherished.

People there are—and alas! too many who would shun a long tramp upon an afternoon of June. Thank Heaven, I am not of these. I am a child of the sun; always I love to have him with me. When he is fiercest my spirit riots for the stimulus. Bright and warm, the sun was with me as I swung along the white road this afternoon; but there was a pleasing zephyr that sprang after me up the happy valley from the sea, and blew around the Loch of the Fishes. My road ran, winding, by the water's edge. I had the blue waters on my right, but on my left and just from the very road-side the hills made sudden start.

Almost half way up the vegetation was luxuriant, beyond that they were barren, blue and grey—barren that is to say to the eyes of material man. The fertile slopes were strewn with rich, thick clusters of trees and bushes, oak and fir, holly, birch and whitethorn, in abundance. Wild flowers, too, of all hues, grew everywhere in lavish profusion—for the soft moist air from the western ocean combined with the genial sun to spread signal favors upon these beauteous slopes. Taking these impressions my eye luxuriously ranged over the charmingly variegated hillsides as I went happily forward.

In a little nook on the cool green marge of the dusty white road—a nook formed by an intermission in the bushes it was—I suddenly came upon three children, a dirty-faced, brown-eyed, pretty little *cailin* who had probably seen six summers, and a white-haired, bare-headed, bright-eyed boy of maybe five, together with another nondescript, petticoated male of three or four. They were chattering volubly when I came on them. They started, frightened, and scattered like a nest of partridges, when, unexpectedly, a big strange man halted in their view. The spoils left at my mercy where they had nestled were an old sock—what they were doing with it I cannot for the life of me guess—a much misused school-book, and a watch that would in the market probably be appraised at three-fourths of a penny. I presume it was thought for these, their treasures, which caused the two elder children to stay their flight when they had got half-a-score yards away, and assured themselves that behind them was a clear line of retreat. The youngster carried himself another half-score of yards ere he considered it discreet to stay his flight. They turned around, and faced me shyly. I looked from them to their forsaken treasures, and from their forsaken treasures again to them. The little *cailin*, bending her

head on one side, and blushing through dirt, smiled a shy, somewhat pleading, smile. I shook my head with solemnity, meant to be enigmatical. The boy, her companion, assumed a lugubrious look hereupon; but she, evidently more schooled in the world, blushed and smiled again, intimating that she knew it was but playfulness

"Come here," I then said.

And very slowly, foot by foot, the little girl crept forward, her comrade following her up in the same manner—more for the protection of her presence than from desire to humor my request.

"What is your name!" I said to the little woman.

"Brigid."

"Brigid, a pretty name," I said. "Is there any more to it?"

"Ay," she said, "Brigid Harley."

"And what's his name?"

"He is Eddie—Eddie MacNulty."

"Oh, are ye married?"

"No, we are not," very seriously.

"Oh, I see; you are only going to get married yet?"

"No, we aren't," the boy spoke up hastily, lest the impression should take too strong hold on my mind.

"Then I beg your pardon," I said, fo the mistake. "Don't you think won't you marry her?"

He paused a while before he answered "No."

"Why?" in surprise—"Why won't you marry her?" The fact that he had his finger in his mouth prevented me understanding the reply. "What does he say?" I asked Brigid. Brigid had put her finger into her mouth, and was blushing furiously. Instead of replying to me, she laughed confusedly. Then I referred to Eddie himself. Again he gave me the same reply as before, in the same indistinct way.

"What's that he says, Brigid?"

Brigid was blushing. She was shifting her balance from one foot to the other, and swaying her body, as she laughed again confusedly, without deigning any more illuminative reply.

"I don't know what you say, Eddie? Tell me why you won't marry Brigid?"

He took his finger now out of his mouth, and spake up and said, "She's too dirty!"

Brigid's laugh rang out with a feigned heartiness that was heroic under the circumstances. She swayed her body this time so as to turn her face completely away from me; but when the face came within the sphere of my vision again it was red as could be any pretty girl's face under much dirt. I laughed then, and I think the candor of my laugh relieved Brigid a good deal, for she mustered courage to cast at Eddie a sidelong glance which very plainly signified "He's foolish of course, but amusing."

I said, "Brigid won't you marry Eddie?"

"No," she said decidedly.

"And why wouldn't you marry him?"

"He's not nice."

She had repaid Eddie with telling force; the shaft pointed with sharp truth, went home; for Eddie at this took on such a look as made even Brigid laugh aloud. I found that Brigid had attained the third book, whereas Eddie was still in the infant primer.

"Can you spell, Eddie?"

"I can."

"Very well, spell Nebuchadnezzar, and I'll give you a penny?" The poor boy was dumfounded and Brigid malignantly enjoyed his confusion:

Not far beyond the trysting place of Brigid and Eddie the road wound around a circular inlet of the lake. The

bushes that had luxuriantly lined the way elsewhere fell away here presenting to full view the inlet with two little headlands that guarded it, the white lake without, and the mountains beyond—a beautiful picture that stayed my steps, and held me lingering long. Tall, green bull-rushes grew so sparsely as not to obscure the waters, and floating water-lilies in plenty besprinkled the inlet. On the promontory (not far distant) the birds were choiring in a thousand bushes or little trees that came crowding one another down to the water's edge. While the inlet glimmered white, the outer lake showed beautifully blue; and purple mystery robed the hills away. There was a luxurious glow in the atmosphere and a seductive rest, and sweet Peace sat upon the scene. No human habitation was in view, and I felt that I could well welcome the witch's wand which would fix me where I stood, if, at the same time, it everlastingly fixed also the scene with all its color, all its fascination, all its ineffable sweetness. "Beauteous," I said, "is the Loch of the Fishes, and I would that I might drop my staff, and henceforth here, on an unending June day, let my life glide on, one long, long, sweet dream!"

But this could not be; we are the wandering Jews of creation, and ever must move on. In and out I wound between big hedges of birch and holly—lovely birch with its smooth, shining brown bark, and its fine branches, and its delicate leaves that seem to plead with you for sympathy in that a bush so frail and pretty should be committed to these wilds—and rugged holly of sombre green, seeming to speak its confidence that in these remote rough places it flourished amid congenial surroundings. At intervals a white shower of dog-roses fell upon the hedge; and almost continually the blue-bells looked out with their thousand eyes from the green carpet underneath. Near to the most remote corner of the lake the road struck against the demesne of a Lord (Heaven defend us!) and was by this always impassible barrier diverted at a sharp angle, and sent backward and upward, mounting the quick slope. A small bridge carried the road over a rough tumbling stream which sprang suddenly from a gulch at one side, and dived suddenly into the dark deeps of a wood on the other. As to either hand I looked upon a few perches of rough struggling stream that glimmered and passed between the unknown and the unknown, vividly I saw betwixt the two eternities those few sorry strife-filled moments that are ludicrously dignified with the term Human Life.

From out the woods, into the upward road, an avenue debouched. A neat little brick gate-house with a sodded veranda endeavored to hide itself among the trees. There I rested, leaning across the white avenue-gate, studying the peace that the little half-hid gate-house bespoke, and for sake of change coveted the cool shade that, shaken from o'erhanging beech and chestnut and sycamore, filled the avenue far as my eye could carry down it.

I wished I might walk the avenue gathering the sweet imaginings that from those great mysterious trees must fall on one who wandered down its dusky way. The avenues of the rich seldom smile welcome to wanderers' feet. I timidly drew the bolt of the white gate, walked within, and seating myself on the grass plot before the gate-house looked in through the open door. A little bare-footed girl of twelve, red-haired, freckled-faced, came near

the door and peered at me; a smaller child came behind her.

"Is your mamma in, little girl?"

"No."

"Is your dadda?"

"No."

"Is anyone in?"

"Only us!"

"Only us!" I repeated smiling. "And what are the names of us?"

"I'm Martha, and this is Maggie."

"Martha—Martha—Have you read of Martha in the Bible?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Do you know what the Bible Martha was noted for?"

The gate-house Martha smiled.

"Do you think you are like the Bible Martha?"

Her smile blossomed into a little laugh.

"Well," I said, "I'll not press the point, but may I have a drink of water?"

"Yes, sir, you may take milk."

"Thank you very much, Martha, for your hospitable heart. But—I think, I should prefer a bowl of water—may I come inside to drink it?"

"And welcome."

The lines of beauty were not laïd on Martha's face, but in her smile was a charm that might well put mere physical beauty to the blush. A very neat and clean and cool kitchen Martha was in charge of. She was acting house-wife in the absence of her mother who had gone to town. Her brother had accompanied her mother, and her father was far away at his work. These two little children were alone amid these big woods in which this lovely, lonely little gate-house stood, the very blackbirds hopping about its roof, and the rabbits bounding at its doorstep. Neither the lone beauty, nor the sweet awe of the place, diverted practical Martha from the household duties that devolved on her. For, even while I sat and sipped my bowl of cool spring water, catechising her between sips, she, like her prototype, busied herself very much about things of this world. Before leaving I asked to know if a stranger might take the path through the demesne. Martha shook her head, and said she did not know. She could, however, inform me that she seldom saw strangers go it. I bade good-bye to Martha, and turning my back upon the possessions of the rich man, betook myself again to the poor man's avenue which, guarded by never a gate-house, but free to all, runs round the world and back again.

Just then as much of this avenue as would carry me round the Loch of the Fishes would suffice me. When the road had mounted the hill a goodly bit, it bent to its old direction again, when no longer it had fear of trespassing upon the rich man's demesne. High up here, on the shoulder of the hill, the face of it got more rugged; the holly and the birch, and the old oak indeed were still with me in profusion, and wild flowers in plenty, and the greenest of grass. Larks and robins made for me unceasing music, and the bashful londhu poured its full round notes from the heart of the holly-tree. But the surface was jerkily irregular and boulder-strewn —every boulder the bulk of an ample-sized house, and oftentimes a goodly tree grew upon it.

From the road, where it rounded the shoulder of the mountain, there was spread a magnificent prospect. The long lake with its few little islands around which white birds circled in myriads stretched seawards for some miles. The rich belt of land that stretched from lake to sea showed its woods, and its

well-cultivated fields, and its thousand homes, and its towers and its spires. The outer bay with its green and wooded islands appeared like a glorified loch—for the big blue mountains of the land beyond the Bay swept round, and seemed to shut it in. The highlands that ringed the loch were now to me more distinct. They had put from their faces the haze which distance lent them, and all their ruggedness, their streams, their defiles, their rude carbuncles, and their inner rings where I knew other lochs lay, drew and held the eye.

I had just turned this shoulder, and a great, very deep, cup-like valley, green and pleasant with cultivated fields and with cabins in many, out of whose chimneys curled blue columns of peat smoke, lay smiling and enticing far below me. Down to it the road began to descend quickly—for the rich man's grasp reached not beyond this point. Gliding down into this pleasant valley that was nursed in the lap of the hills was charming, and sauntering across it delightful.

Here I rounded the extreme angle, an acute one, of the loch. I was now bending my face towards the sea and the falling sun, again. As I was now on the southern side of the lake vegetation was not nearly so profuse. Wild flowers were many, but trees were rare, and the bushes that there grew were stunted, and had about them an air of niggardliness and misery; rock and precipice abounded, and, strange as it was, the humble habitations of man, which on the south-facing fertile side of the loch had been seldom enough to be almost sensational when they did occur, clung as thick at times as barnacles to this rugged rock face where the soil was grudging. The beauties of the highlands which rise above this side of the lake were shut from me by straight bold shoulders which bulged above the way so that the most fascinating prospect was over-loch, the landscape I had traversed some hours before. When we have turned life's corner with fond longing we look back upon our beautiful heyday; so fascinated are we with retrospect that oftentimes we become oblivious of the way we travel. And well and wise s this dispensation of God.

A long low thatched schoolhouse by the wayside took my attention, and anigh it a thatched dwelling, longer and larger, and somewhat more pretentious than the bleak cabins of the countryside. At the gate stood a short, stout, bright-visaged man on whose face I read "The Master." When I approached he came out before me, greeting me cordially, and evidently bent on having a conversation, and getting from the stranger news of the outer world for which, no doubt, his heart hungered. However, he was not as the desert sands. He was a man filled with old-world lore, apt of remark, and racy in speech; so much so, that for a long time I forgot that being tired I should seat myself, and rest while I spoke. I was thirsty also, but had he not thoughtfully suggested to me that I was tired and thirsty—and hungry he added—I would not have awaked to the fact "Come within" he said, "and rest your feet for some minutes. If you eat you will be welcome to our frugal fare; if you drink you will command the best that the house affords."

I thankfully agreed to rest and to drink—but I do not eat upon a journey. Within the house I found his wife, a courteous woman whom he had brought

into these hills from a far corner of the country, and a daughter who with her fair face and blue eyes and yellow ringletted hair was a mountain flower of uncommon beauty. The Master said, after he had set me at home with these, "Excuse me for a minute till I fetch you my cellar."

And in a short time he returned and set his cellar, which as you have anticipated was a black bottle, on the table, and set beside it a jug of water and a glass. He said, "My stranger-friend, I drink no wines myself, neither the wine that our own hillmen distil, nor the wine of Spain. Once indeed (with a reminiscent light in his eye) I very much loved a little for my stomach's sake; but this woman of mine will not, for some years gone, now permit me to regard my stomach. I cannot drink myself, and worse still—especially on the present occasion—I am under obligation to discourage drink in others. So there's the liquor, there's a glass, there's a jug of water, and"—here fixing me with his eye, he said solemnly in Gaelic:

"Ma olann tu is paceide tu
Mar n'olann tu is bacaide tu—

('If you drink you are a sinner,
If you don't drink you are a beggar.')

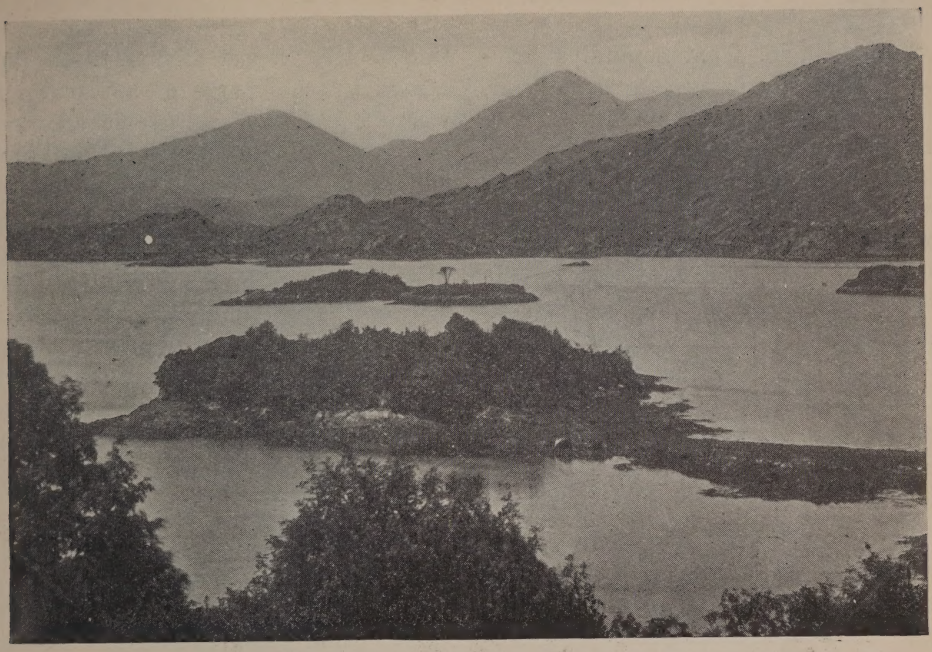
"You're a free subject," he said, "an' can make choice for yourself between sin and shame."

Which did I chose? Well, remembering that human nature is human nature, if you had my choice between shame on the one hand and sin on the other which would you certainly have chosen?

The Master told me he was a great temperance advocate in this part of the world, and he assured me that none could speak so effectively against drink as those who loved drink. There was a preacher once, he said, who was human and frail on this point of drink. A good man who had come to his congregation was one night badly shocked to find this preacher in a condition in which certainly he should not be. Sitting under him next day, what was the surprise of the good man to hear this preacher deliver the finest and strongest temperance sermon, with the fiercest denunciations of drink that he had ever listened to. After the service he sought out the preacher, and bearded him, saying, "How could you who were in such a condition from drink last night denounce it so fiercely, and with such seeming sincerity as you did this morning?" The preacher took him by the arm, and said, "My good friend, if you had the head I have this morning, you couldn 't find words bad enough to denounce it to your satisfaction!"

Donal McGrath—that was the Master's name—was a man replete with aphorism, and his fund of independent anecdote seemed inexhaustible. He spoke crisply, and briskly and brightly; and his wife and pretty child listened to him as fascinated, it seemed to me, as though they now heard this wonderful man for the first time. I felt I should like to remain with him, listening to his stories, until the sun rose to light my way next morning. As I had many miles before me yet, I had to drag myself away. He gave me a comical blessing at parting, and prayed bad luck upon the corn that should ever trouble such a devoted walker.

"Here," I said, as I went forward, "is a rare man, a treasure hid away in these hills, and lost to the world—yet does he not seem to pine that the world is lost to him. Is the world lost to him,



"It stretches away among great gray and brown and purple hills."

"The road wound around a circular inlet of the lake."

though? Ah, no. That mountain schoolmaster, with his sixty pounds a year, and his wife and child, and his humble neighbors, and his little flock of pupils, has a dearer and a wider world, too, than have you, who would in thoughtless moment pity him. Donal McGrath," I said, "I shall return to your bright world again, some day, to see and to hear you!"

An hour's walk brought me round another sharp angle of the lake, nearing again so-called civilization. Big dark woods soon sprang up, and, after a time, getting a last glimpse of the loch waters by the marge of a placid inlet where a great white swan floated, arching its wings, and craning its neck, and admiring its reflection in the cool depths, these woods closed me in, suddenly changing the twilight to beautiful night. The dark heavy woods quitted not company with me till, finally, fatigued in body, but refreshed in soul, by a charming and memorable tramp round the Loch of the Fishes, I found myself at my starting point, and close by welcome resting-place once more.

ROBERT EMMET TO SARA CURRAN.

BY R. M. G.

The rose is reddening in its sheath,
  Their pearly tips the daisies show,
On heroes' graves in many a wreath
  The living shamrocks grow.

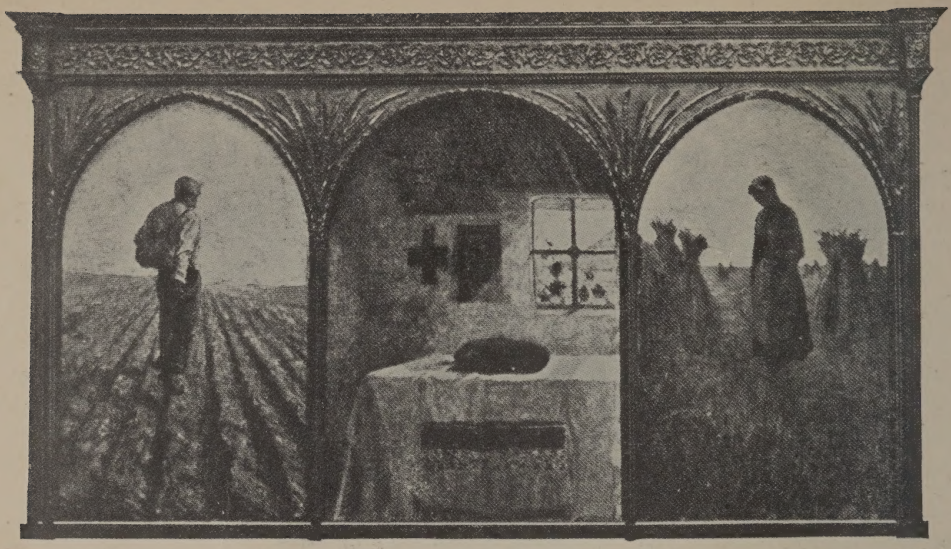
I hear thee weep, I hear thee moan,
  Thou wouldst have had me live for love;
But I have chose the dungeon stone
  And broke thy heart, my dove.

I love thee well, I love thee sore.
  Is there a heaven where lovers meet?
Our queen—the land—I loved her more,
  Thy only rival, Sweet!

I die to-morrow: death comes late,
  Since life thy presence hath denied.
The felon's bed is not too straight
  Without thee, O my bride!

The sword that pierced thy tender heart
  Nor freed the land it leaped to free;—
Oh! let them wear it who can part
  With love for liberty.

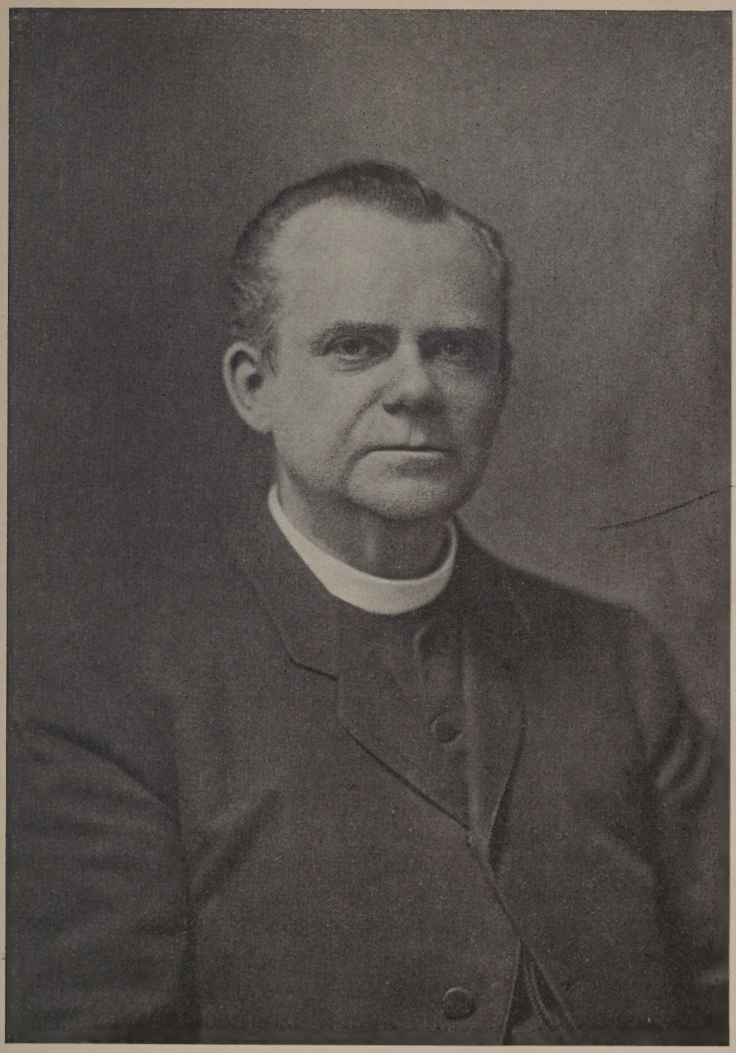
I braid the lock thou gav'st to me,
  The ringlet from thy golden head;
I kiss the living hair for thee—
  'Twill shine when I am dead.



THE BREAD OF LIFE.

"O Manna! which my sovereign Lord
In pity left to me,
Without this mystery adored
What would this exile be?
A desert land of grief and care,
A pilgrimage of strife,
Who could its griefs, its sorrows, bear
Without this Bread of Life?

"My soul here finds a sovereign balm,
A cure for every grief;
'Mid pain and care a heavenly calm,
A solace and relief.
Supported by this heavenly Bread,
My Lord's last pledge of love,
With joy the rugged path I'll tread
To Horeb's Mount above.



REV. GABRIEL A. HEALY.

THE REV. GABRIEL A. HEALY AND HIS PARISH.

BY J. H. L.

"I never saw such an impressive gathering in all my life, and I never expected to witness such a demonstration of loyalty to the Catholic faith," said His Eminence, Cardinal Logue, during the recent celebration in New York. "I have seen processions in various Catholic countries, at Rome and elsewhere, but nothing to equal this. It speaks well for the country to have such a body of men, and it must indeed make your good Archbishop proud to behold such a loyal host. I can say no more except to venture a prophecy that your country is not likely to see such a spectacle again, at least not for many years to come."

The remark was elicited by the pro-

cession of forty thousand men, representing every condition of life, from the man of millions to the city laborer. The very magnitude of this demonstration of Catholic faith, and the splendor with which every feature of the celebration was carried out made the ordinary observer forgetful for the moment of the equally vast and splendid effort of years spent in building up and extending the power of the Church in New York. But to the thoughful, every parish represented, suggested a chapter in American Catholic history, telling of pioneer work, of humble beginnings, and of sturdy growth. There were representatives from parishes still in their infancy, from parishes reaching their majority, and from parishes that have passed into the golden prime of their existence. Among the latter, one entitled to an anniversary of its own—the fortieth year of its founding—is that of St. Bernard, which has had the unusual good fortune of being administered during the entire period of its existence by the same pastor, the Rev. Gabriel A. Healy, who on the 31st day of May of this year was forty years in his beloved parish, of which he laid the foundation some few years after his ordination.

At this time, an account of St. Bernard's and a sketch of the devoted pastor are of special interest. What has been done in this parish exemplifies the spirit that has made the Church in New York what it is to-day.

Father Healy, who was the eldest of eight children, was born October 20, 1841, in the old parish of St. Peter's, about four years after the present church was erected. His parents,—John J. Healy, a native of Dublin, and Jane O'Meara, born in the County of Tipperary, Ireland—were married in St. Peter's Church by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Powers. His father was for many years in the retail dry goods business in the lower part of the city, where he was well known and highly respected. Nearly ninety years ago Father Healy's maternal grandfather, James O'Meara, came to this country. The future priest's mother was brought to America when a child and for many years attended St. Peter's Church in Barclay Street. There were very few Catholic churches in New York in those days. Father Healy often heard his mother speak of Bishop Connolly and Bishop Dubois, two of the early bishops of the diocese of New York.

The Christian Brothers' school, in Canal Street, was one of the first young Healy attended, and when twelve years old he entered the College of St. Francis Xavier, graduating in 1860. The Rt. Rev. Winand Wigger, third Bishop of the diocese of Newark, N. J., was a classmate of young Healy during the whole of his classical course. The year following his graduation from St. Francis Xavier's the youth entered the Grand Seminary at Montreal to study for the priesthood. Among his fellow students at the Seminary were: Rt. Rev. Michael Tierney, now Bishop of Hartford; Rt. Rev. Patrick Ludden, Bishop of Syracuse; Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, Canada; Rt. Rev. James H. McGean, Rector of St. Peter's Church, New York; Rt. Rev. James E. Duffy, of the Diocese of Albany; Rev. John H. Finnegan, S.J., of St. John's College, Fordham, New York; Rev. David Fennesy of the order of the Resurrectionists; Rev. Francis O'Neill, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Elizabeth, N. J.; and Rt. Rev. Thomas Magennis, and Rev. William

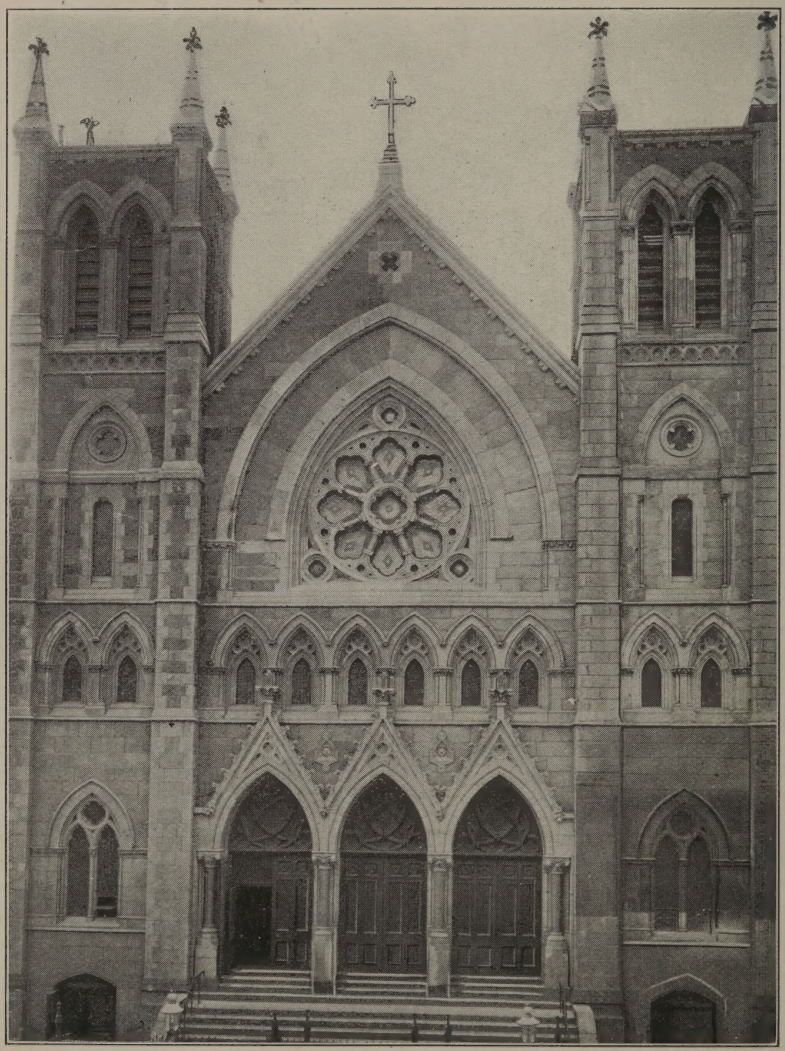
H. Fitzpatrick of the Archdiocese of Boston.

In the autumn of 1864, after three years of preparation in the Grand Seminary, Gabriel A. Healy was ordained priest, with seven others, by the Rt. Rev. James R. Bayley, Bishop of Newark, in the old St. Patrick's Cathedral in Mott Street.

The young priest's first appointment was as assistant to the Rev. William Quinn, in his native parish of St. Peter's, where he remained three and a half years, earning such a reputation for

ST. BERNARD'S CHURCH (TEMPORARY.)
Formerly a wagon factory. Mass was said here for the first time, May 31, 1868.

executive ability that in 1868 the Most Rev. John McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, appointed him to organize a new parish on the West side of the city between the parishes of St. Joseph and St. Columba.



ST. BERNARD'S CHURCH AT THE PRESENT DAY.

Father Healy commenced his labors by purchasing an old brick building in West Thirteenth Street—between Ninth and Tenth Avenues—which had been used by the Knickerbocker Ice Company as a wagon factory. This he transformed into a chapel, and on Pentecost Sunday, May 31, 1868, for the first time Mass was said within its walls. On the fourth day of April, 1870, Archbishop McCloskey dedicated the temporary church to the honor of God, under the invocation of

St. Bernard, the great Abbot of Clairveaux. At the Solemn High Mass which followed, Very Rev. William Starrs, the Vicar General, was celebrant; Rev. William Quinn of St. Peter's, deacon; Rev. John Hughes, a fellow-seminarian of Father Healy, sub-deacon; and Rev. Francis McNeirney, afterwards Bishop of Albany, master of ceremonies. The sermon on the occasion was delivered by the Most Reverend Archbishop.

For seven years the congregation worshipped in this temporary church; but in the meantime the pastor was planning for the future needs of his congregation. The site of the present church of St. Bernard had been purchased May 1, 1869, and four years later the corner-stone was laid by Archbishop McCloskey, assisted by Rt. Rev. David W. Bacon, Bishop of Portland, Maine; and Rt. Rev. Francis McNeirney, Bishop of Albany. The orator of the day was Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell, pastor of St. Peter's Church, and afterwards Bishop of Trenton, N. J.

On the 30th day of May, 1875, the congregation had the pleasure of seeing the new church dedicated by His Eminence, Cardinal John McCloskey. It has ever been the pride of the Rector and his flock that St. Bernard's was the first church dedicated to God by an American Cardinal, Archbishop McCloskey having been formally presented with the emblem and commission of his office of Cardinal on the 22d of the previous month of April by Count Marefoski of the Pope's Noble Guard, who had been specially delegated by the Holy Father, Pius IX., for that purpose. The sermon at the dedication of the church was delivered by Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester.

In September, 1886, a parochial school under the care of the Sisters of Charity was opened in the basement of the church. The average number of pupils was four hundred and fifty, two hundred and fifty girls and two hundred boys. The school continued in existence until the disastrous fire of December 22, 1890, by which the beautiful church of St. Bernard was almost totally destroyed.

Father Healy, however, immediately set about the task of re-building and on Sunday, November 8, 1891, less than one year after the fire, the church was re-dedicated by the Most Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, D.D., Archbishop of New York. The Rt. Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell, Bishop of Trenton, N. J., delivered the sermon on the occasion.

On Trinity Sunday, May 28, 1893, the silver jubilee of the parish was celebrated, the Rt. Rev. Monsignor John M. Farley, now Archbishop of New York, occupied the pulpit.

The thirtieth anniversary of the foundation of the parish was solemnly observed on Sunday, June 5, 1898. Rt. Rev. Winand M. Wigger, D.D., Bishop of Newark, N. J., an old classmate of Father Healy, celebrated Solemn Pontifical Mass, and Rev. James H. McGean, another college friend, preached.

The fortieth anniversary was celebrated on Sunday, May 31, of the present year. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Henry A. Brann, Rector of St. Agnes' Church.

Several missions were given in St. Bernard's parish. There are very few parishes which have had such a variety of missioners. In St. Bernard's missions have been given by Jesuits, Redemptorists, Dominicans, Paulists, Passionists, Lazarists, the Apostolate Fathers, and the Carmelites, and next

year Father Healy hopes to have the Augustinians.

The Feast of St. Bernard which occurs on the 20th day of August, has been celebrated annually since the year 1870, by a Solemn High Mass. The panegyric of the saint has been delivered by some of the most distinguished clergymen of New York and vicinity.

Father Healy is the author and compiler of the celebrated Nativity Play or Christmas Cantata, which for fourteen years has been given in the basement hall of St. Bernard's Church.

No one who has been privileged to witness this beautiful drama, will ever forget the admiration which it excites, or the tender and holy emotions with which it stirs the heart. Many entertainments have been given in St. Bernard's parish, but none has been so deservedly popular or so often repeated as the Christmas Cantata.

Like the miracle plays of olden times it is an object lesson for young and old alike, bringing before all in pure and beautiful language, appropriate costumes, scenic surroundings and sweet music, all the principal events connected with the birth of our divine Lord. It has been given in different parts of the country even as far west as San Francisco. It has been produced in Philadelphia, Boston, Yonkers, Newburgh, Wappinger's Falls, Sing Sing, Matteawan, Hyde Park, Saugerties, Brooklyn, Tomkins' Cove, and other places, everywhere receiving the outspoken approval of those who witnessed it.

Father Healy made his first trip to Europe in 1890, accompanied by some friends; and on returning to St. Bernard's he gave his people a most interesting account of his travels. He takes a lively interest in all educational movements, and was one of the pioneers in the work of the Catholic Summer School. The movement had his sympathy and co-operation from the very beginning, and to show his practical interest in this good work, he erected a beautiful cottage on the grounds at Cliff Haven. His cottage is on the principal avenue leading to the lake and in close proximity to the chapel, the auditorium, and the New York cottage. Father Healy has great hopes for the future of the Catholic Summer School, hopes that are being every year more fully realized, as Catholics in greater numbers become aware of what the Summer School really is, and how delightfully it combines recreation with intellectual advancement.

During the forty years the Rev. Gabriel A. Healy has administered so zealously the affairs of St. Bernard's parish, New York has grown tremendously in population, wealth and influence, and no element of its upbuilding contributed more to its best development than the Church through her devoted clergy and splendid organization.

THE DIARY OF AN EXILED NUN.

TRANSLATED BY DANIEL F. DESMOND.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

Monday, January 9.

Reverend Mother has asked us who are living out here in the world to have a reunion at the convent on the first Sunday of each month. Yesterday the first meeting was held. At ten o'clock we assembled. Father—— gave us an excellent talk on the verse from St. Paul, "I exceedingly abound with joy in all our tribulations. (2 Cor. 7, 4.)" The instruction was well given and was full of sound practical thought. But I am not a Saint Paul. Sometimes I plunge into sadness, and often, too, I find it very difficult to pray to God for our persecutors. While my lips are saying "Pardon them, O Lord," my heart has a struggle not to say something else.

At eleven we adjourned to the refectory. Here we sat at old familiar tables, ate from our porringers of brown crockery and used our usual tin spoons, forks, etc. Tears were forcing themselves from my eyes when I heard some one close by saying in a very low tone, "Sister Mary of Nazareth, ask Reverend Mother to suspend silence."

"There are others here," I whispered, "older than I. It is fitting that they ask."

"No, no, you."

Encouraged by this confidence placed in me, I looked towards Reverend Mother. How well she knew what was going on. She smiled as I looked at her, as if to tell me that the request would be granted. I dared then to raise my voice. "Reverend Mother, shall we talk?" Instantly she said "*Deo Gratias.*" Despite this sanction there was little said. Each one wished to cry, though each tried to encourage her neighbor by appearing full of joy.

Thanks to the New Year holidays, Sister Margaret Mary succeeded in being present with us yesterday. Many of us chided her for keeping so aloof from the Priory and having such an exaggerated fear of the police. Some others, on the contrary, said it was imprudent on her part to come at all, adding that under a Government such as ours no fears were too great. In any case Sister Margaret Mary is not accountable for her separation. She has been told by a prudent priest who has our welfare at heart that she could never take too many precautions to protect her school against police interference.

We hear from our exiles regularly, but the story is always the same. At the Little Priory, poverty and her sisters—hunger, cold and sadness—are constant guests. At Bethany, Sister St. Peter and Sister St. John seem to fare well. Sister Mary Eulalia is still suffering in Germany. Sister Clement, who for some time was happy with her family, now complains of being tired out. Her old father is kind and her brothers and sisters quite obliging, but the stepmother and her children treat her coldly, scoff at her, and overburden her with work.

Sister does not ask to return to the convent. She knows that the Little Priory is too poor to receive her. And on the other hand she prefers to stay with her father rather than go out as a servant to strange masters.

Sister Mary, whose long silence has been a source of uneasiness to Reverend Mother, began the new year by writing a few lines to the Priory. She excuses her negligence by saying that she has been very busy about the house. She adds, immediately after, that as she can

take her rest during a good part of the day she still has good health. She remarks also that being unoccupied in the evening and on Sunday she can thus enjoy pleasant recreations. Her letter is brief and cold—not a single regret for her religious life, not one word about pious exercises. Is it any wonder then, that Reverend Mother is grieved and that she asks us to remember Sister Mary in our daily prayers?

Sister Mary Kostka gives us sad news. While she was at the Priory she was ever peaceful and joyful, but since the expulsion she has again fallen under those old scruples of hers which we thought were long ago hushed forever. Reverend Mother, at the suggestion of Father Superior, had lately written to Sister, telling her to be dispensed from her vows. Reverend Mother hoped that Sister would thus be less tormented by the thoughts of her obligations. Secularization does not loose our vows in the eyes of God, but still it relieves for an indefinite period the obligations due to being attached to the Congregation.

When Reverend Mother advised Sister Mary Kostka to take this step, Sister replied that several of her friends had counseled her to do so, and that with great pain of heart she had already followed this counsel. But, alas! the poor creature believes that she is still a member of the community. She is the first one that is lost to us.

What an excellent nun she was, so full of devotion and enthusiasm! Now poor Sister has before her a siege of moral afflictions and tearful regrets for having followed that fatal advice.

Wednesday, January 18.

The renegade Combes, he who persecuted the defenceless, he who crushed the priests and nuns because they could not avenge themselves, he, Combes, has fallen. Despised by men he has finished his dishonorable term of office.

Saturday, February 4.

Sister of the Nativity often visits Reverend Mother and the Sisters who are sick. Occasionally I meet her. While talking with me the other day she told me that Mr. E—, her father's head clerk, had again asked her to marry. As the match would be a happy event for her father's business the parents are anxious that Sister consent. As Sister is loath to abandon all hope of religious life she asked her suitor to turn his affections to her sister, an eighteen-year-old girl, who, Sister of the Nativity added, is more skilful and more intelligent than herself. Mr. E— answered simply: "Mademoiselle, it is now four years since I began to love you. During these last two years I believed that you were lost to me forever, but now that the good God has sent you back to your parents I have taken the liberty to tell you, through them, that in all that time my feelings never changed. I tell you candidly now that those same feelings can never change."

There then is Sister between two propositions. On the one hand she dreads the loss of her religious life, and on the other she sees that if she refuses she will greatly displease her parents and even discommode them.

Wednesday, February 15.

My very dear Sisters Mary Elizabeth and Mary Bernard write to me regularly.

Sister Mary Elizabeth is too courageous to complain of her isolation, but as I read through her letters I find myself overcome by sadness. It is natural that being alone, far from the community, far from the cloister and her Sisters—it is very natural that Sister should suffer

much; but she is troubled by some other affliction which she keeps secret, which she cannot and will not reveal. In my last letter I told Sister that I could read her sorrow between the lines and I urged her to quit Paris, if possible, and come during the Easter holidays to see and talk with her Mothers and Sisters.

Sister Mary Bernard is always the angel of her old father's home. In every letter she writes one can see her deep and ardent love for this dear veteran, and that great hope of hers of bringing him to the Faith. For this she lives, but the consolation is as yet denied her of seeing this happy change progress.

And Sister Mary Antoinette. Poor old Aunt Matilda spends her day performing little acts of devotion to others. Those about her seem blind to her kindness; but He Who sees all will keep an account and later will reward Sister for her devotion.

Sister was once a happy and rich married woman with a staff of domestics at her command. Her husband, who was very kind and generous, seemed to live for no other object than her happiness. He gave her all the care that was possible, saw to her comfort, furnished her with many distractions, accompanied her on pleasure excursions, paid short visits with her to different countries in the different seasons of the year. But this all came to an end. Sister became a widow (she was then forty) and shortly after entered the novitiate at the Priory. Previous to her religious profession she divided her possessions into four parts. One quarter she gave to charitable institutions, another she donated to our orphanage, another she gave to her mother, and the last quarter she gave as an offering for Masses for the souls in Purgatory. Sister's fortune, therefore, is entirely gone. Now there she is at sixty, rejected, penniless, and out in the world; a poor old woman spent with the fatiguing work of teaching children. She who was before rich and independent must now depend on charity. Dear Aunt Matilda! Yes, I see plainly the slightly bent form, I see her busy with housework, I see her preparing her classes. She was at once a chambermaid, a teacher, and a nurse. As she goes from task to task there is always a pleasant smile on her face which must delight the angels.

How many acts of virtue must there be in a single day where the soul lives in such obscure but real devotedness!

Saturday, February 18.

A few days ago there came to the door of the Priory a forlorn-looking woman asking for a crust of bread. When she saw that the portress pitied her and talked to her kindly, she told Sister a few events of her history. She also was a nun. She also was a victim of the Government. Her Congregation was so numerous and poor that she and the other Sisters of ——— had to look after themselves. At first she sought work in the locality where her pupils lived. Failing there she came to our city with the intention of begging from door to door. She decided on this because she was hungry and cold and ill.

Moved by this sad story Sister portress hastened to tell Reverend Mother of the unhappy beggar. Reverend Mother came down immediately. Before allowing the stranger to go she gave her a woolen shawl, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of wine. After she had gone Mother made inquiries about her and found that all she had said was true.

After many applications the mendicant was given a place in the local alms-house. In the meantime our Mothers did all that was possible to supply her with food and other necessities. The world may not give justice; but on the other side of the grave each will have his due. May this final retribution bring no eternal loss to our persecutors. May Our Lord save them. May His blood be not shed in vain for these cruel, ambitious men. Oh that the scourging at the pillar, the crowning with thorns and all the other outrages of the Passion, oh that all that Christ suffered be not fruitless to these souls. I pray that when Our Lord hanging on the Cross cried out to his Father, "Father, forgive them," it was not alone for His own persecutors but for these also. I beg God to bring them salvation. But God is just. If then He bestows on these the grace of conversion, they must expiate with sufferings the pain which they have inflicted on His Sacred Heart.

For some time past our Mothers at the Priory have been suffering fresh annoyance. It is all about that house of retreat. During the month of January Mr. X—, the liquidator, asked Reverend Mother to select some place in the monastery which she judged as most suitable for the house of refuge. After much consultation it was decided to take the building containing the chapel. Mr. X— was informed of this decision. It is true that of the whole monastery this is the gloomiest and most ancient, but, on the other hand, it is the place where the happiest hours of the old Priory days were spent. Not long after this business with Mr. X— two architects came to the Priory with a view to drawing up plans. Then it was that our liquidator informed Reverend Mother that the walls of the monastery were so old that it would be necessary to tear them down entirely. "So you see," he added, "you must find a place in the academy building for your refuge."

Our Mother decided on taking the building at the end of the garden. It was but a few days after that Reverend Mother was told that this plan also was impossible.

"Such an arrangement," he explained, "would cause a loss of land, because the projected plans call for two new streets to run through the property."

"What do you mean by all these words?" cried out Reverend Mother. "Tell me, without this beating about the bush, what you wish us to do? You say 'choose,' and when we have chosen your reply is always, 'choose again; that's impossible.' What else is there for us, pray."

"Here, I think" replied Mr. X—, "is a plan that will suit all most conveniently. I propose that you go to a small comfortable house in the suburbs where you will have plenty of fresh air and where you will be most contented."

Where you will be most contented! That Mr. X— is a master of irony. Mr. Liquidator, just leave our Mothers and Sisters at the Priory and all will be content. They cannot find it elsewhere.

But Reverend Mother succeeded in remaining calm. She merely said that she would propose the matter anew to the infirm and aged nuns.

Of course they declared that they would prefer any little corner in the convent to a place such as Mr. X— proposed. Poor Mother Scholastica could not understand why the Government wished to put her out. "At any rate," she would say, "the place is ours."

"Yes, yes, but the Government is taking it."

"Oh no," she replied, "that can't be. Don't you see that they cannot: it is ours."

Alas!

And so the question of the house of retreat is still unsettled.

It appears that the liquidators got ten per cent. of the money realized on our property. So then allowing that $200,000 were paid, an extremely low price, Mr. X — gets $20,000 for his trouble. How many men there are in the world who are sentenced to prison for lesser crimes! Poor unfortunate men, bred in an atmosphere of atheism and immorality and driven to theft by the want of food, you are the outcasts of society. You are the fallen ones of the race and to you the world proffers no helping hand. Come again and again to the door of the convent. The Sisters will continue to receive you, to bind your feet, stained with blood and the dust of the road; they will continue even now to share their last bit of food. But alas! too many of you, yes, the majority of you, will go on election day to put into office a persecuting Government. You are so senseless or ungrateful that you will vote for men who expel the same Sisters who have always come to your relief.

Monday, February 27.

We must demand our dowries from the Government. We have been urged by all to do so. "Put in your claims," they said, "institute a process, and if they refuse when you show them your claims in black and white, officially stamped and signed by the notary, well—." So they talked to us, just as if we, when we gave Reverend Mother our money, had called in a notary and asked for a signed receipt. No, no, these things were not in our minds. Our parents gave us our dowries; we handed all over to Mother, and the different sums for each were put down in the procurator's books. We have the books yet, but what do these amount to in the eyes of the Government? As to the money itself—that was all used for the support of the house and the carrying on of our work. All these are hard facts, it is true; but on the other hand, the majority of us are in urgent need of this money. We feel it our duty then to undertake even the impossible in order to get what is ours.

About two months ago my father and I called on Mr. W —, an attorney, to explain the situation. After asking of me several formal documents, he had a warrant served against Mr. X —.

I heard nothing of the matter until a fortnight or so ago when the lawyer mailed me a statement drawn up as usual in official form, which I should forward to the Minister of Public Worship. By this I was to demand a pension on *the fund for homes for the aged.* The formula began with these words: "Mademoiselle — *has the honor* of exposing to you—" and ended thus, "Deign, *Monsieur le Ministre, to accept the assurance I make you of my very respectful sentiments.*"

"At that rate I shall have neither pension nor dowry," said I to my father, "I cannot use such a cringing style in addressing a man I loathe."

"In any event that letter will not do," my father said. "In the first place you cannot yet pass as an old woman having claims on a pension, and in the the next place you cannot use such a formula."

I expressed this idea in a letter to

my attorney. Perhaps I was too candid with him; for in his reply he appeared to be greatly offended. He had done, he declared, what he judged to be most advisable, and I, therefore, must suffer the consequence of my refusal to act on his counsel.

As I was telling the affair to Sister Mary Antoinette she broke in: "Let us go to my lawyer. He is an old friend of my husband and will adjust the case for us."

In fact, Aunt Matilda's lawyer settled the matter for me. He dictated to us a letter in which a claim was put to the Minister of Public Worship for a pension to be drawn on the money raised on the property of the community. It was explained that into this property we had put all our money and some years of work.

Ash Wednesday, March 8.

Here we are again at the beginning of Lent. Again Holy Mother the Church repeats to us that simple but profound warning: "Remember, man, that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return."

Last Sunday our dear novice, Sister Mary Agnes, and I went to the almshouse to see the poor nun whom Mother had placed there. She was well cared for, but alas! the care was given too late. Her lungs are affected with tuberculosis and her life is quickly ebbing away. But if her body cannot be healed, at least her soul could be comforted—her soul that was sinking into that bottomless pit of discouragement.

It was there by the bed of sorrow, I saw and admired tactful and delicate Sister Mary Agnes in a new light. What an angel that child is! What a strong ardent soul under a frail appearance! She brought great joy to her fellow exiled nun who only a few weeks ago doubted of God's existence but who now glorifies His name even in the midst of tribulations.

CHAPTER XI.

My Family and My History—I Seek Work—Sister Joseph Mary Leaves Her Father—Marriage of Sister of the Nativity—Sister Mary Agnes and her Sister.

Monday, March 13.

The other day Sister Mary Antoinette asked to read *my diary*. She read it, and gave it back to me yesterday with this criticism: "It is interesting and in many places very touching; but (do you know?) you left a conspicuous gap in it. You have told our history but have said nothing of yourself."

This is so. Since Sister wishes it, and it may please the others, I shall tell the little story of my life. This obscure life of mine is quite an uneventful existence spent with my parents—my dear father, grand and holy old man that he is, whose reader and secretary I am, and whose deep intelligence and open heart I admire the more as time goes on; my mother, so tender, so full of the freshness and bloom of her younger days, with whom my sister and I do some little work every day, sometimes for ourselves, other times for the poor.

The happiest time of the day is the evening. Then we four are together. Sometimes we have serious reading, other times we have a book that is light and amusing. Often, too, we just talk among ourselves. Our happy soireés always end with prayers said aloud. These my sister begins in a solemn tone with a voice full of piety. The deep voice of my father and my mother's sweet tones make a harmonious reply.

Every Sunday evening the entire

family is together. I may do well to tell about this in my diary. First there is my twin brother; I need not tell what affection there exists between us. Then there is his wife, my dear gentle sister-in-law, and their beautiful dark-complexioned daughter. Their other children, three boys, cannot come; the two oldest are at a college on the Swiss frontier and the youngest is still too young to be abroad in the evening.

My sister, who is five years younger than the twins, is of course, present every Sunday night. The reunion is completed by my saintly brother, the abbé. After blessing the table, he becomes again our little brother Benjamin. How happy and touching are these simple gatherings and how they please my dear parents!

My father was once a well-to-do magistrate. On the occasion of the expulsion of the Jesuit Fathers in 1881, he resigned his office. Then matters stood ill with us. My mother was despondent, thinking, as she did, that we were doomed to utter poverty. Still she had her entire dowry and, in addition, we had some little savings on which to rely. It was necessary, nevertheless, to take a smaller apartment, dismiss the valet de chambre, etc. Although I was only a little girl then I remember these changes well. I remember of feeling great sorrow because I saw my parents were pained by the condition of affairs. My father sought and sought for a position. In the meantime much of the money was spent, due in great measure to the education of my brothers. The day came when the savings were exhausted and there remained only my mother's dowry. We were drawing on this when my father found a position, one quite honorable but not very remunerative. My oldest brother soon became self-supporting; in fact he had bright prospects. Soon after, my brother, the priest, ceased to depend on his parents. I was a burden until I entered the convent, and when the day of my profession came around my father insisted on my taking a dowry. Then my sister married and another dowry (quite large, too), had to be given. And so my parents were left alone. They still had enough for necessities; but not much more.

Some years after, my brother-in-law failed in business. In fact he could not pay off all his debts. What was needed for this was drawn on my sister's dowry. Of course she looked forward to the day when her husband would be as successful as before; but in the following year he met with an accident, while hunting, which resulted in his death. My sister then had but four thousand dollars. This daughter of theirs my parents received with joy, happy in being able to care for her and console her in her affliction. The adage says that where there is enough for two, there is enough for three. This is not always true; but in the present case everything went well. But then I came upon the scene; I returned home a victim of the expulsion. The Government had cast me out, but without my dowry.

This meant a fresh call upon the purse and the kindness of my parents. There was an unoccupied room just across the hallway from their own. This they fitted up with the furniture retained from former days.

During my first few weeks at home I was so blind as not to see that I was a heavy burden on my parents. What a bitter revelation when it all dawned on me! Immediately I told them that

I was about to seek an occupation; but they would not listen to this. I waited a few days and again declared that I was to go to work. Then it was that my father had the painful duty of telling me that my resolution was necessary, the more so in view of the future. For my mother still had a part of her dowry, my sister had half of hers, but I had nothing. My father asked one thing of me: that I accept no position without consulting him. He said that he was unwilling that I take any office below my own profession of religious teacher. There was also the dignity of the family to be preserved, he said. I understood perfectly. In fact I had the same thought long before. I draw and paint well, am somewhat of a skilled hand at pyrography, and can turn out good pieces of embossed leather.

With this start I was in the hope of picking up a livelihood. I selected some of my best pieces and started out one morning in quest of work. I carried a silk fan and a binding done in embossed leather. At the different stores I offered myself as one skilled in such work. Each day I brought this message to different store-keepers. I went from street to street; but to no purpose. No one knows what I suffered in this trial. I did not tell it, even to my parents. Everywhere I went I met refusal. "We have plenty of help, thank you"—"We need no one"—"That's not so poor; but it would never suit our patrons," etc. Sometimes derisive smiles and words of contempt were all that was given. Sometimes they pointed to the door. But I did not give up. Each day I sought new places, scoured new streets; but, alas! One day in the early part of January a pretty girl attending in one of the stores spoke to me. "How much would you charge me for a chair done in embossed leather with antique designs?"

I reflected an instant. "Four dollars," said I.

The young saleswoman jumped at the bargain.

I felt quite elated as I made my way home; but was taken back when, some days after, I heard my family wondering at my work!

"That is worth eight dollars," exclaimed some one.

"Indeed!" said another, "It is worth two or three dollars more."

Alas! I had asked but four dollars. And when I had paid for the skin I found that for those five days of labor I had earned one dollar and a half. Despite my miscalculation I was quite happy, if indeed not proud, when I presented my work at the young lady's house. She appeared so pleased with the chair that I ventured to solicit some more business. "Perhaps you would like something else done?"

"Oh, no, no," she replied, bluntly, "I ordered this because I saw you were anxious to get work. I wish to be charitable, but that's all I can do for you to-day."

I have pronounced my vow of poverty, and I renew it with all my heart. But how hard was it for me to hear that young lady say she had given me alms!

How many unfortunate persons there are whose lives are spent in enduring harsh treatment. These I pity sincerely. Yes, I pity them and I love them. I prefer a hundred times to bind their bruised hands (callous hands, it is true, but honest) than that the hem of my gown should touch the garments of one of those ministers. My love for the poor seems to have grown in my

exile. It is for them that I shall give my life as soon as I find a means of livelihood. I will aid them; I will give them whatever tact and gentleness God may have placed in me.

I am going to continue my search for work. At present we are in Lent and penance is now our duty. I have a penance which I have not chosen; but God knows what is best for me.

Saturday, March 25.
Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin.

"Ecce ancilla Domini"—"Behold the hand-maid of the Lord." And the sweet voice of Sister Joseph Mary replies to me: *"Be it done unto me according to thy word." Ave Maria.*

It is six o'clock in the morning and the angelus bell is ringing in the tower of the parish church. Sister Joseph Mary and I have just risen and are preparing to hurry off to early Mass.

Sister came to my house the day before yesterday. It was the first time we had met since December. I did not call on her again after that memorable visit. She wrote to me in January telling me not to come. She told me that there were violent scenes in her house after I left—so violent, she said, that she feared she would have to leave. Since that time things have calmed down. She has always had a great desire to see me, but preferred to sacrifice this consolation, her first duty being to live by her father's side at whatever cost. Since January I had not received word from Sister, but, although I knew my letters would not reach her, I did not fail to write from time to time.

At three o'clock last Thursday my parents and I were together in the house when the door bell rang. A few moments after, the maid announced, "a visitor for Mademoiselle." I was much surprised as I went to the parlor, and somewhat vexed at being called from my work.

"Who can it be?" I thought to myself—and there before me was dear Sister Joseph Mary. But how changed she appeared, so thin and old looking! Poor little Sister, a true martyr to filial love and duty.

It would be impossible to tell all the suffering this poor creature has endured. Cold, hunger and sickness have not been the worst. Raillery and abuse have been given out to her abundantly each day, but never a kind word. She said her father neglected her as before; he attended to business, went to his pleasures, and never saw his child except at table. If by chance he spoke to her it was to tell her that her sad pale face was a nuisance and that the Government committed a folly in freeing the nuns.

Sister Joseph Mary endured all this in the vain hope of giving one day a helping hand to her father. She says that strong liquors have so enervated his moral powers that he is not wholly responsible for what he does. In order to spare her father any further expense she would have sought work, but one must go out in order to find work, and poor Sister had not the clothes or the shoes with which to go out; nor had she the price of them. She again asked her father for assistance.

"I have told you a hundred times or more that I have none," he replied. "Lucy has the purse. Do as I do. Now let there be peace and do not bother me more."

Poor Sister Joseph Mary had the courage to go to this woman. She told her that she wished to solicit pupils for piano lessons, and so needed some money to buy suitable clothes.

"And after that you will go away for good?"

"No, I will remain with my father."

"Then I have no money for you. But wait a moment, Miss Beggar," said the woman, "here are some old cast-offs of mine," throwing an armful of old dresses and shoes at Sister. There was no reply.

As Sister told me this she confessed it was a sin of pride that she had not the courage to wear that woman's old clothes. She said she could never present herself anywhere looking so slovenly—so unclean and tattered were they.

Since this wicked action did not force the poor nun to leave, a more radical method had to be used. A few days after, when the three were at table, the woman looked across to Mr. de G —. "I have just received word from Virginia. She is my daughter," she said, casting a sneaking look at Sister. "She is twenty-six years of age." Then looking again at Mr. de G —, she went on. "Virginia is coming here to town as she has found a good position. She will remain with us at night."

"Very well indeed," added the man, "a capital idea! I suppose Virginia will bring along her gay and mischievous ways. That will do splendidly. The house has become as gloomy as a grave-yard. But where shall we put her?"

"In her room, which I have lent to your daughter. They can be roommates, you see. Virginia will not object, I am sure."

"Yes, yes, of course," replied Mr. de G —, "you always solve the problem. That will do nicely." And then they talked of something else.

And poor Sister Joseph Mary just listened. A fresh arrow had pierced her already bleeding heart. She would rather depart than stay under such conditions as they had planned.

Two days later the dashing Virginia took the place by storm. In short order the house was topsy-turvy; but Mr. de G— did not complain. In fact he seemed happy and even rejuvenated. The Fury had conquered.

That evening Sister Joseph Mary said she would rest in the parlor during the night.

"Indeed!" interjected the woman of the house. "There will be no sleeping at night in *my* parlor if I know it. I hold the keys of that room. You sleep where you always sleep, in your own room. Virginia will take the bed and you may have the mattress which I have had placed on the floor for you."

Sister sat up all night. Her companion was much surprised at this and kindly offered to alternate with her in using the bed from night to night.

On the next day, that is the day before yesterday, Sister Joseph Mary could not see her father before breakfast. So before the other two, while all four were at table, she asked him if she could sleep in the parlor thereafter.

"Why do you refuse to share Virginia's room?" he said, "Lucy has her own reasons for not converting the parlor into a sleeping chamber. You are no better than Virginia. She earns her own bread and you cannot expect us to do impossible things for you here."

Sister courageously restrained her tears and answered her father with great calmness. "Very well, dear father, I must go from you. It is a bitter sorrow for me to leave you, my father, but—"

"That will do; that will do. You are free to go. Don't postpone your going by making any more scenes."

And so it was that she came to me.

"I did not know where to go; I had no home, no clothes, no money, nothing." Sister said to me. "Then I thought of you and here I am. What shall I do now?"

"Stay right where you are, my own dear little Sister. You can rest here and get a new start. Then God will make everything as peaceful as ever."

My parents approved of my invitation to Sister to stay. Since her arrival they have treated her with perfect kindness and gentleness.

That evening when Sister and I were saying our prayers together before retiring she repeated three times this part of the *Our Father*: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

(To be continued.)

LONESOME!

BY JULIA M. CROTTIE.

The spring sunshine that set the wide bog aflame with glistening celandines and woke up the shy primroses by Tylinny stream stirred in the grandmother's mind a wild craving to be working and doing. Every one else was out, making the gardens, tending the lambs, seeing to the hatching hens, going to the fairs—she alone was house-bound. Her voice, uplifted in lamentation, had a piercing tragic note in it that to Jane Katy, her grandchild, seemed the very saddest thing in the world. It was so impossible to tell grandmother that her poor legs were past any active service for her, forevermore.

"'Twould break her heart" the girl said to herself, "if she knew that the stroke she got destroyed her walk, or even if she knew it was a stroke at all. Oh dear, oh dear, poor gran'-mother, an' she so fond of moving an' working always, like a busy bee."

It was this haunting longing, that moved Jane Katy to break through her rule of keeping everything about grandmother to herself. All the little weaknesses of mind and temper that seemed nothing to the grandchild, might easily, she knew, become subjects of censure to those who, not knowing grandmother so well, would judge her like ordinary people. To Jane Katy it seemed an act traitorous to the last degree to expose to any eyes but her own these little family secrets. But the heart-rending, persistent appeal,—"Let me out! Let me out!—" was too much for her, and she decided on running down to see her Aunt Abby at the Cross about it.

The aunt was one of those good poor things with blue eyes set in a visible circle of white—mild, kind, wondering eyes, which lacked something that harder people's eyes possessed.

Jane Katy felt the want and in a vague way associated it with "bad scholars" of whom her aunt who had never passed beyond the "first sequel" at school was undoubtedly one.

"But she'll be able to advise me someway or other about this grievous whimsy of poor grandmother's" said

Jane Katy. "After managing since last Easter the houseful o' children left by poor Aunt Peggy an' Uncle Tom, there must be plenty of knowledge-ableness in her mind."

Aunt Abby was singing to the baby in the warm firelit kitchen when Jane Katy reached the cross-roads farm. The rest of the household were in bed and it was pleasant to feel the peace, to smell the bread baking on the griddle for to-morrow morning's breakfast and to hear the little *shoheen* song:

"There sings a bonny linnet
Up the heather glen;
The noise has music in it
Too sweet for mortal men.
I never can pass by it,
I never dar' go nigh it;
My heart it won't be quiet
Up the heather glen."

The song ceased, and the aunt, exclaiming hospitably, pushed a chair for her visitor into the innermost cosy corner.

"Child dear, you're welcome" she cried. "An isn't it a cure for sore eyes to see you? How is the grandmother—*Knaurshauning** away, I suppose. The poor ould people are sometimes a great tribulation, God help 'em!"

"Grandmother is no tribulation at all, Aunt Abby, an' never was" said Jane Katy, a shade severely. "What's bothering me is only something that might go again' her health if we didn't see to it, for fretting is very bad for her constitution."

"Fretting isn't good for any one" said the aunt.

"An' so I came down to have us consult together about her. Aunt Abby, aren't the fine long days very lonesome, someway, for them that have to stay in the house?"

"Well then, I don't know about that Jane Katy. I'd be glad enough, myself, of days in the house, with all the mending an' making that's before me."

"But I mean about somebody like—well, like gran'mother—"

"The gran'mother! Ah, sure what else but to stay in the house, nice an' comfortable, an' be no trouble to any one, would be fitting for a poor aged ould woman!"

"But listen, Aunt Abby. No matter how old we'd be, don't you see, we'd never *feel* that old (gran'mother doesn't) an' when every one would be out working, an' we all alone, we'd begin to think of the time when we had all belonging to us around us an' were working away, happy an' joyful with the rest."

"Ah, then, there's truth in that too, Jane Katy. There's many a lonesome thought wandering around in the fine days an' 'tis them in the houses 'twill ketch a hold of. When I was sick that time before I came to the childher, 'twas grievous enough. One day I was woke out of my sleep by some one whistling out on the road, 'Oh, will you come with me?' Oh, dear, Oh, dear, there was one that used to whistle it long ago, an'—would you believe me?—I thought at the minute that 'twas *he* was there. I ran to the window and then to the door but not a sight or sound of mortal was on the length of the silent, sunny road. An' then it all came back to me that he was lying in Innisdoyle churchyard these twenty years."

She wiped away a few patient tears with a corner of the baby's lilac frock, and softly patted the little one, who was beginning to stir.

"So you see, Aunt Abby" said Jane Katy gently, "that we must try to

*Grumbling.

keep gran'mother from being bothered with melancholy thoughts that way. But how can it be done at all? If I could stay in with her I'd be able to manage all right for I'd be talking or reading to her. But there's so much to be done in the garden—"

"Oh, 'twould never do to neglect the garden an' you depending on it so much. Well, well, let us think now, in the name o' God. Jane Katy, what would you say to having our Tommy here go up for a piece of every day for company for her? He's after learning two grand ballads that Andy Pyne brought him from town last Fairday."

"I wouldn't think of Tommy at all, Aunt Abby," said Jane Katy, with decision. "He's a terrible unresponsible boy for one of his age—over eight years, an' he the eldest of the family. Don't you remember last Christmas" she went on indignantly, "when I was going to town for the messages an' I left himself an' gran'mother with their copy-books an' pens an' ink. An when I came back there he was crying an' bawling because gran'mother said her copy was better than his, an' she calling him cross *caunats*, an' so cross herself—an' crossness is so bad for the health!"

"Well, what would you say to Polly going up"?

"Don't ever mention sending Polly to gran'mother, Aunt Abby. She hasn't a stim of sense although she's seven years old, an' every one comes to the use of reason then."

"She's a great help to me about the house," put in Aunt Abby in a mollifying way.

Maybe she is, but I wouldn't wish ever again to leave poor gran'mother in any one's hands that would boil her egg as hard as a bullet, and then, like a cruel Turk, give it to her, instead of leaving it for the chickens an' boiling another egg right. Polly would never do at all."

"Well, look, Jane Katy. There's little Larry an' Dan—raal good poor fellows. They'd be the life of gran'mother, so merry an' lively in themselves—"

"I wouldn't put a bit of depindance on that pair of rogues" broke in Jane Katy. "Ut! Ut! Ut! the ramsacking they gave the place instead of minding gran'mother the time I went to Inniscarra for the cabbage plants. Every box an' cupboard emptied out on the floor, and the pair of them playing pickie down the road when I came back. They're frightfully senseless children."

"They mean well" said Aunt Abby, "but the like aren't always very studdy, the cr'atures. Isn't it a pity that there's no old *cumereesha** of gran' mother's that we could bring to her? 'Twould be great for her to be talking to some one she knew in the ould times; she'd be contented an' never mind the days passing."

If it could be managed that was the very thing. But when grandmother had come up here to live after being evicted from her farm in the low country fifteen years ago, she had left behind her almost every one who knew her, and the loss of Jane Katy's parents, almost immediately, kept her so hard at work until her paralytic seizure last year that she had had no time to give to anything outside her struggle for a living for herself and her grandchild. She had never talked much of her prosperous days, but, reserved and capable, worked strenuously on. Now, when she wept and lamented, the

* Contemporaries.

relaxing of the old mental and physical strength had infinite sadness for Jane Katy.

"'Tis a pity," said Aunt Abby, "that I don't know much about the gran'-mother's people at all. When your mother, my sister Mary, married your father an' went to live with 'em near Innisdoyle, she wasn't long enough there for us to get well acquainted with 'em. 'Twas a time of terror with the bad man that owned the land, an' we never rightly drew our breath while the trouble was going on. But I'll tell you who'd know. 'Tis Andy Pyne, the carman, from Innisdoyle."

That meant a fresh opening up of the matter, but Andy was a faithful old friend whose respect for grandmother it would be difficult to shake. He was due to pass Jane Katy's house almost immediately so she lost no time in returning.

As she neared her door a loud whip-cracking announced the approach of the carman. At sight of her he called out a greeting and an inquiry about the grandmother. His manner was not quite so cheerful as usual and Jane Katy hesitated about troubling him with her worries.

"Is anything wrong, Andy?" she asked.

"Oh not much, *achree*—nothing to be bothered about at all. But you didn't say how the gran'mother is."

"She's a bit down in herself to-day—a little upsot like."

"Upsot? About what, Jane Katy?" queried Andy with concern.

"A wish that she has to be out and working like every one else, an' she with that trembling palsy. The lonesomeness of the house, and the sun shining an' everything going on, outside, is killing her."

"Ah, the poor gran'mother! 'Tis the same sorrowful turn of mind that's tormenting the poor mother at home an' she equally helpless with the lame knee. I declare to man my brain is addled trying to think what's to be done at all for her. An' now here's the poor gran'mother in the same predicamint."

"Aunt Abby was saying that if there could be one of her own *cumereeshas* got, to sit an' *seanchus* with gran'-mother, 'twould keep her contented in the house," said Jane Katy. "But I suppose there isn't one at all left of em in the old place?"

Andy sprang suddenly from the car and gave his knee a resounding slap.

"Whisht!" he cried. "God bless you, child, isn't it as plain as anything? There the two of them are, wanting company—them that were like sisthers long ago. Sure 'twill be the height of comfort for 'em to be with each other."

"Oh, Andy, it would be great—the two poor things! But the trouble—"

"Yerrah what trouble, Jane Katy? To bring out the feather-bed and put it in the car, lift the mother into it, an' drive off. Won't she be proud of the grand excursions, and 'twill be such a fine change of air for her. And the talks they'll have—'twill give a new lease of life to the two poor souls. Oh, bedad, 'tis like the lifting of a ton-weight off o' my mind, an' the weather so fine, an' everything to favour the plan. I'll gallop home in a hurry, the mother will be so plazed."

He rattled away with a blithe wave of the hand and a cheery "To-morrow, *Achree*!" and Jane Katy went happily in, thankful that her sad little problem was solved in this pleasant way.

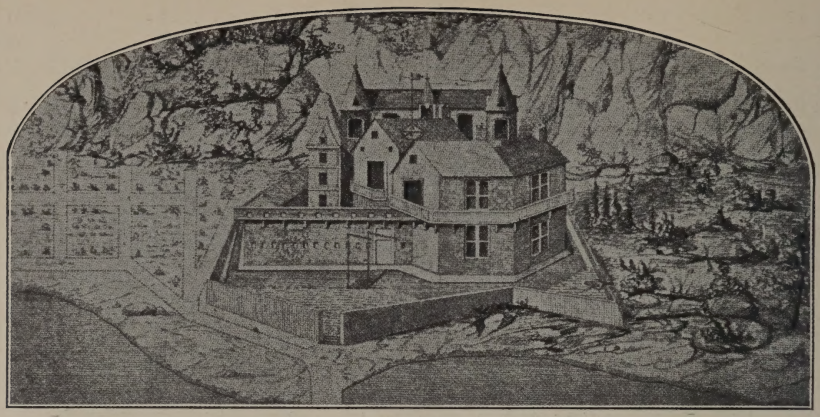
SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

SOME MEN AND WOMEN OF OLD QUEBEC.

BY LOUIS MOREAU.

The approaching celebration in the city of Quebec will mark the close of three centuries of history, during the making of which—despite many vicissitudes, years of conflict, and changes of ownership—the walled city preserved certain features of colonization as unique as its physical structure. It retains to-day its old-world atmosphere, and the customs and language of the time of Champlain. One cannot think of Quebec without thinking of the dominant character of the founder of the city whose name and fame are commemorated in many ways, and who seems even to-day to be a living force in the life of the city.

It is said of him that "his character gave the keynote not only to the great fortressed capital but to the whole history of New France. He was an embodiment at once of the religious zeal and of the mediaeval spirit of romance which carried the Bourbon lilies



FIRST DWELLING IN QUEBEC.
Residence of Samuel de Champlain.

into the trackless wilderness of North America at a time when English colonization contented itself with a narrow strip on the Atlantic seaboard."

Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec, was born at Brouage, on the Bay of Biscay, in 1567. He received his early training from his father, who was a captain in the French navy, and probably he owed to him the spirit of adventure that grew strong upon him, as he passed from boyhood into early manhood.

MARIE GUYARD.
Mother Mary de L'Incarnation.

When he was thirty years old his attention was directed to the lands discovered by Cartier, and he yearned to explore for himself the strange new country. Having lived a life of action he cared not for the environment of a court, and though high in favor, he was willing to leave all state and pageant behind, that he might follow his love of adventure in foreign lands. With the courage of the warrior he blended the zeal of the missionary and soon he shaped his plans for an expedition to America that would add to the glory of Church and Country. Under the patronage of M. De Chastes, Governor of Dieppe, and accompanied by Pontgrave, he set forth on a voyage that was long and uneventful. As he ascended the St. Lawrence he saw no vestige of Stadacone or Hochelaga, and nothing but the ruins of Cap Rouge remained to tell that Cartier had been there before him. The foaming St. Louis Rapids barred his way, but the Indians drew for him on bark rude plans of the river above, of the chain of rapids, the great lakes, and the mighty cataract of Niagara,

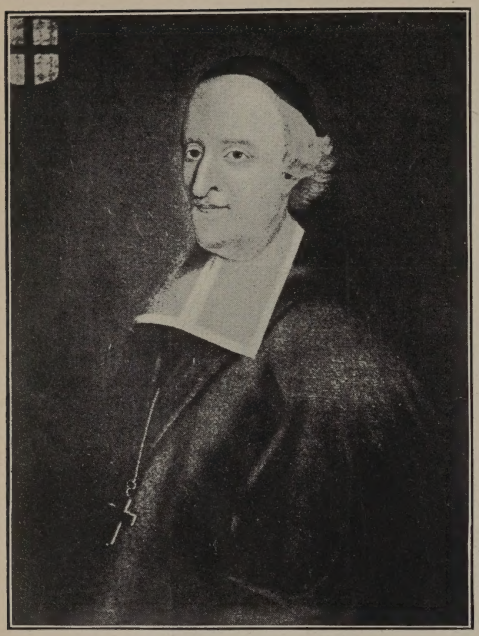
until Champlain's enthusiasm rose to white heat, and he longed to explore that magnificent stretch of waters. But Pontgrave, who had traded with the Indians to great profit, was about to return to France, so the caravels retraced their course down the river, and passing through the gulf and river St. Lawrence. Accompanied by Champlain and Baron Poutrincourt he sailed from Havre de Grace, but the venture resulted in little except hardship.

Champlain and De Monts established a post on the bleak island of St. Croix,

MADAME DE LA PELTRIE.

the gulf, came safely to Havre de Grace.

During their absence, De Chastes had died, and King Henry had given to the Sieur De Monts, a gentleman of his bedchamber, a patent of the province of Acadia with full power to colonize it, to make grants of land, levy troops, and wage war. He was also given a monopoly of and there passed a winter of great suffering. The efforts of political enemies at home led to the recall of De Monts. He succeeded, however, in securing for one year a monopoly of the fur trade, and with Champlain planned an expedition, for which two ships were equipped. Champlain sailed from Honfleur on the

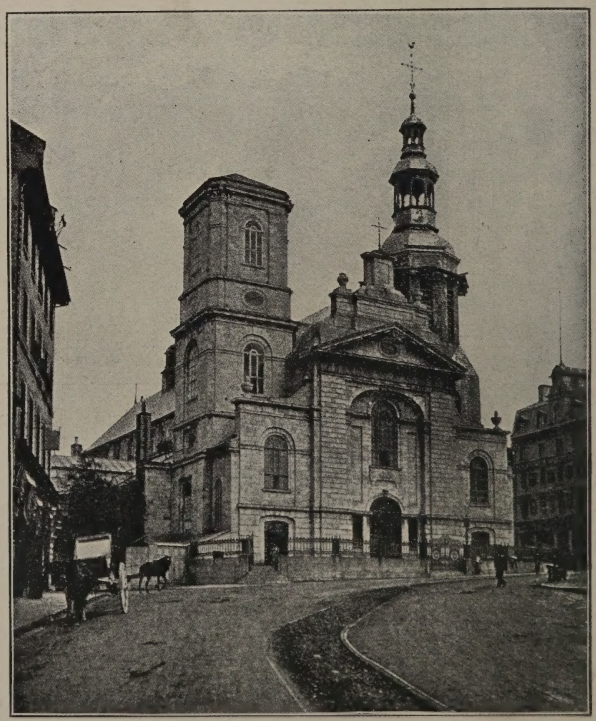


FRANCOIS DE LAVAL DE MONTMORENCY.
First Bishop of Quebec.

13th of April, 1608, and his ship carried the first permanent colony to New France. Early in July, he moored his vessel in the roadway between Point Levis and the promontory on which formerly stood Stadacone.

"I searched for a place suitable for our settlement," he says, in his own account of his voyage, "but I could find none more convenient or better situated than the Point of Quebec, so called by the savages, which was covered with nut trees. I at once employed a portion of our workmen in cutting them down, that we might construct our habitation there; one I set to sawing boards; another to making a cellar and digging ditches; another I sent to Tadoussac with the bark to get supplies. The first thing we made was the storehouse for keeping under cover our supplies, which was promptly accomplished through the zeal of all and my attention to the work."

Champlain had also to reckon with treachery and dissension within his camp, but resolutely overcoming all obstacles he continued his work of establishing a permanent colony. It is a thrilling story, that of those early days of colonization, and each chapter in it breathes the spirit of adventure and lofty courage that characterized the intrepid leader. He saw his infant colony so devastated by cold and want and disease that when the spring came only eight of the twenty-eight Frenchmen who had come with him lived to greet it. So slow was the progress of the future city that four years



THE BASILICA

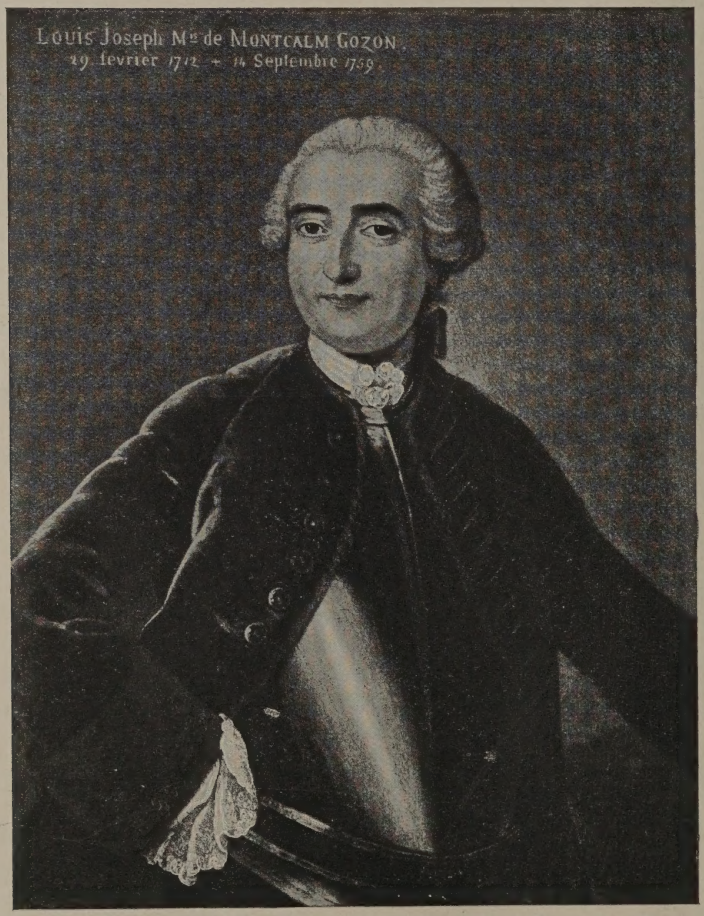
after its establishment the entire population numbered less than fifty, who were sheltered in the fortified post and a few poor cabins. The traders came and went, but there was no desire shown to remain in Quebec until Champlain decided wisely to place the colony on a firm basis by securing the ministrations of religion for the settlers. Therefore on one of his visits to France he persuaded four Recollet Fathers to return to Quebec with him; and on their arrival, May 16, 1615, a site for a church was selected without delay, a little distance from the habitation. It was speedily constructed, and before the end of June the half hundred citizens of Quebec knelt upon the bare ground assisting reverently at the first Mass ever said in Canada.

INTERIOR OF BASILICA.

The colonial policy of New France had now been definitely shaped. Quebec was the heart and soul of the vast Indian country whose boundaries no one knew, whose wealth none could divine.

The same year that the Pilgrims

landed at Plymouth Rock, 1620, Champlain brought to Canada the young wife to whom he had been betrothed when she was but a child of twelve. When Madame de Champlain established her home in the new world, Quebec was at

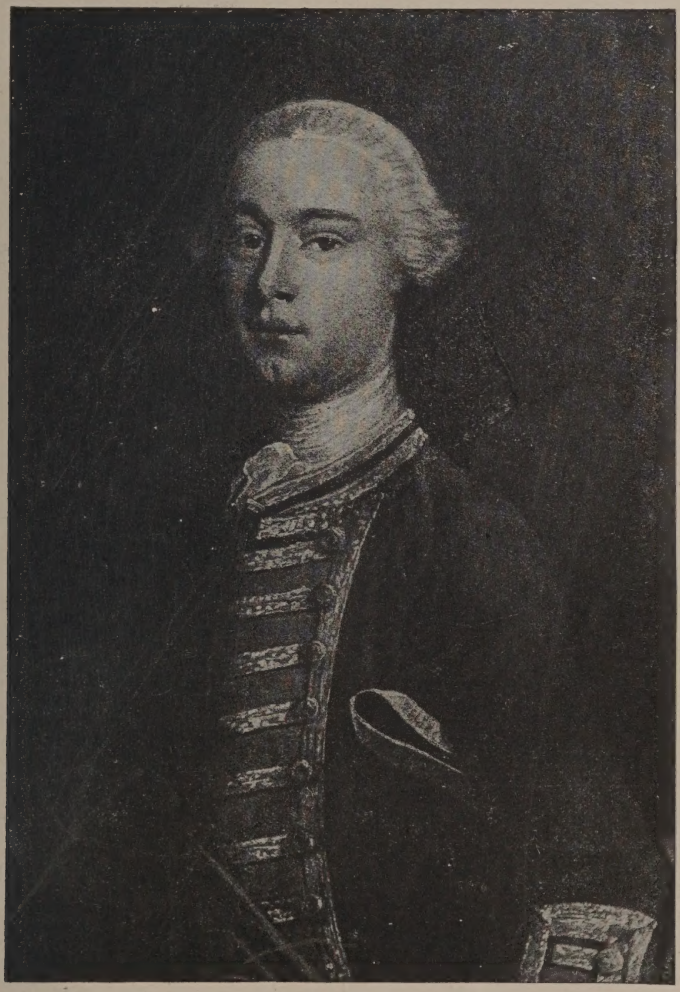


MONTCALM.
From "Montcalm and Wolfe," by Francis Parkman.
By permission of Little, Brown & Co., Publishers.

a low ebb, and instead of the manorial estates and gallant cavaliers she had pictured she saw the crude, half-ruined habitation, a few ragged French adventurers, and some dirty, half-clad Indians. Who can tell what were the thoughts of the daintily nurtured lady as she took up her residence in a dilapidated dwelling with the three maids she had brought with her, and a husband who was thirty years her senior! She does not seem to have shirked her duties, however, or to have spent her days in idle regret for she devoted herself assiduously to the instruction of the wandering Indians; they in turn were devotedly attached to her. But the lack of the comforts and luxuries to

which she had been accustomed so wore upon her health and spirits that Champlain resolved to take her back to France. He returned alone to Quebec, and after ten more years of unceasing activity passed away on Christmas Day, 1635. He was laid to rest in the land of his voluntary exile, but the spot where he was buried has never been definitely located.

In those years of struggle there was little of the joy of domestic life for the colonizers of Quebec, but among the pioneer women of Champlain's time one name stands out prominently, not for the wealth or estate it represented, but for the practical worth, the missionary zeal, and the brave spirit of its possessor, Madame Hebert. During one of his frequent visits to France,



MAJ.-GEN. JAMES WOLFE.
From "Montcalm and Wolfe," by Francis Parkman.
By permission of Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Champlain made a strong appeal for a few thrifty householders to emigrate; to Honfleur to take passage for Quebec. Selecting a spot near Champlain's fort

THE DEATH OF MONTCALM.
From "Montcalm and Wolfe," by Francis Parkman.
By permission of Little, Brown & Co., Publishers.

and among those who yielded to his urgency was Louis Hebert, a chemist. With his wife and children he repaired in the Upper Town he built a rude, substantial home, the site of which gladdened Champlain's heart as he made his way

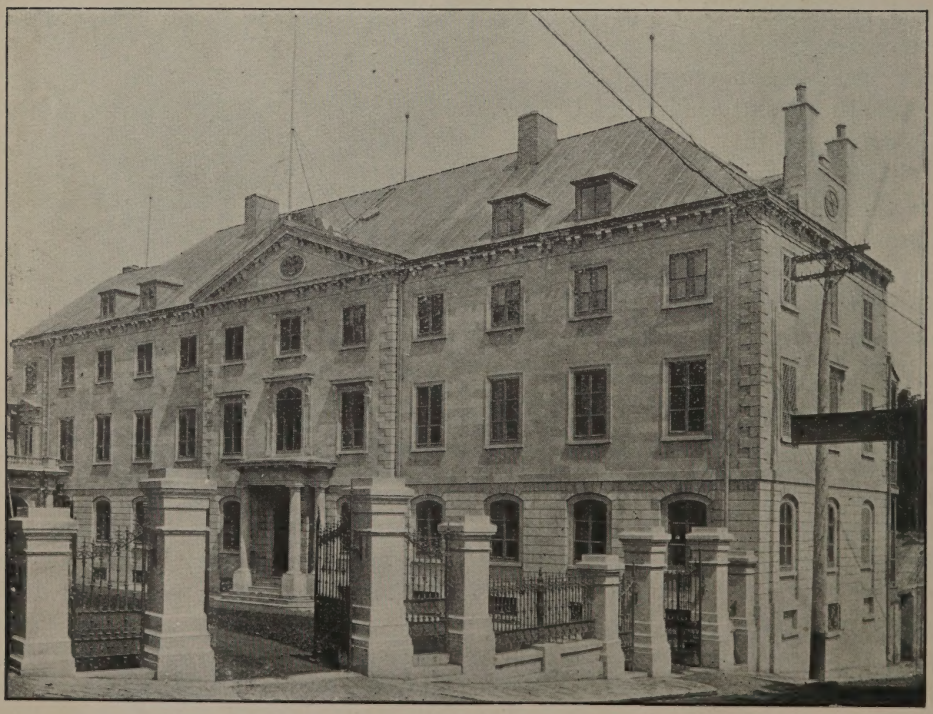
up the rocky heights. Dame Hebert possessed all the qualities essential to the wife of a colonist, and she speedily played an important part in the young settlement. Some months after the arrival of the Heberts, their eldest daughter, Anne, was married to Stephen Jonquest, a young trader. This was the first marriage ceremony performed in Canada, and took place two and a half years earlier than the first one celebrated in New England. The second daughter, Guillemette, married two years later Monsieur Couillard and for the next fifty years was a prominent figure in the colony. Her memory is recalled by Couillard Street—a monument to a woman who acted as sponsor to Indian babies, protected in her palisaded cottage settlers fleeing from the Iroquois, threw open her home to wandering woodsmen and traders, and was ever a thrifty, provident, hospitable matron.

THE LATE CARDINAL TASCHEREAU.

In these good works she but followed the example of her mother, whose hospitable hearth was ever a refuge, and must have been an agreeable sight for the missionaries on their return from the filthy Indian wigwams. When it was decided that the Recollets must return to France it was Dame Hebert who gave a home to the three young Indian girls, Faith, Hope and Charity, who had been given to Champlain as hostages for two Frenchmen.

Three years later Dame Hebert had the happiness of receiving the Jesuit missionaries sent to Quebec by Cardinal Richelieu, and of assisting at the sacrifice of the Mass. "We went to celebrate the holy Mass in the oldest house in this country," wrote one of them, "the house of Madame Hebert, who settled near the fort in the lifetime of her husband. She has a fine family, one of her daughters being married to a respectable Frenchman here. God is continually blessing them. He has given them

LAVAL UNIVERSITY.



EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE.

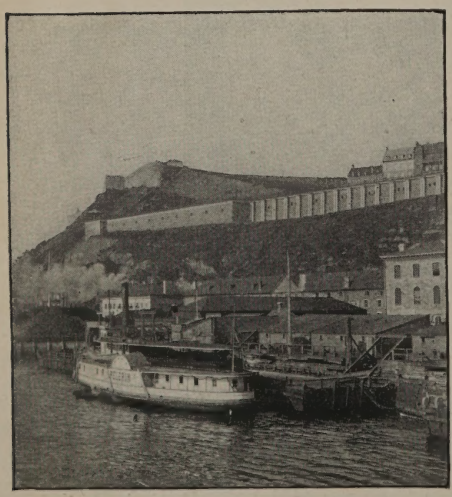
beautiful children, their cattle are flourishing, their land bears fine grain."

Other names that shine with even greater lustre in the annals of Quebec are those of Madame de la Peltrie and Marie Guyard who were destined to found the great educational institution known to this day as the Ursuline Convent of Quebec. The Jesuit College had been opened; Brebeuf, Lalement and other brave-hearted missionaries were laboring to christianize the Indians; and the appeals of Father Le Jeune for religious to teach Indian girls, had been hearkened to in France.

"My God," exclaimed, the Jesuit Superior, "if the excess and superfluity of certain dames of France were employed in this holy work what blessings would they not bring down upon their families! What glory in the eyes of the angels to have gathered up the Blood of the Son of God and to have applied it to these poor unbelievers." The greatest ladies of France were stirred to enthusiasm, and thus it was that Madame de la Peltrie, young, rich and zealous, resolved to cross the ocean and take up the work that awaited her. She selected two Ursuline nuns as her

MOST REV. L. N. BEGIN, D.D.
Archbishop of Quebec.

QUEBEC AND HARBOR, FROM FOINT LEVIS.



CITADEL AND DURHAM TERRACE, QUEBEC.

companions, and their example induced others also to go to New France, forming a party all the members of which were destined to have a part in the pioneer life of Canada,—Madame de la Peltrie, who supplied the necessary means, Mother Marie Guyard who was to be the principal of the school for Indian girls; Marie de St. Bernard, a devoted Ursuline; Charlotte Barré, and the three Hospitallers who, through the bounty of the Duchess D'Aiguillon, niece and heiress of Cardinal Richelieu, were enabled to establish a hospital, open to all who needed its care, the Hotel Dieu. This hospital was maintained at its benefactor's expense for thirty-five years. The labors, hardships, and scant rewards of these

noble pioneer nurses cannot be told of in words. The best proof of the vital character of their work is that it is being carried on to-day by their successors, and that after nearly three hundred years its beneficent mission is not only a part of the life of Quebec but of all Canada.

It is to the credit of the Indians that they treated these French gentlewomen with chivalrous kindness and accepted their ministrations with gratitude and reverence.

Marie Guyard, in religion, Mother Marie of the Incarnation, not only laid sure and deep the foundations of the Ursuline Order in Canada but she left letters and memoirs that historians drew upon for reliable information of the early days of Canada. These documents are quoted by secular and ecclesiastical writers, "for no movement in the colony from the time of her arrival in 1639, whether it had to do with trade, exploration, politics, or religion, escaped her observation or the record of her faithful pen. She gives her opinion of all the new arrivals, bishops, officers, and governors, she knew the history and characteristics of all the neighboring Indian tribes, she kept watch of the public morals, helped the poor, reproved the indolent, cheered the discouraged, and was in truth the inspiration of the little colony for nearly thirty-five years. She is met with more frequently, perhaps, than any other woman in the stories of early Canadian life."

The coming of Francois de Laval de Montmorency, titular Bishop of Petraea, marks another era in the life of Quebec. "It was a festive day in Quebec when the Bishop with his accompanying clergy arrived. As they stepped to land on the bank where stood the company's house and store and the mercantile establishments of the five hundred of the little town they were greeted by the Jesuit Fathers, the Governor and staff and all the notable inhabitants; we can see them as they went their way on foot up the path which has been widened into the present Mountain street, to the church where they were to thank God for their safe voyage, and can imagine the effect which the glorious scenery, the strange motley crowd of savages, and the complete novelty of the situation must have produced on their minds. To Laval himself it must certainly have seemed that here was a land of unbounded promise, of infinite possibilities for the Church for which he was an instrument; nor was he greatly in error if in prophetic mood he felt assured that with him it rested to give a direction to its growing civilization, a stamp to its moral and intellectual development, which ages would not wholly efface.

Two years before the Bishop landed, a basilica had been opened for service, on the site of the present cathedral, but it was not consecrated until 1660. Entering earnestly on his mission he set about organizing the Church in Canada, establishing parishes, and laying the foundation of the renowned educational institution that more than anything else commemorates his name. To provide instruction also for boys not qualified for the priesthood Bishop Laval later founded the technical school at St. Joachim where an elementary education was given together with instruction in practical and theoretical agriculture and the manual trades. Here he took up his residence in 1691, and here he passed away in 1708, ten years after Frontenac had closed his tempestuous career.

With the passing of the days of Laval and Frontenac came an era of change for the people of Quebec. Early in the eighteenth century the final conquest of Acadia by the English was accomplished and Canada entered on a long period of peace—a respite that was needed to prepare the country for the war between the French and English nations that culminated on the Plains of Abraham in 1759, when, after an existence of one hundred and fifty years the city of Champlain passed from the ownership of France.

Indissolubly connected with the history of Quebec are the names of Montcalm and Wolfe. Admiration for their valor and prowess has so dominated race prejudice that a common monument tells the story of their noble achievements. "Valor gave them a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument." Another shaft of stone out on the Plains marks the spot where Wolfe breathed his last. It is not so much of him as of Montcalm that one thinks when wandering through the streets of the city for which the French general fought and died—a hero and a Christian. One seems to see again the excited crowd at St. Louis Gate, gathered to hear the latest news from the field and raising a cry at sight of their chief, streaming with blood, held in his saddle by a soldier on either side. "It is nothing! It is nothing! Do not distress yourselves for me, my good friends," murmured the dying man as his black charger slowly bore him to the house of the surgeon. "How long have I to live?" he asked, and being told that a brief twelve hours remained to him he said: "So much the better. I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." Then turning to his officers: "Gentlemen, to your keeping I commend the honor of France. Endeavor to secure the retreat of my army to-night beyond Cap Rouge. As for myself I shall pass the night with God, and prepare for death."

What wonder that the people of Quebec had acquired a distinct national character and that the city remains French to-day! The characteristics of Quebec are still markedly in evidence and nowhere else on the continent does the influence of the past so persistently exercise its sway.

An interesting feature of the coming celebration will be the series of historical pageants. Among these is a representation of the arrival of Champlain with his crew—a facsimile of his little ship is now being built and its arrival in the harbor will be saluted by the men-of-war. On Friday, the twenty-fourth of July, a grand historical parade will take place to mark the dedication of the battlefield, and there will be a review of the military and naval forces. On Thanksgiving Day, Sunday, July 26th, Mass will be offered up in the open air on the Plains of Abraham, and on Monday evening there will be represented the bombardment of Quebec by the army and fleet under Saunders and Wolfe. On the Plains, too, will be given a series of scenes from Canadian history, on several afternoons, three thousand performers taking part.

There are many other features, and the event will commemorate not only the tercentenary of the founding of Quebec, but the union as well of the Plains of Abraham where the English defeated the French and the battlefields of Sillery and St. Foye where the the French defeated the English into a national park which will bear the

name of the reigning English King. It is the desire also of the Governor General, Lord Grey, to symbolize the union of the two races by erecting on the point of Quebec a statue representing the angel of peace. Among the special guests of the occasion will be a representative of the town of Brouage and representatives of the families of Wolfe, Montcalm, Levis, Murray and Guy Carleton—in brief, the celebration is intended to represent three hundred years of history and to recall the lives of the men who made it.

ERIN ASTHORE.*

BY THE REV. J. J. O'BRIEN, S.J. ("EYON.")

All my desires are by day an' by night o' thee;
All my pulse throbs wid wild thrills o' delight o' thee;
Och, but 'tis achin' my eyes are for sight o' thee,
Thee an' thy fair hills, my Erin asthore!

Faix, they may say that 'tis quare an' 'tis dhroll o' me
Thus to be lovin' beyond the control o' me—
All o' the head an' the heart an' the soul o' me—
Thee an' thy fair hills, my Erin asthore!

What do they know who have nought ever seen o' thee?
How can they judge o' the richness an' green o' thee?
What can they dream o' the beauty an' sheen o' thee,
Thee an' thy fair hills, my Erin asthore?

See! to His Heart now the good God is takin' thee!
Hark! 'tis His angel to glory awakin' thee!
Star o' the nation 'tis soon He'll be makin' thee,
Thee an' thy fair hills, my Erin asthore!

Christ spread His mantle from shore unto shore on thee;
Christ put the tongue o' the Gael as of yore on thee;
Christ wake thy minstrels to sing evermore on thee,
Thee an' thy fair hills, my Erin asthore!

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*Our subscribers will read this poem with added interest, when they know that the Rev. J. J. O'Brien, S.J., Professor of English Literature in Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala., is also the author of "Shamrock Dear" quoted by Miss Conroy in her article, "Hunting For Shamrocks," in the March number of this Magazine. "Shamrock Dear" was published first in an Irish magazine six years ago, and has since travelled over the world, doing immeasurable good to Irish exiles in all parts of the globe.

By happy chance it was reprinted in DONAHOE'S, attracted Father O'Brien's attention, and through his courtesy we now have the pleasure of answering numerous enquiries as to the author's name, while publishing another—and hitherto unpublished—poem from his gifted pen.

HIS LAST REFUGE.

BY BEN HURST.

I.

It was one of those inconstant March days when a sudden sun-ray brightened the atmosphere for a moment only to be effaced by one of the dark clouds that swept the sky, herald of another shower. The weather had more effect on Reginald's spirits than he himself suspected,—he would have scoffed at the idea of being influenced by atmospherical changes,—but the brief ray cheered his soul with a vague hope, as the dreariness of nature, during these eclipses, augmented its darkness and forebodings.

He walked as in a dream, and once found himself sighing aloud, so that the attention of the passers-by was attracted. On this occasion he stopped short in confusion, drew out his handkerchief and rounded the sigh into a cough. Then he went on again, disheartened at his lack of self-control. "What have I come out for?" he asked himself. "Am I going mad? What shall I gain by laying bare my wound?" He continued his walk, nevertheless, with that blind adherence to a foregone resolution born of the consciousness that no other course offered a chance of deliverance from the impending catastrophe.

A flood of sunlight burst upon him as the door opened to his ring. All at once he found himself face to face with the master of the house, who was drawing on his gloves preparatory to leaving it. In answer to the look of suprise which preceded the friendly greeting, the caller explained hastily:

"I have chosen a wrong moment, I see. But I also want to find Mrs. Whittaker. Is she at home? I need not detain you more than a few minutes."

"Half-an-hour, if you like," was the answer. "I was only strolling down to the bank, as usual. I am in no hurry, and my wife is not going out." He threw open the door and, laying down his hat, followed his visitor.

Reginald mechanically took the proferred cigar. He was confronting one of the hardest moments of his life. He felt that he was weak, and longed to put his arms on the table, rest his head on them and groan; so he almost overdid the air of jauntiness with which he said: "You expect me, no doubt, to ask for a loan? No, it is a greater favor that I have come to beg from Mrs. Whittaker. I daresay you are aware I was one of the many ardent admirers she possessed before you married her?"

Whittaker laughed,—a hearty honest laugh that rang cheerily through the room. "I know it very well," he said, "and I can guarantee that she has a strong liking for you still. We were sorry to see so little of you since your marriage, and I can answer for it that she will be glad to do anything she can for you. Have a glass of wine?"

Reginald made a gesture of refusal. Had the dryness of his lips and his haggard mien prompted the invitation? Once more he made a fierce effort to throw off the lethargy that was threatening to overwhelm him. "Then, you will not mind?—You will ask?" he said. "With the greatest pleasure in life," answered Whittaker. "My dear Barton, sit still. I shall ask Agnes to come here to you, and as I am going out you will be undisturbed."

Reginald rose as the door closed, and began walking round the room. A little statue in a niche attracted his notice, and with the recollection of the Supernatural Power which its presence evoked, he addressed a reproach, rather than a prayer to the Deity, Wielder of his destiny. "Why should I suffer?" he asked. "I am not a bad man."

He turned to encounter a tall vision of grace and elegance combined,—clad in a soft creamy gown that seemed to make the sheen of her eyes more blue. Again he realized the difficulty of his task. Was it not profane, incongruous? They had been playmates and then intimate acquaintances; now they belonged to different sets, and saw little of each other.

She came forward with outstretched hand. "It is too long since we have met," she said cordially. "How people drift apart in this busy world! What are you doing? How is Mrs. Barton?"

"The answer to that question," he said slowly, "will be the explanation of my visit. Lilla is going to leave me." The blue of her eyes darkened to a deep violet and she kept them fixed on him but spoke no word.

"Yes," he went on, painfully. "As a last resource I come to you, to ask your help, remembering what you were—and are. I have nobody to turn to,—of my own,—in this huge city. Thank God, my mother is too far off to hear the rumor of my disgrace, for such she would consider it. We are old-fashioned people out there—but"—he stood up—"*there shall be no rumor.* I am determined, cost what it may, to have no divorce court proceedings. And,—besides,—it can still be warded off, our separation. Lilla is not bad at heart. You know her, thoughtless perhaps, but straightforward all the same. Will you forgive my bringing all this to you? And will you help me?" Mrs. Whittaker motioned to him to sit down. "You take things too tragically," she said. "Do not imagine that matrimonial disputes are your exclusive property. As we are here in confidence I may tell you that George and I have had awful rows." He smiled and made a deprecating gesture. "You did not threaten to leave him however," he maintained. "Oh, well, that was perhaps because I could not," she suggested. "Your 'Romanism' I suppose?" he said. She nodded.

"You must not let Lilla even think," she resumed eagerly, "that you would ever consent to a separation. How can she dream of it, or mention such a thing?"

"She actually believes it her duty," he said brokenly. "It is not, as you fancy, a mere quarrel. In fact, we don't quarrel,—not more than other people."

Mrs. Whittaker looked incredulous.

"What is it, then?" she asked.

Again he stood up.

"My wife believes she has developed a *grande passion*," he said with a pitiful attempt at a smile. "She tells me frankly, after mature consideration, that she never really loved me, and that now she has found the one great love of her life! She wishes to divorce and re-marry."

Mrs. Whittaker sank back in her chair.

"Reginald," she gasped, using the old familiar name in forgetfulness of all else but his disaster. "Reginald, this must not be!"

"No," he said, "it will not be. You will help me to bring her to her right mind. Let your poor alone for a time, and devote your charity to the rich who are as much in need of it. You have not asked the man's name?"

She made a gesture of disgust.

"It does not matter," she said, "what shape the serpent takes. I am only thinking of Lilla."

"Remark," he insisted, "that neither of them is, as yet, to blame. He keeps away, and she has been quite open with me. Perhaps another man would release her at once, but—I love Lilla, and I know him for a fickle fool. I shall not give her up."

"Of course not!" cried Agnes indignantly. "*Your own wife?* Oh, what a corrupt world we live in! Tell me what you wish me to do."

. . . . . .

"George," said Mrs. Whittaker that evening, "he knows I have no secrets from you. Can you guess what brought Barton here to-day?"

"I think I can," was the unexpected reply. "His wife is gone mad on the singer Martini. Why do you look so shocked, Agnes? Isn't it that?"

"How crudely you put it," she said. "Is all the town talking of it then? I didn't anticipate this."

"Oh well, it isn't quite so bad," he said reassuringly. "I happened to hear a lot of gossip lately."

"Men are always full of gossip," she said.

"Well, we hear more of the world's news in our clubs than you in your confraternities, which is natural," he laughed. "But why are you so concerned? Are you going to take her up?"

"If I may," she answered dubiously. "If it is not too late?"

George whistled a few bars of a popular air.

"No," he said at last. "It is certainly not too late, and who can overrate the influence of a good woman?"

II.

"Mrs. Whittaker? Of course, show her up at once," and the dainty apparition, shaking out her silk and lace, advanced to the drawing-room door to meet her visitor.

"What a rare distinction is this!" she cried, not quite sure how to address her visitor.

But Mrs. Whittaker decided the question by at once adopting the familiar tone that had existed between them at school.

"Whose fault is it, Lilla, mine or yours?" she asked. "But on this iniquitous globe, my dear, nothing is done without a selfish motive. Both you and I have as long a visiting list as we can well manage, but if you wanted me very badly you would find your way to my house as I have to yours."

"Such a great lady to want little me for anything!" exclaimed Lilla. "I feel very flattered. Quick! Tell me all about it."

Mrs. Whittaker threw back her boa, unbuttoned the coat of her smart morning costume, and glanced round the room.

"What a lovely little nest, you have, Lilla," she remarked.

"I am thinking of leaving it," said Lilla curtly.

"Not really? You will hardly find anything more snug, at least in this quarter of the city. But let us to business. You have heard of my grand bazaar?"

"Rather! What a swell you have become, Agnes!"

"Have I? Well, I have been working early and late but it is too much for me. I have enlisted many helpers,—as you will have seen in the papers,—but some-

how there is a gap. The fact is, I want one energetic and—hem! well, attractive personality to work constantly with me, if you like, and I have come to beg you to be that person. This is, of course, if Mr. Barton makes no objection. He used to be a good friend of mine. Remind him of it."

"Well, thank you, Agnes. I must say that I envied the members of your committee. This is a great honor,—but—just now—"

"Oh, be easy on that score!" interrupted Agnes. "It may not sound nice, but though I was always fond of you, Lilla, I am acting simply in the interests of my bazaar. Now, don't make a single objection, for I won't listen. You are going to drive at once with me to the Convalescent Home and see the plans for yourself. Come along!"

"Agnes, you should know that I am on the eve of a change in—"

"Oh, bother moving!" cried the visitor, jumping up. "Do not refuse the first favor I ask of you, after all the sums I did for you at school!"

She stopped and they laughed simultaneously.

"I must run round to Jordan's to conciliate Amelie who will be vexed at my designating the flower-stall for you," continued Agnes, "but the interests of the Home come before social amenities. You'll bring me in a pile of money, you witch! I'll walk to Jordan's, and when you have got on your hat, get in to my carriage which is at the door and call for me, will you? Bye-bye!"

She was gone in a whirl; and Lilla in a mixed mood of amusement, contrariety, and gratified vanity, found herself obeying orders.

Half an hour later they were driving through the park, chatting freely; commenting on others and being commented upon.

"See that creature!" exclaimed Agnes as a magnificent equipage dashed past. "She's divorced; and what's more,—she has married again. But fancy her impudence! She expects people to bow to her as before!"

"And why not?" asked Lilla a deep flush mantling her face. "There is no scandal connected with her."

"Oh, but she can't expect to be treated as if she had not a couple of husbands living, you know, at least not in refined circles," went on Agnes. "Oh, *you* would feel the same, Lilla."

"No, indeed," said Lilla. "Decidedly not. I am more tolerant, more broad-minded than you, Agnes. Divorce is honester than continuance in a loveless marriage."

"What funny things you say!" laughed Agnes. "As if love were the only tie in marriage! Duty, which means stability, is the first obligation and love is secondary. But don't get me talking on such serious subjects, I beg. Until my bazaar is over I refuse to discuss anything else. By the way, how thoughtless I am! Have I wounded you by my wholesale condemnation of divorce? You have no divorced relatives have you? Ah, I thought not. You look much too fastidious, *ma chere*, to be connected with anything of the sort."

Lilla laughed nervously.

"You are always the same Agnes," she said. "With your hard and fast Roman Catholic rules you cannot be charitable."

"I have President Roosevelt on my side," smiled Agnes.

"I do not see that the President is infallible," rejoined Lilla.

"He is, sometimes," said Agnes. "When he sides with the Pope!"

At which both laughed and dismissed the subject.

III.

"Well," asked George, after a month's continuous intercourse between the Barton and Whittaker families, "how is your mission succeeding, Agnes?"

"Oh, pretty well," said Agnes enigmatically.

"Only pretty well? So you have not brought her quite to her senses?"

"No, not quite. I am less clever than I thought," she confessed.

"You see, at first I played to her vanity, her social ambition, her innate dislike to anything irregular or wrong. Then I tried to lessen that snake in her eyes; we met him—you know—at the fancy ball and—George—I told her I found him horribly vulgar. One can't deny he is handsome, nor depreciate his voice,—but I tried to make him appear ridiculous. This seemed easy, for he is inflated and bombastic, but somehow she seems to forget all that when he sings, and what is strange, the fascination lasts after the song is over."

"Has she acknowledged it to you, then?" asked George gruffly.

"Yes," admitted Agnes in a low tone. "I tried to escape her confidence as long as I could; but, always together as we were lately, it was impossible to put it off forever. Oh, George, I hate this contamination as much as you do, but it was part of the programme we agreed upon. And then speaking openly at last, I could appeal to her sense of honor, her obligations to Reginald, so loving and so faithful,—her duty to God, her vow given before a minister of her creed,—all that should keep a woman in the straight path."

"And here it was that you most lamentably failed," put in George grimly. "Her vow is not binding either by her creed or the law of the land."

Agnes remained silent for a time. Then she stood up, went over softly to the toilet table where George was fumbling impatiently with his tie; removed it deftly from behind, and substituted a fresh one from the drawer.

"My dear," she said, when she arranged the tie to her satisfaction, "I fear I am a bad apostle."

"Look here, Agnes," was the reply. "There is no use in appealing to nonexistent codes and beliefs. That woman has the law on her side. She can get a divorce for affected insurmountable aversion and legally marry her latest fancy at any time, keeping right with her church throughout. My darling, we can only keep away from such people. We can never get them to think and act as we do. Had we not better draw off in time? Already you have identified yourself too much with her."

Agnes sat down and began nervously buttoning and unbuttoning her gloves.

"What does it matter," she said, "if I could do any good? But you are so discouraging, George!"

"You forget, little woman, that we do not belong to ourselves only. We have a standard to uphold. Now, don't collapse when I tell you that Martini is to sing between the acts of the play for which Lilla was so eager to secure a box tonight."

"Then I won't go," exclaimed Agnes.

"We cannot break off suddenly like that," he remonstrated. "But prepare yourself for the worst. Reginald is inexplicable. She has again announced to him that she cannot live without Martini and still he says to me it will not

come to divorce! Do not deceive yourself likewise, Agnes. Lilla will have what she wants."

"I am sick of life," said Agnes wearily as they went down the stairs.

IV.

The first act was over; the lights, still darkened in the house, softly mellowed on the stage, lit up the figure of the man who lifting up his voice, sang to Reginald Barton's wife.

The words were his own, the aria too, and,—under cover of the sacred name of Love which they profaned,—they dealt with passion—violent and ephemeral passion. His eyes were fixed on the box where Agnes, Lilla and George sat in front, with Reginald behind in the shadow.

When he had finished, Agnes rose abruptly, complained that the piece was tiresome and proposed to return home.

But Lilla refused to stir and sat gazing at the fallen curtain, as if hypnotised. All through the representation Agnes watched in agony the empire exercised by the tempter on her unhappy friend and saw with despair that others had observed it too.

The glimpse of Reginald's face, impassible and stern as it was faintly outlined in the shadow, which met her gaze whenever she turned her head, was added torture.

When the last notes had died away Lilla still made no move.

"Come Lilla! Mrs. Whittaker is tired," her husband said sharply.

Lilla rose as if in a trance and mechanically took the arm which George had somewhat imperiously offered. Before leaving the box, however, she leaned over to Reginald and said something in a low voice. George overheard, but without relinquishing her arm, he led her to a cab, helped her in and took his place beside her without a word.

"It is all no use," said Lilla. "This must end; and knowing you and your wife's tenets, Mr. Whittaker, I feel it out of place to thrust myself on your hospitality."

"You cannot expect me, Mrs. Barton, to conduct you to the green-room," said her companion sarcastically.

"That is an unwarranted insinuation," said Lilla, loftily.

"I do not need to seek out Mr. Martini who leaves here this evening, and will not return until I am free to become his wife. I have just told Reginald that I will not again enter his house. Please allow me to drive straight to my aunt's."

"No, because it would fret my wife," said George coolly. "And will you really forget yourself so far, Mrs. Barton?"

"I shall follow the dictates of my conscience," announced Lilla. "My demand for divorce will be made to-morrow."

George Whittaker made a bow.

"Allow me to forget it for this evening," he said, "and to show you all the respect due to Mrs. Reginald Barton."

In a cab following them Agnes sat silent. The sound of the horses' hoofs above the faint rumbling of the wheels was, to her, lugubrious. Never since has she remarked the same sound and watched the light flashing on the wet asphalt without recalling the depression of that mournful drive.

"It is so late," Reginald remarked at last. "I had better leave you at your door and take Lilla straight home."

Agnes made no reply, for she, too, had overheard.

"We are all rather moody," he went on, "and we have trespassed too much on your good-nature of late. Thank you,

Agnes, for having so long warded off the blow, but there is no use in our intruding again to-night. Lilla's mind is made up."

"You must come in, supper will be waiting," said Agnes absently. "Besides George and Lilla are already there."

The supper was a ghastly failure although Whittaker kept up a running commentary on the audience and the actors.

Barton tasted nothing but drank off one glass of champagne.

"Good-night, Lilla," said Agnes with forced composure as Lilla, pale and determined, rose to go.

"Good-bye, Agnes, " was the answer. "I know it is good-bye to you as well as to Reginald."

"No, Lilla," said Agnes retaining her hand and drawing her down beside her on the sofa.

"Think of your marriage-vow," she murmured faintly.

"I have never forgotten it," answered Lilla haughtily. "I have been a true and faithful wife. Let Reginald speak. I could not live a lie. That's all."

"It really is not Lilla's fault," assented Reginald. "It is all owing to the convenience of the law and that too fascinating Martini!"

"Neither is he to blame," cried Lilla hotly. "He has behaved so nobly throughout, never approaching me since he knew I did not wish to upset my life. We only met by accident as Agnes knows. Our mutual inclination was due to fatality. And we have struggled against it."

Reginald laughed, and the laugh sounded genuine.

"Fancy a husband sitting down and listening to his wife commenting on her affection for another man!" he said to George. "Thank Heaven, I am a man of the world."

"There is no slur on your name," said Lilla majestically. "And neither is there on the name of Martini."

"What about the Ninth Commandment?" asked George roughly.

"Oh, Mr. Whittaker would have all men cenobites or saints," said Lilla sarcastically. "But where is the use of prolonging this discussion? I am sorry, Agnes, that you disapprove of my honesty in the whole affair."

"Yes," said Reginald. "One should look at things from a modern and rational point of view. My wife thinks she is right in—in—taking steps to enter on a second union,—it is curious," he turned to Agnes with an apologetic smile,—"what a disinclination I have to pronounce the ominous word *Divorce!*—I will no longer try to alter her decision. So there is no need to shock or trouble our friends any further. You may go, Lilla, and you may file your petition tomorrow."

"It is acting for the best, Reginald," exclaimed Lilla with exaltation. "You will also meet the happiness you deserve one day. At last, at last you recognize the truth that there is no greater immorality than the continuance of a loveless union!"

"You yield, Reginald, *you!*" cried Agnes indignantly. "Ah, you are all the same, and the good among you can down the bad."

"What can I do?" asked Reginald. "There is no use in my trying to oust a man like Martini who has all the charms and virtues that Heaven has denied to me. You are witness that I did my best, Mrs. Whittaker, and that only when I realized the impossibility of making a stand, did I throw it all up."

"Good-bye, Agnes," said Lilla holding out her hand.

"Good-bye," replied Agnes, putting her hands behind her back. "May God forgive you!"

Lilla shrugged her shoulders and swept down the stairs.

It was George, not Reginald, who followed her.

"Allow me," he said, as he held the cab-door open after helping her in. "Allow me to tell the future Mrs. Martini, now that she is no longer under my roof, that I think Reginald well rid of the perverse specimen of womankind he had the misfortune to make his wife!"

With that he banged to the door and left Lilla to savor the insult as best she might.

Upstairs he found Agnes overcome with grief.

"My God," she sobbed, "there is a woman gone out from our house,—lost! lost! Oh, George, why have we not prevented it?"

"Don't fret, Agnes," he said, soothingly. "We have done our best. We could not conquer the evil tolerated by society and facilitated by the laws of the land. Individual efforts are fruitless. Legislation alone stems leprosy."

Reginald had been walking up and down the room. He came towards them now and took a hand of each. "Thank you," he said humbly, "for all you have been to me. How you must despise me for clinging so long to a woman who had long since confessed that her heart was given to another! But no! Your views are my excuse, I know."

"She was your wife, *your wife*," sobbed Agnes. "Was it not your duty to cling to her? Oh, the strange world!"

"Go abroad and forget her," advised George.

"Good-night," said Reginald. "It is a comfort to know how happy you are and secure in your happiness."

They watched him down the stairs, Agnes grieving over his desolate return to the deserted home.

Worn out with sorrow and emotion she rose late next day, and came down to breakfast to find her husband still at home although it was past his business hour.

"Can it be Sunday?" she asked, "and are you waiting to take me to Mass? No, it is Thursday and you are loitering here. How demoralized we are! Everything is upset, but we must not lose sight of poor Reginald." She sat down and poured out a cup of tea. Then with her right hand still on the urn she stretched her left across the table to him, palm upward.

"You look so downcast, George!" she said.

He stooped and kissed the broad gold band on the third finger. Then he laid his cheek upon it and she felt the tears trickling through her fingers.

"George!" she exclaimed in alarm. "What is it? What is it?"

"How can I tell you?" he said brokenly. "Reginald shot himself this morning."

WOMEN IN THE POSTAL SERVICE.

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH.

The doors of the Post Office Department were first opened to women workers in the year 1862, when eight were appointed to clerkships in the Dead Letter Office. It was long before the Civil Service was established, and the appointments were obtained through "influence." As a rule, the appointees were women whom the Civil War had deprived of masculine support and had forced to earn their daily bread. Among the first to occupy desks in the Post Office Department were Mrs. Wilcox, a daughter of Andrew Jackson Donaldson, who was nephew and private secretary of President Jackson; and Mrs. Pickett, widow of the gallant general. From this small number who wedged their way into the service of the department during those trying years of the war, the number has been increased to 309, according to the latest report of the Postmaster-General. As there are 1,195 positions in the Department at Washington, it is estimated that the women hold 25.85 per cent. of the total number.

These positions range from those of the clerks of class four, at $1,800 per year to those of charwomen at $240 per year. In explanation of the discrimination which appears to exist in the salaries paid to the women in the department, the Postmaster-General says that the salaries are commensurate with the work performed in the special divisions to which female employees are assigned. Figures show that the average clerical salary of the women is $1,144.40 per annum against $1,236.28 for men, and that the average subordinate salary for the men is $683.23 as against $402.71 for the women.

The Dead Letter branch of the service has been noted for its skilled women workers, over thirty-five now being employed where there were but eight in the year 1862. Mrs. Patty Lyle Collins, of Alabama, though listed as a clerk of class four at $1,400 a year, is something more than a mere clerk, being an expert reader of "blind addresses" and illegibly addressed mail. She has been employed in the Dead Letter Office for over twenty years, and, though she may be seated at her big desk eleven months out of every year, her mind goes out to every quarter of the globe, as she seeks to locate the places and persons to which certain wildly-addressed mail should go. It takes a sixth sense, indeed, to place many of these missives. Mrs. Collins is versed in several languages, knows the handwriting which seems most peculiar to certain nationalities, and can indicate on the map those settlements inhabited by foreigners. She knows just what nationalities are employed in the lumber and mining camps throughout the country, and which are given to labor on the great lakes and the rivers and coasts of the United States.

She and the assistants who work with her are living traveling guides, and in their work it is necessary that they be so. To begin with this country, they must be thoroughly familiar with every geographical, historical and commercial name in it. They must know the names peculiar to certain sections whether by climatic, historical or genealogical association, for through such knowledge they not only know where to place certain towns, but even streets and lanes. Many

towns are named for men who have been famous only in their immediate section, and to know about these men is to know where a town or street named in their honor may be found. They know the cities whose streets are indicated by the four points of the compass; those which take their names from rivers and mountains and lakes, and those which are the homes of certain great industries, or of a famous brand of foodstuff or soap. All is postal knowledge which comes to their brains; not even public scandal being cast aside as utterly worthless in the business of locating the destination of a letter.

Phonetic spelling as read at the Dead Letter Office is away ahead of that proposed by Mr. Roosevelt and other advocates of spelling reform, and the lady readers have to be mind readers in order to determine what some of the writers are trying to "get at." We are assured that no less than three hundred and fifty different ways for spelling Chicago have been discovered, among the favorites being — *Sheshajo*, *Jercago*, *Chahicho*, *Zizazo*, *Jaijo* and *Shyshigo*. Under the transformation of careless or imaginative persons towns bearing the name of *burgs* become *villes; creeks* become *brooks; glens* become *dales*, and names derived from animals are confused, for instance— Wolfville is written Foxville, and Oxford is changed into Steertown. As a rule, the writer may put the name of the county and state correctly and that aids in locating misdirected mail. It is estimated that at least 20,000 pieces of dead letter mail come into the Post Office Department every day.

The Dead Letter Office comes under the supervision of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, who also has charge of the appointing of fourth-class postmasters, and the rural free delivery system. Mr. De Graw, the present Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, has no less than eighty women clerks in his division.

In the office of the Postmaster-General there are employed twenty-five female clerks. As they are very near the throne, they are looked upon with envy by women in other departments. Some of these women are expert stenographers and could command a splendid salary almost anywhere in the business world.

In the Auditor's Division, eight of the sixty-two recording desks are occupied by women. This may be a surprise to the world at large, as the post-office bookkeeping is very difficult work. It has been shown that these women can do the most intricate work in this line and that they maintain a higher average than the men.

Influence plays a small part now-a-days in securing a position in the Post Office Department at Washington. Nearly all of the positions come under the Civil Service rules, and in order to gain entrance a woman must take the departmental examination and pass with a very high percentage — say over 95 — if she wishes a ghost of a show to enter the service. Time was when influence had everything to do with a woman being promoted in this branch of the service. Now competitive examinations and a high daily standard determine a clerk's chances for promotion. At the end of the fiscal year just passed, the niece of a prominent member of Congress, who was employed in the Department, and who paid more attention to the cultivation of her beauty than to her work, brought heavy congressional influence to bear on her case so that she could be promoted from a clerkship at seventy-five dollars

a month to one at a hundred. But she was disappointed in her desire. Instead of being promoted she was placed out in one of the corridors to do some work not to her taste, while more diligent women were given desks in comfortable private rooms.

So much for women employed in the Post Office Department. Regarding those employed in the general postal service, the latest report of the Postmaster-General shows that in the first and second class post-offices there are 194 women who are assistants to the postmasters. In the grades below such positions there are 27,000 women employed as stamp, delivery or money order clerks. These figures are not accurate, for in many cases the sex of the office-holder is not shown by the appointment certificates from which this information was obtained. There are about 700 women who are fourth-class postmasters, and many in the service as mail messengers and contractors, but as they often do the work while a male relative is mentioned in the appointment papers, it is not possible for the Postmaster-General to give accurate figures in this particular.

There are no women carriers in the city delivery service or in the railway mail service, for the obvious reason that it is not considered suitable work for women. The traveling on foot in all sorts of weather is not a task which a woman can stand for any length of time, though, of course, there are exceptions to the rule, women who possess endurance for pedestrian journeys equal to that of the hardy women of England. But it seems to be the determination of the Post Office Department to discourage all women applicants for positions of city carriers.

The hardships endured in the railway mail service, and the liability to death and accidents while traveling, have not made the service very popular with the men, who are resigning at a rate alarming to the department. It is, therefore, not to be expected that the department will ever employ women in this branch, no matter how intrepid the woman applicant may be.

In the rural free delivery service the women are rapidly taking the places of the men who are resigning on an average of 370 per month. It is pointed out that the increased cost of maintaining the conveyances suitable for their business has caused the men to desert in favor of more lucrative occupations, for it has been estimated that after the cost of providing and maintaining a conveyance is deducted from the maximum salary of the rural carrier he earns on an average of $1.30 per day. Until 1904 the rural carriers were permitted to act as canvassing and distributing agents for private concerns, to solicit advertising, act as newspaper and magazine agents, carry merchandise, etc., and these side enterprises materially aided the carrier in earning a good living. But in making its annual appropriation for the year beginning July 1, 1904, Congress decreed that the maximum compensation of carriers should be fixed at $720 per annum, and that the carriers should engage in no other occupation during the hours when they are employed by the Government. Despite the fact that by an act of the 59th Congress the maximum salary of the carriers has been increased to $900 per annum, there is still a number of resignations coming from male employees.

Mr. De Graw, the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, speaks in highest terms of the women rural carriers. As near as can be reckoned there are 260

women carriers now employed out of a total of 35,666 carriers. This does not include the thousands of women who are acting carriers in the place of their fathers, brothers or husbands, who are named as carriers in the postal register. It is a notable fact that in no other branch of private or public enterprises are so many women doing the work of men receiving the credit, as in the United States postal service. They began this substitute work in small towns in the early days of the postal service and have continued it ever since.

The rural delivery service was established eleven years ago. While hailed with delight by the farmers, it was looked upon as a wolf that would snatch the bread out of the mouths of the country postmasters and postmistresses. The latter did not hesitate to voice their complaints to their members of Congress, the President and the Postmaster-General, but to no avail. The service has grown apace and greatly benefited the people and the postal service. It has more than paid for itself, which cannot be said of every Government enterprise.

The department at Washington states that it is anxious for more women to enter the field of the rural service, as it has been proven that the women carriers are discreet, careful, painstaking and conscientious in the performance of their duties. It is only now and then that a complaint comes to the office about women carriers, and generally they are made by women. Country gossip is often laid at the woman carrier's door, and she is admonished that she is to be a carrier of written, not spoken, communications. One woman was called to account for delivering temperance lectures as she traversed her route, extending over twenty-five miles.

Some of the most daring feats of the rural service have been performed by women carriers, and the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General has a large scrapbook filled with newspaper clippings which testify to the bravery of women carriers. He also has many letters from appreciative patrons in districts supplied by women.

As the duties of a rural carrier require that he shall carry with him postage stamps, postal cards, stamped envelopes and wrappers, take money and receipt for postal orders, receive valuable registered matter, etc., there is no little peril for women carriers in lonely sections of the country. The majority of them, however, are prepared for holdups and are armed. Some of the rural carriers, having faith in the power of an automobile to slip by bold highwaymen, as well as to make better speed in good weather and on good roads, have purchased machines instead of horses and vehicles. When a woman learns to manage an automobile, there is no gainsaying that it means less work for her in the end.

Appointments to positions in the rural free delivery service are made through the Civil Service. The examination is very simple, "consisting of practical tests relating to registery and money order receipts, examples in simple addition, and the reading and writing of addresses."

It is customary for the Civil Service Commission to publish proposed examinations for rural carriers, which occur when there are resignations or when a new route is about to be established. The person who comes first on the eligible list is given the appointment. Full information regarding the regulations of examinations and appointments may be obtained from the Rural Carrier Division, U.S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

As the applicant may be of any age between eighteen and fifty-five years, it is easily seen that a wide field is open for women in the rural service. There is every evidence that the salaries will be increased as time goes on, for the service has so liberally paid for itself, that where eleven years ago the salaries of carriers were fixed at $150 per annum they were gradually increased to $300, then $400, then $600, then $750, and now the maximum salary is $900, the same being paid to those carriers who serve routes longer than twenty-four miles.

O SACRED HEART!

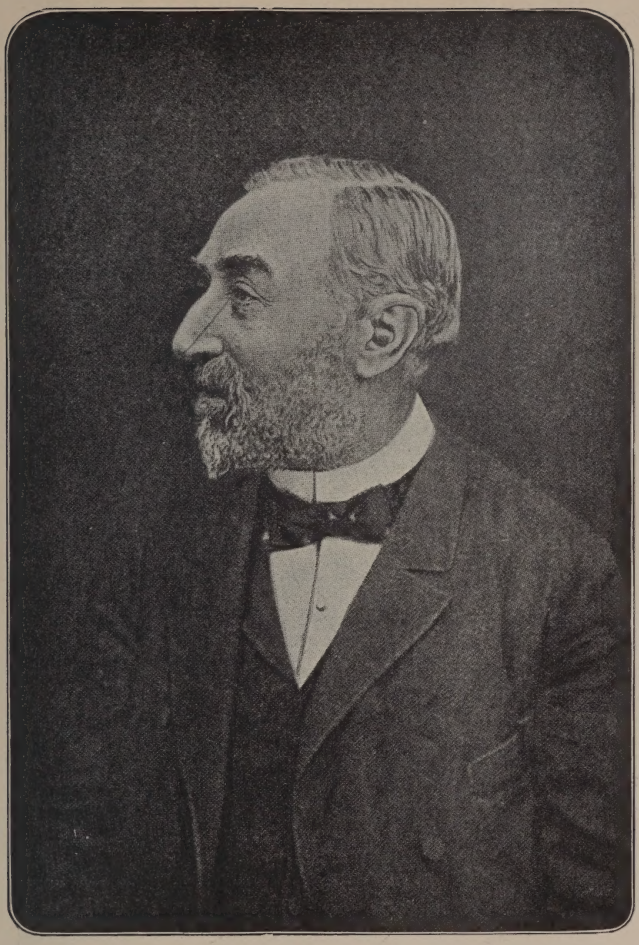
BY AMADEUS, O.S.F.

O, Sacred Heart, would it were mine to praise Thee
In strains so sweet, so pure, so true, and strong,
That, by their power, all other men might raise Thee
Pæans of love, in one grand, deathless song!

Deep in my heart has lived this long-time dreaming;
Comforting, too, has been the trust to me;
Joy has been born, and Hope has thrown its gleaming
Round that one thought that finds its rest in Thee.

Time passes on; the years are long and dreary;
Vanished are dreams once promising and bright;
Earth gives no rest, and hearts of life grow weary;
Yearn they for peace and God's Eternal Light!

Still, still with me, my one sweet hope is dwelling,
Nought comes to dim this radiant dream of mine;
May ev'ry heart, Thy Love and Goodness telling,
Burn with Thy Fire, O Sacred Heart Divine!



M. EMILE COMBES.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

IX.

The War on the Religious Orders.

The twentieth century dawned with black and lowering skies, presage of storms to come. Even while the hymns of thanksgiving were echoing among the vaulted roofs of cathedral and chapel, the powers of darkness were assembling in high places to formulate plans of destruction. The word had gone forth that Catholicity must die, the oath had been taken in the secret lodges, the generals of the campaign were chosen, and work began in earnest.

The war with the Church was on. It had its skirmishes ever since 1879. Any president or minister who dared to favor the cause of Catholicity must fall. "They must temporize, resign, or die." McMahon was forced to resign;

Carnot was assassinated; Casimir Perier resigned; Felix Faure, for having steadfastly opposed the revision of the Dreyfus case, died almost immediately after swallowing a cup of tea at a soiree, and the Dreyfus case was made out against the Catholics. President Loubet was elected on Feb. 18, 1899. In taking up the reins of government he was made to understand unmistakably that he must follow out the directions of a party whose slogan was: "Death to the Church!"

One fact which shows that the spirit of the Government, which followed upon the accession of Loubet, was born for persecution, was the case of the Assumptionist Fathers. The latter were accused of interfering in the elections of 1898. A case was made out against them "for violation of the Penal Code interdicting gatherings of more than twenty persons." The real accusation brought against them, however, was to the effect that they had favored the *wrong* candidates, that is, candidates not agreeable to the dominant powers. The prosecutor, Bulot, in his arraignment, cited the names of thirty-one deputies who, he declared, owed their election to the in-

L'ABBE GAUBERT, CURE DE BION.

THE LATE CARDINAL RICHARD.

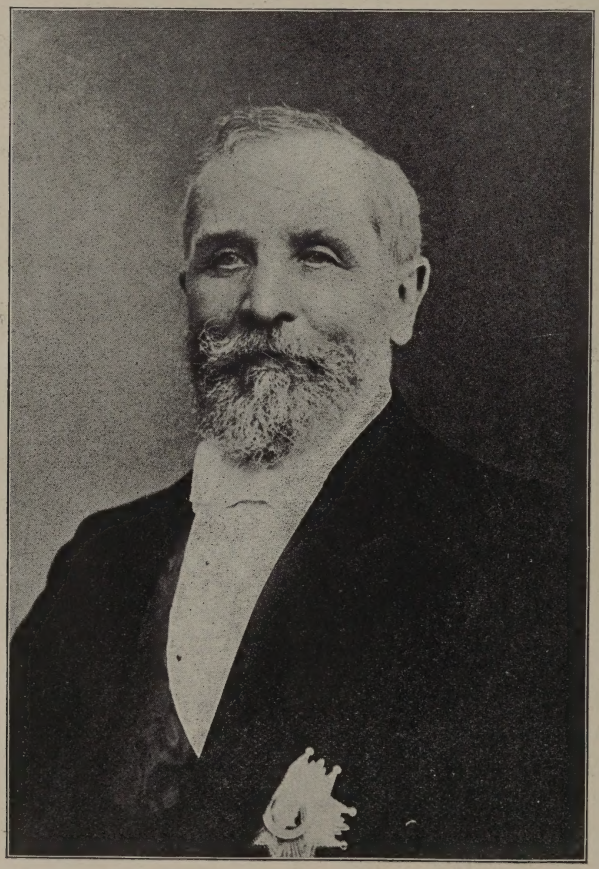
fluence of the Assumptionists. The Assumptionists were condemned, and their congregation dissolved as illicit.

The complexion of the new Government which ruled from 1899 to 1902 may be seen from the following extract taken from the revelations of Madame Sorgues, sub-editor, a few years ago—of Jaures' Socialist organ, *La Petite Republique.*

In fighting the battles of Dreyfus, Jaurès and his friends brought about a singular meeting of the two most irreconcilable camps. . . . The first service rendered was to restore the tottering Socialist press. . . .All the advanced (i. e. anti-clerical) dailies have passed into the hands of the great barons of finance; they are their journals now, not the journals of the workers. . . They cast their eyes on Waldeck-Rousseau, the clever rescuer of the Panama people. . . The agent of the Dreyfus politics had the happy thought of introducing into the Cabinet, Millerand, the Socialist leader, with the consent of his party. Socialism by becoming ministerial would be domesticated and rendered inoffensive against capital.

The Cabinet was thus in the hands of men little disposed to show fairness towards anything Catholic. In the Chamber of Deputies of that term there were 400 Freemasons out of 500 members; in the Cabinet out of eleven ministers, ten were Freemasons. This was the illustrious band which was to make laws for the guidance of 37,000,000 Catholics.

At the head of this ministry stood Waldeck-Rousseau, President of the Council. Waldeck-Rousseau personified the policy which obtained during the two first years of the century, that is, the policy of duplicity and deception.



PRESIDENT LOUBET.

It was necessary, in the beginning of the campaign, to entice the Catholics into a trap, after which their annihilation must follow as a matter of course. In the art of deception Waldeck-Rousseau was an adept.

The instrument by which the deception was exercised was the infamous Associations Law of 1901. The Congregations had ever been the *bête-noir* of the anti-clericals. They represented Religion in its perfection. In 1892, when the Fallieres-Constans bill against the religious congregations was broached, and M. Carnot, its spokesman, had presented it before the Chamber, the *Temps* remarked: "Its purpose was to resolve the difficult problem of according the right of association to everyone, with such reserves, however, that the Catholics might not benefit by it, and that the Congregations might by

FRANCOIS COPPEE, THE FRENCH AUTHOR, AND HIS COMPANIONS.
Just before their arrest for the part they had taken in the agitation against the closing of the religious free schools. M. Coppee is on the extreme left.

it be destroyed." In the bill of Waldeck-Rousseau-Trouillot, prepared in June 1900, such embarrassments were simply set aside. It was determined "to take the bull by the horns." The new project was, therefore, twofold; the first part assured a large liberty to associations *non-suspected*; the second part gave the Government a means of suppressing all religious orders. It read as follows: "No religious congregation can be formed without an authorization given by a law which shall determine the conditions of its workings. It cannot found any new establishment except in virtue of a decree emanating from the Council of State.—The dissolution of a congregation, or the closing of an establishment can be pronounced by a decree rendered by the Council of the ministers."

The project which bore the names of Trouillot and Waldeck-Rousseau began by declaring all religious congregations "illicit," under the pretext that the members of these associations live in community, that they make the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and that article 1118 of the Civil Code declares that "only such things as enter into commerce can be made the object of a convention," and that poverty, chastity and obedience are things which do not enter into commerce.

M. Emile Faguet in his *L'Anticlericalism* (Paris-1905) scourges this method of persecution:

> This argumentation was seething with sophisms. In the first place it transposes into the Penal Code a disposition of the Civil Code and it makes a crime of that which is only a judiciary incapacity: the party who makes a contract upon something which does not enter into commerce cannot judicially exact the execution of that contract if his co-contractor should refuse. That is all that is meant by article 1118, and there is no penalty against a man who makes a contract not conformable to article 1118 of the Civil Code. Indeed, if such were the case, marriage would be illicit, for it is a convention of obedience, fidelity and protection between two persons, and obedience, fidelity and protection are not matters of trade;

M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU.

hence marriage would be contrary to article 1118.

But, it will be said, we must count as illicit every convention which is contrary to good morals. Without doubt; but it is difficult to conceive how living in common, and taking the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience are opposed to good morals.

Finally this position of the question betrays a voluntary confusion of the terms 'convention' and 'vow.' A vow is not a contract, it is a resolution which one takes and in which one persists. Thus in no way does article 1118 affect the question of associations and congregations.

It is strange indeed that these sapient legislators, after declaring religious associations illicit or criminal, contradict themselves by inviting these same "criminal" associations to seek authorization; which amounts to saying that the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry wished to sanction some things which it considered as essentially wrong. Thus the new law stultifies itself almost in its opening sentences, while it makes it quite plain that the subversive intentions of its author were to affect all religious congregations without exception.

Waldeck-Rousseau belonged to the same school as Jules Ferry: he believed in maintaining *provisorily* the Concordat, but he made it plain that he intended to laicize all the public service, and especially that of teaching, in which the congregations held so large a part. In a speech at Toulouse, October 28, 1900, after arguing that the development of the monastic possessions ought to be arrested, he declared:

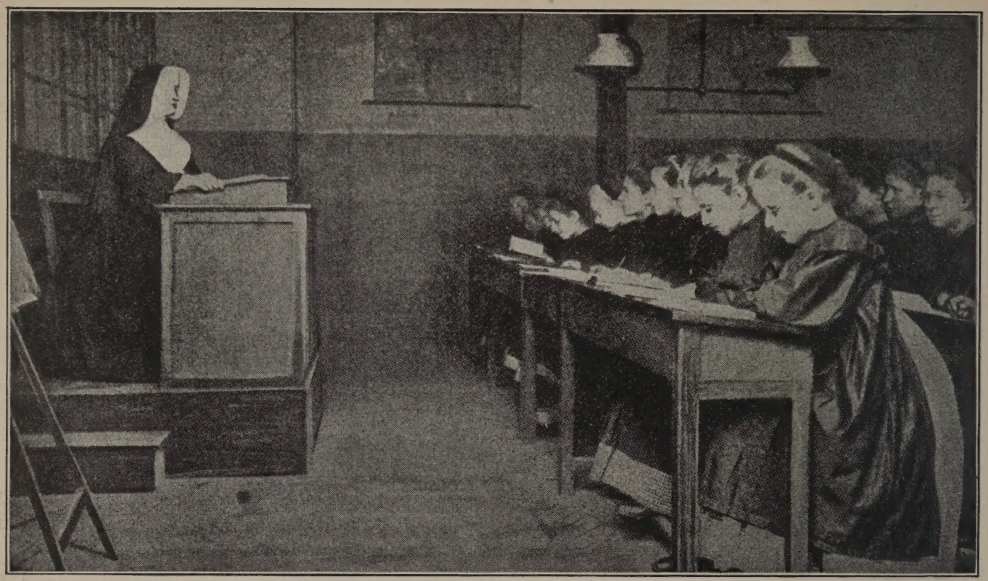
> Two classes of youth, less separated by their social condition than by the education they receive, are growing up without any mutual acquaintance, until the day comes when they shall meet and find themselves so unlike that they will not be able to understand one another. Little by little two different societies are being prepared—one of them, becoming more and more democratic as it is borne on by the great current of the Revolution, and the other, more and more imbued with doctrines which one would not have believed able to survive the great movement of the XVIII. century.

In this sentence was contained his plea for compelling the teachers of the second class of youth, the congregations, to seek authorization, while at the same time he made it evident that none should be authorized whose methods should not be in accordance with the principles of the French Revolution.

Another element in the deceptive policy of Waldeck-Rousseau was the en-

deavor to bolster his proscriptive laws upon the assertion that they were intended to protect the secular clergy from the encroachments of the regulars. Hence the phrase: "The Church against the chapel." He ignored the fact that the secular clergy had no need of such protection inasmuch as the harmony between them and the religious orders was never called into question except

SISTERS BEING EXPELLED FROM THEIR SCHOOL.



AN ORPHAN CLASS IN A CATHOLIC FREE SCHOOL OF PARIS, RECENTLY SUPPRESSED.

by those Anticlericals who hated both religious and seculars.

Still further the same Waldeck-Rousseau took pains to falsify himself on more than one public occasion. Thus he assured M. Cochin and Mgr. Gayrand that the law of July, 1901, would permit members of religious congregations to teach in establishments belonging to persons not members of the congregation, although he knew at the time that decrees were being formulated to prevent such practice.

When the iniquitous law was yet before the Chamber the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, in a letter to the superior generals of the orders and religious institutes, complained bitterly of its purpose,

> We have endeavored by every means to ward off from you a persecution so unworthy, and at the same time to save your country from evils as great as they are unmerited. That is why on many occasions we have pleaded your cause with all our power in the name of religion, of justice, of civilization. But we have hoped in vain that our remonstrances would be heard. Behold, indeed, in these days, in a nation singularly fecund in religious vocations, and which we have always surrounded with our most particular care, the public powers have approved and promulgated laws of exception, a propos of which we have, a few months ago, raised our voice in the hope of preventing them.

The *Livre Jaune*, published in 1903, and containing diplomatic documents, prints the words of Cardinal Rampolla in the name of the Holy Father:

> The Holy Father, obedient to the duties imposed on him by his sacred ministry, has ordered the subscribed Secretary of State to protest, as he does protest in his august name, against the above law, as being an unjust law of reprisals and of exception, which excludes honest and worthy citizens from the benefits of the common right, which equally wounds the rights of the Church, which is in opposition to natural right, and which is at the same time replete with deplorable consequences. It would be superfluous to point out how such a law, on the one side, restrains the liberty of the Church guaranteed by a solemn contract, and prevents the Church from fulfilling her divine mission by depriving her of precious co-operators, while on the other hand, it increases bitterness of spirit at a moment when the need of pacification is most vital and pressing, and it takes away from the State the most zealous apostles of civilization and charity, the most efficacious propagators of the French name, the French tongue and French prestige abroad.

The effects of this law which has been well characterized as anti-social, in-

human, anti-religious, and anti-French, began to be felt at once. Many religious orders, such as the Jesuits, the Assumptionists, the Benedictines, Carmelites etc., foreseeing that legal authorization would be denied them, abandoned their country, their colleges and their convents; many others still hoped. The Government into whose hands they had fallen had invited them to seek authorization, and there was no reason, apparently, to suppose that this invitation was only a mockery. Still others, which had formerly been authorized, imagined that they might still continue in the enjoyment of such recognition. Both the latter classes were however, deceived. According to the new law a congregation "might not found a new establishment except in virtue of a decree issued by the Council of State." It was thus difficult to see how the law could effect the establishments already founded. The promulgators of the bill, however, intended to confine themselves within no limits, and hence their purpose was very soon made plain. By a circular of Dec. 15, 1901, the law was formally extended to include all establishments, both old and new, going back as far as those recognized in 1825. Later still, January 23, 1902, the Council of State decided that: "in the case of the opening of a school by one or more congreganists, that school should be considered as a new establishment opened by the congregation, whoever might be proprietor or tenant." A few days later, February 8, Waldeck-Rousseau sent notice of the same to the prefects. By these various circulars the law was thus aimed at all new schools founded by the congregations, at all new schools not founded by the congregations, but directed by religious, and at all old schools founded by the congregations.

It is a notable fact that these iniquitous extensions of an evil law were perpetrated in spite of the clearest assurances of the Government that the two latter classes of schools should not be touched. Even as late as February 4, 1902, the Government responded to a request of the Holy Father for an explanation of its intentions, by a note from M. Delcasse., which reads as follows:

Paris, February 4, 1902.

The Council of Ministers have decided that the law of July, 1901, should not have a retroactive effect, and did not apply to educational establishments opened in virtue of the law of 1886. The conclusions of the Council of State enumerated in your despatch of January 29, do not touch them. This was a point with which the Nuncio was very much preoccupied. Mgr. Lorenzelli appears to be fully satisfied with the decision of the Council, of which I immediately made him cognizant.—*Delcasse.*

The actions of the Government were thus in direct contradiction with its assurances. Its protestations of fairness and leniency were falsified by its circulars and decrees. Its intentions were aimed at extermination complete and irrevocable.

The ending of Waldeck-Rousseau's career was pathetic and tragical. In 1904 he arose one day "from his bed of sickness to unburden his conscience by protesting against the anti-clerical fury of his ci-devant supporters and instruments. In vain he denounced the violations of his law of 1901, travestied by that of 1904 suppressing even authorized congregations. The verve of the great tribune had abandoned him. His speech was but a hollow echo of its former eloquence. Twice he reeled and was forced to steady himself by clinging to the railing. When he arose for the second time, to reply to the sarcasms

of M. Combes, he suddenly lost the thread of his discourse, and before he had ended many benches were vacated; the forum, where his words had so often been greeted with wild applause, was almost empty." (Brodhead — *Religious Persecution in France.*)

His death came two years later. It was rumored that he attempted to commit suicide. Whether he received the last sacraments or not is not known. He had left instructions, however, that he was to be buried from his parish church of St. Clothilde.

The Combes Ministry.

The seventh legislature was dissolved at the beginning of April, 1902, and preparations were at once begun for the election of its successor. The point at issue in the approaching elections was the vindication or the condemnation of the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry which had now been in office for three years. The result was entirely satisfactory to the parties whose life had been lived in open hostility to the Church. The Ministerialists, that is to say, the supporters of the administration of Waldeck-Rousseau, won 369 seats in the Chamber, as against 131 by the several elements of the opposition. The new legislature counted among its members ninety-six Radicals, eighty-three Republicans of the Left, 135 Radical-Socialists, forty-one Unified Socialists, fourteen Independent Socialists. Here were 369 men out of 500, every one of whom was pledged to exert every effort, by fair means or foul, to overthrow the life and power of the Church in France. As soon as the result of the election had become known Waldeck-Rousseau, as if satisfied with his work of destruction, resigned the ministry and retired to private life.

Before abandoning the active field of political life, Waldeck-Rousseau was careful to point out the man he desired to take his place and carry into execution the laws he had devised. This man was Emile Combes, the most violent of politicians. To this man M. Loubet, who could not bear him—but who passed his life in doing what he disapproved of, and in condemning in his speeches the very political acts which he signed with his name,—to this man M. Loubet hastened to confide the Presidency of the Council, and the direction of the Government. M. Combes! It is a name of ill omen, which echoes like the sound of a funeral bell among the cloisters in the empty convents, and by the firesides of Christian homes. The aged mutter the name and grow pale as if they had said an unholy thing. The little ones shrink to their mothers' side as the horror of that name strikes upon their innocent ears, for it brings back the memory of dear sisters who have vanished, engulfed as it were in the cavernous jaws of the antichrist. It is a name at which many holy lips hesitate when they utter the prayer! "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who have trespassed against us." Yet, they will hesitate only for the moment, for in those very communities which he has robbed and persecuted a prayer will ever go up to God for his conversion. It is the way in which the true Christian takes revenge upon those who wrong him.

Emile Combes is a native of Roquecourbe, in the south of France, where he was born on Sept. 6, 1835. His parents were good, honest people, filled with that simple piety which characterizes the true French peasant. He had an uncle, the Abbé Gaubert, curé of Bion, to whose generous interest the

future politician owed his first advances in life. Through the influence of this good man the young Combes entered, in 1846, the *petit seminaire* of Castres, the scholars of which were supposed to have the first promptings of ecclesiastical vocation. During his college days the young man certainly gave every evidence of profound faith and devotion. The lessons of his pious mother made him, as he says himself, believe to the very depths of his soul. In his twentieth year he entered the Grand Seminary at Albi. While in this institution he received minor orders, thereby proclaiming to the world his intention of preparing for the priesthood. For two years his purpose remained unchanged. He even fortified himself therein by deep and special studies in scholastic theology, and has left as memorials of his better life two treatises in that matter: *A Study of the Pyschology of St. Thomas Aquinas,* and *The Controversy between St. Bernard and Abellard,* copies of which are still extant in the library of the Sorbonne at Paris.

Whether the vocation of Emile Combes was real or not, he certainly abandoned it in the midst of his ecclesiastical studies. He quitted the Seminary and became a professor in the College of the Assumption at Nimes, an institution established by the Abbé d'Alzon, founder of the religious order of the Assumptionists. Here he remained for three years, until 1860. He taught then in another Catholic college at Pons.

Hitherto there had been no certain indications of a weakening in his faith. But in 1864, as he was attending the medical school at Paris, he met with Renan. The acquaintanceship developed the seeds of that atheism which has since become his ruling quality.

To one who reads French history it ought not to be surprising that a Catholic seminary should have sheltered the youth of a man like Combes. Voltaire was a pupil of the Jesuits, whom he betrayed; Renan was once a student in St. Sulpice; Gambetta, the leader of anti-clericalism in the stormy 80's, studied in his boyhood in a *petit seminaire.* That they proved false to their early teaching is not remarkable when one considers the disaffection of an apostle who was privileged to enjoy an intimacy with the Saviour of the world.

It was during his vacations in 1865 that Combes was initiated into the Freemasons. It marked the first step in that path which he was soon to follow with persistent energy. In 1868 he received his degree as doctor of medicine, a profession which he practiced at Pons. In 1874 he was elected Mayor of that town. His real political life began in 1885 when he was elected senator. Reelected in 1894, he accepted the ministry of Public Instruction, Fine Arts and Worship in the Bourgeois Cabinet, wherein he showed himself one of the most obstinate promoters of lay education as opposed to that of the clergy. It was at this time that he inaugurated, in his relations with the Vatican relative to the Concordat, the policy which, ten years later, led to the separation of Church and State.

As President of the Democratic Left in the Senate he lent his efforts to the policy of Waldeck-Rousseau from 1899 to 1902. He was elected President of the Senatorial Commission on the Law of Associations; he contributed largely to its adoption, and notably to the vote on Article 14, when he declared in the tribune his conviction of the moral incompatibility of the profession of teaching with the doctrine and life

of the monastic orders. On June 7, 1902, upon the recommendation of Rousseau, he succeeded to the Presidency of the Council, thereby becoming Premier in the Government.

His first words upon taking up this office signalized his determination of carrying on to its ultimate issue the war just inaugurated against the Catholic Church. 'What can the new cabinet do," he asked, "what can any cabinet do but continue the policy of that which precedes us, a policy which is resumed by saying that it has been nothing more than an incessant war of the republican party against two dangers which republican unity alone can overcome; caesarian reaction, and theocratic pretensions. That is the policy which we are determined to pursue, and which we invite you to pursue with us until we have completely disarmed the enemy."

An *order of the day* was passed voting confidence in the Government, and thus adopting as the policy of the Chambers, the war plan enunciated by the President of the Council. This was the work of the four groups of the Left, all radical and anti-religious to the depths of their hearts. The *bloc*, as they called this cohesion of the different parties of the ministerial majority, was thus constituted, and adopted as its plan of action the war against Catholicity.

The new Premier set to work at once to put into execution the law of July 1, 1901. Beginning with schools recently opened, that is, posteriorly to the late law, he closed at one stroke on July 15, 1902, as many as 2500. The congreganist teachers were allowed only eight days before abandoning their establishments and retiring to their mother houses. It was an illegal act in itself; it not only aggravated unduly the rigor of the law, but it was also irregular in form, since Article 13 of the law declared that a measure of this nature could not be taken except "by a decree emanating from the Council of the ministers," and not by a simple circular as in the present case.

Cardinal Richard, upon learning of this execution, wrote immediately to M. Loubet a letter to which many other bishops hastened to give their adhesion; M. Jules Roche published a letter to the President of the Council (Combes) in which he proved that the law had been violated; a petition was presented to M. Loubet by a delegation of the Christian mothers from the district of Saint-Roch. To these protests the Government answered by a presidential decree of Aug. 2, 1902—this time in legal form,—whereby it declared the closing of 324 other establishments.

The war went on. In Brittany many scenes of open conflict took place as the troubled peasantry strove to prevent the sudden spoliation of those institutions which they held dearest on earth. They had reason indeed to rebel, as the persecutors aimed not only at the extinction of their beloved teaching orders, but also at the destruction of that cherished Breton tongue which they had inherited from their fathers. The show of violence here and there manifested brought its inevitable consequences from a power only too anxious to find pretexts for persecution. The powers of many mayors were revoked, many ecclesiastics were deprived of their livings, and correctional measures were pronounced against all who dared to take part in the various manifestations. Then came other decrees in August, laicizing *en masse* the greater part of

the public schools as yet directed by the congregations.

When the matter was brought into the Chamber (Oct. 13, 1902), protests went up eloquently from a number of indignant deputies. Conspicuous among these were such bright names as Messrs. Aynard, Baudry d'Asson, Denys Cochin, George Berry, de Ramel, Charles Benoist and the Count de Mun. The answer of the latter to the policy of Combes is worth recording:

> Majorities may cover your actions and sanction your decisions, but nothing can efface the evil you have done. The country—for I speak not of Brittany alone—can never forget those scenes of odious violence executed by your orders, wherein we have witnessed commissaries of police, followed by armed marauders, storming the doors of private houses, not merely the doors of a religious dwelling, but the doors of my own house, to drive out into the streets humble ladies who consecrate their lives, their labors and their devotion to the instruction of the children of the people. Nothing—and understand it well,—nothing can make us forget that; nothing above all can make us forget that you have condemned the soldiers of France to assist at such scenes, and to march, with tears in their eyes, in the midst of a distracted and desperate crowd, the pathway of your persecutors. That shall never be forgotten! That shall never be pardoned.

While these things were going on the bishops of France framed a collective letter petitioning the Chambers to accede to the application for authorization made by the congregations. This letter when published contained the signatures of seventy-four bishops; only seven, for different reasons, had deferred signing, though fully in sympathy with the movement. This letter, moderate and respectful, as it was, and merely asking in the way of petition for favors that might easily be granted, was treated by the Council of State as a hostile manifesto and was declared "abusive" and as such it rendered its authors culpable before the law. The Archbishop of Besancon, together with the Bishops of Orleans and of Séez, were considered as the promoters of the document, and as such were deprived of their salaries.

When the war against all new establishments was well under way, the "Bloc" then took up the question of congregations unauthorized but applying in due legal form for the favor of authorization. This the orders had been instructed and encouraged to do. Their treatment displayed at once the insincerity and hatred of the Government. A "Commission on Congregations" was formed, composed of thirty-three members, of whom twenty-one were Freemasons. The Commission instructed the anticlerical Rabier to draw up a bill. The discussions of the Chamber upon this bill resulted in the dissolution of fifty-three orders of men. On March 18, 1903, twenty-five teaching congregations were suppressed, comprising 11,763 religious divided into 1690 communities. A few days later twenty-eight preaching orders received the same sentence. Among these were the Capuchins, the Redemptorists, the Dominicans, the Passionists, the Salesians, the Franciscans, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the Benedictines, the Fathers of the Oratory, the Barnabites, the Carmelites and many others. On March 26, the Carthusians, considered as a commercial order, were condemned by a vote of 322 against 222. It was at this time that the anti-clerical Rouanet uttered that saying so significant of the whole Governmental policy: "We need not concern ourselves with either legality or right." The proscriptions were hardly pronounced than measures were

at once taken for the liquidation of the property belonging to the dissolved congregations. We need not linger to relate the pathetic scenes accompanying the consequent expulsion of these fifty-three orders of men, nor the wave of indignation it produced throughout France and the civilized world.

After the congregations of men the war was carried on against similar orders of women. It was to no purpose that Messrs. Plichon and Grousseau demonstrated in the Chamber the confusion manifested in the articles of the bill which designated as teaching orders the congregations devoted to the hospitals, and those whose lives were purely contemplative; it was in vain that they showed forth the success of the incriminated orders, that they brought forth the declarations of the majority of the municipal councils pronouncing for the maintenance of these orders. Even M. Leygues who had voted for the law of July 1, 1901, as Minister of Public Instruction at the time, declared that the new bill by rejecting the demands of the Sisters *en bloc* was contrary to that law. In spite of all protests the project was voted and carried by a majority of 285 to 269. Thus eighty-one congregations of women were at a single blow dissolved.

On Aug. 9, 1903, M. Combes speaking at Marseilles before a congress of teachers declared:

> I have refused 12,600 petitions for authorization. This figure suppressed 9,934 teaching establishments, 1,856 hospital corps, and 822 establishments of a mixed nature, i. e. hospitaller and teaching. Out of the 9,934 teaching establishments there are 1,770 situated in communes still wanting, I am sorry to say, in public schools.

The *Temps* of Dec. 4, 1903, declared that 10,049 schools had been closed within a period of eighteen months, and that there remained only 1,300 yet to be suppressed.

To these 10,049 schools must be added 165 colleges and 1,347 schools conducted by the twenty-five orders of men suppressed on the 18th of March preceding, as also the 517 establishments directed by the eighty-one congregations of women proscribed on June 24, thus representing a total of 12,000 congreganist schools stricken in the space of eighteen months, with about 50,000 religious thrown out upon the streets, and more than 1,000,000 children deprived of their beloved instructors.

Charles Bota in his *Grand Faute des Catholiques de France* thus reflects upon these sinister events:

> One can well imagine what went on in the mother-houses, the communities and the schools which the decrees of suppression invaded, bringing ravage and desolation! What sad and heart-rending scenes! The odious perquisitions of *procureurs* and police commissaries goaded on by superior orders, or even perhaps—it looked that way sometimes—by the quality of the victims; the painful, insidious interrogatories wherein the simplicity and timidity of souls habituated to peace was violated; the alarm of the aged religious, of the sick and the infirm as they begged to know what it all meant; the returning religious hunted from their houses coming back to the mother-house to cast themselves weeping into the arms of their superiors, while the latter pointed out how the house was too small to receive them and too poor to afford them food; the uncertainty as to the morrow, the privations, the anguish, the moral tortures, the desperation of all; one should have seen such scenes near at hand to comprehend all that they meant. 'Ah!' cried M. Emile Olivier, 'all the cruelty, the tears, the consternation contained in those few words written by an official scribe upon the desk of a minister—On such a day, such a congregation of women will be dispersed.' They merited no regard, no commiseration those poor women so good to others, so delicate, so pure, that Taine could call them the pride of France.

The efforts of the enemy had thus far touched only unauthorized congregations. There were still many orders

which lived in the possession of full authorization and which according to the existing laws had nothing to fear from the hatred of the anti-clericals. In this, however, they were very much deceived. A new bill directed at all religious teaching orders, of whatever kind or description, was introduced in the Chamber on Feb. 29, 1904. Its first article, declaring the suppression, asserted "teaching of every order and of every nature is interdicted in France to the congregations." It was adopted by a majority of eighty-seven votes on March 14. The second article stated that from the date of the promulgation of the law the teaching congregations could not receive new members, and that their noviciates must be dissolved. This article also—with an exception in favor of congregations destined for foreign schools—was adopted. It was decided, moreover, in article fourth, that noviciates for foreign missions could not maintain any of the dissolved congregations. The law was carried before the Senate, towards the end of June. It became a law of the land, with the official signature of M. Loubet, on July 8, 1904.

The triumph of anti-Christianism was thus complete, and the death sentence had been pronounced against the very existence of the monastic life in France.

It might be of interest to introduce here some appreciations of the Premier who had done so much harm to France and who was soon to begin the first scenes in the last act of our sorrowful drama. M. Emile Faguet, though not a Catholic, nor inspired by any definite admiration for Catholic principles, thus characterizes M. Combes in his *l'Anticlericalism:*

> M. Combes, considered unanimously as the protegé and choice—no one knows with what secret designs of M. Waldeck-Rousseau; . . . . M. Combes taken up—no one knows by what weakness—by M. Loubet, who felt for him the very contrary of sympathy; M. Combes, a minister who was incapable according to the opinion and avowal of everyone, nevertheless maintained himself in office as long, and even longer than Waldeck-Rousseau, in spite of mistake after mistake, in spite of co-laborers as incapable as himself, despite the procrastination systematically employed as an instrument of his rule, only because he was a determined anti-clerical, headstrong and brutal, whom nothing could arrest in the pursuit of his design and precisely because, as he had said himself, 'he had accepted his office for that alone' and because he was absolutely incapable of seeing anything else in the government of France and in all modern history.

L'Echo, (Lyons), with admirable brevity thus summarizes the salient points in the character of the Premier and his policy:

> M. Combes is a sectary, a renegade seminarist given over to Freemasonry. His policy is the vigorous application of the anti-liberal law, the refusal of all authorizations asked by the Congregations, and the abrogation of the Falloux law.

M. F. Veuillot, writing in the *Univers,* pays his respects to the minister in no measured terms. He says M. Combes is "devoid of talent, virtue, honor—a brute unable to conceive a generous thought, to realize a great work, to produce anything useful, to show any effort of a patient and beneficial kind. The brute, however, has formidable fists, and he strikes out blindly before him. The man is without a breath of intelligence, a single sentiment of delicacy. He is but a commonplace mediocrity personified, rancid with hatred and puffed up with pride. As he cannot leave anything to make him famous, he will be notorious to posterity for his brutality alone."

Finally, the Abbé Felix Klein, in the North American Review for February, 1904, remarks:

M. Combes and his friends, who imagine that they are the leaders of all progress, are committing again the errors of the Middle Ages. That which Philip II. did in Spain, in his making use of the Inquisition; that which Louis XIV. did in France, in revoking the Edict of Nantes and in driving out the Protestants; that which England did, in her treatment of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Anti-Clericals in France are doing to-day, in their hatred of the religious orders. They are placing these orders beyond the law; they are preventing members of these orders from living as they see fit to live, and from earning their daily bread; they are practically forcing these members to leave France, all solely because of their ideas and innermost convictions. It is the old crime of heresy reversed. Since 1789, the French state has professed no longer to recognize religious vows, either to protect or to attack them; and in this it does well. But how illogical it is, then, to deprive certain individuals of their civil rights, merely because they take vows which it does not recognize! How does it concern the state if young men and women take the vow of chastity before God, and lead a life in common, devoting themselves to doing good in the manner they deem best? Is it not monstrous that, in the beginning of the twentieth century, the government of a great country should arrogate to itself the right of interfering in a matter of this kind, even that it should bring such subjects into the scope of its deliberations? Whether this vow be good or bad is a question for one's own conscience. Let those who think it bad endeavor to turn others from it by means of persuasion; but to try to prevent it by brute force is the most retrograde course in the world.

The measure of true civilization is indicated by the degree of respect in which one person holds the rights of another; every man and woman, so long as not encroaching on the rights of others, is inviolably entitled to act, and, *a fortiori*, to think, to believe, to pray, as he or she wishes. The French Government, by preventing certain categories of citizens from assembling together, or from acting together, solely because their ideas are not its ideas, has gone backward several centuries on a capital point, and has resurrected one of the most shameful practices of the past, the misdemeanor of opinion.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

His Eminence, Cardinal Logue, will carry back to Ireland a vivid idea of what the strenuous American life means. Since his arrival, he has not been allowed to rest, and indeed has proved himself equal to every occasion—traveling, attending banquets as the guest of honor, making after-dinner speeches, being interviewed, preaching—in brief, answering readily to the unceasing demands on every moment of his time. The Cardinal expressed a desire to settle down in some quiet little place in America rather than confront the vast amount of work awaiting him on his return to Armagh, but his American experience must have taught him that his leisure would be extremely limited; he would be sought after no matter how remote the place might be, so popular has he become.

Cardinal Logue was born in Carrigart, Donegal, Ireland, sixty-eight years ago. Even in his childhood his piety and studiousness were remarked, and it was not a matter of surprise that the altar boy's thoughts turned to Maynooth, and that when he actually became a student there he earned an enviable reputation for his proficiency, and won the Dunboyne scholarship.

Later he went to Paris and was ordained in the Irish College in that city. During the controversy on the doctrine of Papal Infallibility (promulgated by the Ecumenical Council in Rome in 1870) Father Logue wrote a number of able articles in support of the doctrine, and they attracted much attention. He remained in France for about seven years, and in 1874 returned to Ireland, where he was appointed administrator to Bishop McDevitt of the diocese of Raphoe. Other honors followed swiftly—dean and professor of Irish in Maynooth College, professor of theology, Bishop of Raphoe in 1879, in 1887 Coadjutor to Dr. McGettigan, and eight months later his successor as Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland. The crowning honor came in 1893, when Pope Leo XIII. created him a Cardinal.

CARDINAL LOGUE AT THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC CENTENARY CELEBRATION.

The Rev. Peter Ronan, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, Mass., celebrates this year the fortieth anniversary of his ordination, and the thirty-sixth of his pastorate of St. Peter's.

On Sunday, October 8, 1897, the silver jubilee of St. Peter's parish took place, the occasion being one of great joy to both pastor and people who for twenty-five years had worked together in such harmony.

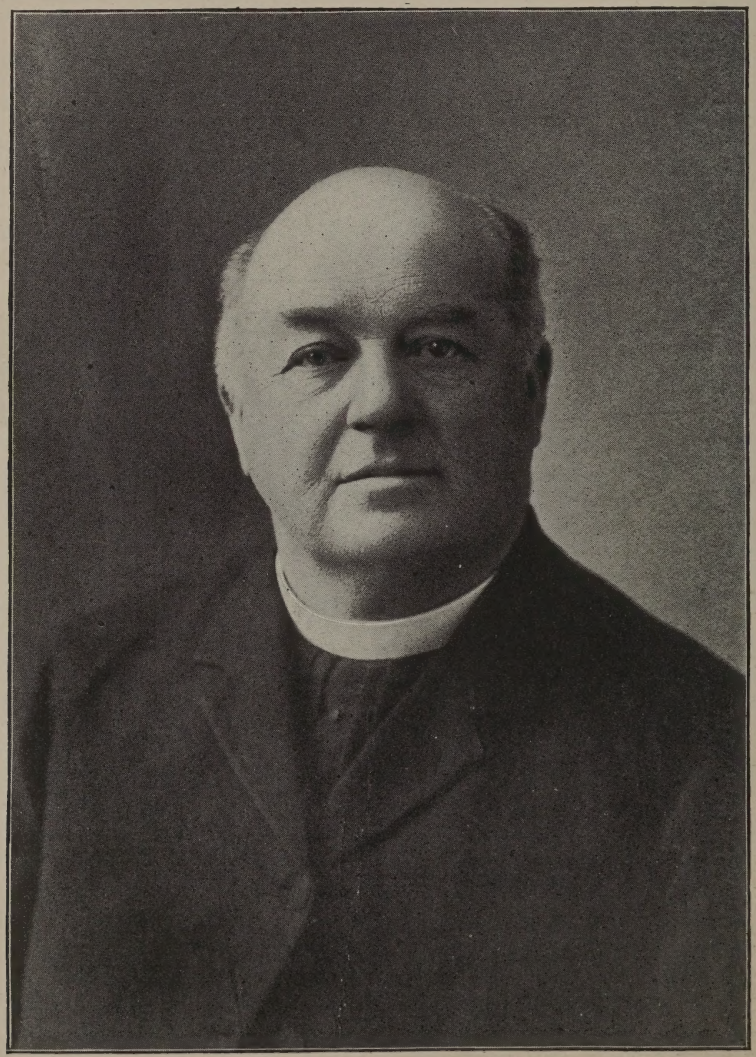
Father Ronan during the jubilee exercises reviewed the history of the parish, beginning with his appointment by the late Archbishop Williams. "All the Dorchester territory and Milton were under the care of Rev. Thomas McNulty, who," said Father Ronan, "received me with evident misgivings for my future welfare and success. . . . . He seemed to have great commiseration for me on account of my youthful appearance and inexperience. He spoke to me like a fond parent, and said: 'Young man, I would advise you to go back to the Bishop and resign the parish into his hands, you will never do.'"

Happily this advice was not acted upon.

"On a bright October day, like this," continued Father Ronan, "I came over from Father O'Beirne's house at Tommy's Rock to old Lyceum Hall, and there found nearly all the congregation waiting for me on the green banks before the doors of the hall. No doubt they were anxious and curious to see the new pastor. Some of them shook their heads, and thought I was too young for anything serious. They concluded, however, that I appeared strong enough to do some work, and fortunately it was so, for I found plenty of it to do. At the end of the Mass I explained to the people the work that lay before us, the building of a new church in Dorchester."

The entire population of Dorchester then was 13,000, of which nearly two thousand were Catholics. A church lot had been bought and plans had been drawn for a brick church

to seat less than nine hundred persons. The young priest's initial step in the construction of his parish showed the wisdom and foresight that have characterized his administration. Realizing that the plans did not provide for for those who erected it. A parochial residence and a parochial school followed in due order, and at the time of the jubilee, on all this valuable property there was a mortgage of only $12,000. While occupied with building Father



REV. PETER RONAN, P.R.

future needs Father Ronan set them aside and had a new set made by P. C. Keeley of Brooklyn. Work was commenced on the church in the spring of 1873, and on Easter Sunday, 1875, Mass was offered up in the basement. The beautiful Gothic structure that now stands on Meeting House Hill speaks for itself and Ronan did not forget the other activities so essential to the welfare of a city parish. Sodalities were formed and various organizations were founded under the auspices of St. Peter's. A work of charity with which his name is indissolubly connected is St. Mary's Infant Asylum, Dorchester, a noble charity that under

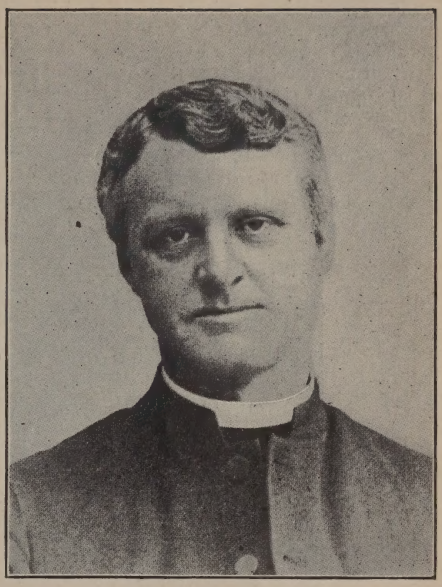
the pastor's fostering care has reached a pre-eminent degree of efficiency.

Preparations are being made by an energetic committee to fittingly honor the beloved pastor of St. Peter's, on this fortieth anniversary of an event that was destined to have a weighty influence not only on the parish administered by Father Ronan but on the development of the city itself. Such an example of true citizenship as this devoted priest has set for his people during his forty years in the ministry has been fruitful in results, and with his co-religionists many outside the Church have profited by his teaching.

Early in the spring the Passionist Fathers purchased a site in Brighton, Mass., with a view to establishing a monastery. It is peculiarly fitting that the foundation of this new institution in Boston should be made by the Very Rev. Father Fidelis, (Dr. James Kent Stone) Provincial of the Eastern Province, a native of Boston, a convert to the Church, and an alumnus of Harvard University.

After graduating from Harvard, Mr. Stone studied two years in German and Italian universities. Returning home in the stirring times of the Civil War, he entered the volunteer military service, but after six months was retired on account of the wounds he had received. He then became a professor in Kenyon College, Ohio, and later president of the same institution. He also was president of Hobart College, New York State. In the meantime he had been ordained minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church, but in 1869, he renounced Protestantism and became a Catholic, in response to the appeal of Pope Pius IX., to all who were outside the

HON. MORGAN J. O'BRIEN.



VERY REV. FATHER FIDELIS.

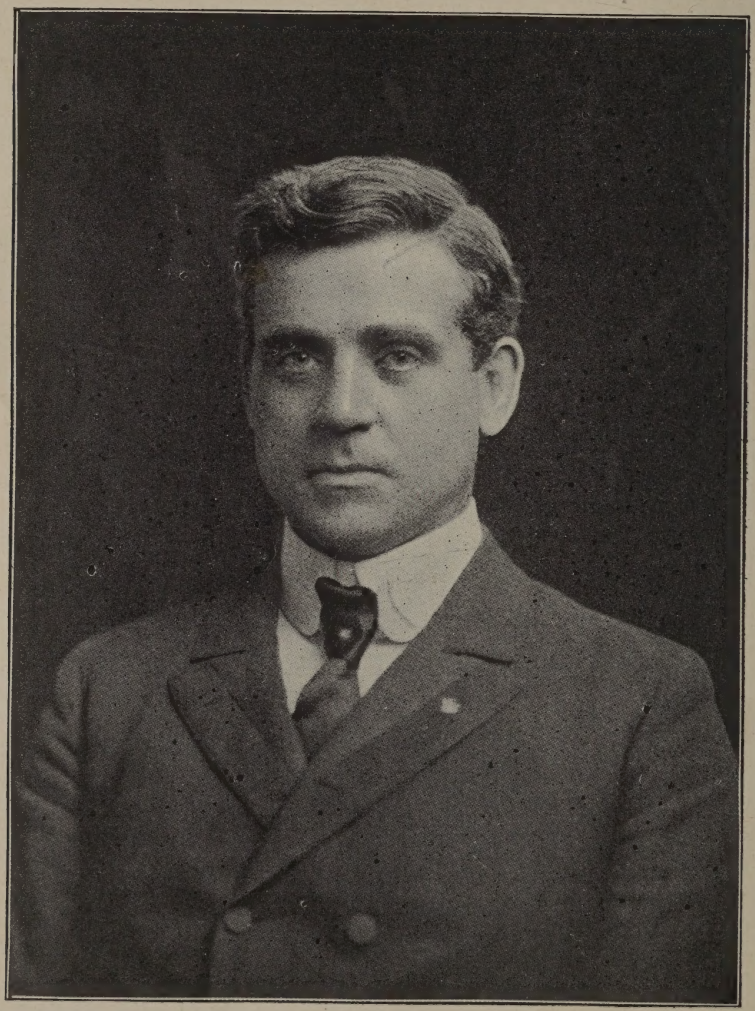
Catholic Church to return to the fold. He wrote "The Invitation Heeded," giving the reasons for his change. Entering the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle, he was ordained priest, but about 1875, Father Fidelis became a member of the Passionist Order, and after some years of labor in conducting retreats in the United States he was assigned to missionary work in South America. He introduced his Order into Chili and the Argentine Republic, and for twelve years rendered devoted service as Provincial of the South American houses. Recalled to this country Father Fidelis was made Master of Novices at the Monastery at Pittsburg.

The Passionists will establish a mission house in Brighton from which they will go forth to preach missions and retreats.

At the meeting of the Catholic laity at Carnegie Hall, New York,—a part of the centennial celebration—the Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien who acted as chairman, expressed the sentiments of the Catholic laymen, and characterized the meeting as "an extraordinary occasion graced by an extraordinary assemblage. From the See of Peter we have received the blessing of the Holy Father. We are honored by the presence of his delegate, Monsignor Falconio, and from Ireland we have that prelate, the lineal successor of the hierarchy and in the very see established by St. Patrick, Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland. From Baltimore we have America's greatest representative in the Sacred College, Cardinal Gibbons; and our own Archbishop, beloved by all his priests and faithful, and from every section of our country and

Canada exalted members of the hierarchy, Archbishops, Bishops and priests, and distinguished ministers and gentlemen not of our faith are assembled to lend dignity to the occasion, and to unite with us in commemorating a century of fruitful work in the upbuilding of our Church and country."

possibly have been made. Mr. Scott is one of the most prominent workers for the Church in the west, and his initiative has resulted in many events of note, such as bringing the national convention of the Knights of Columbus to Los Angeles. He is a prime mover in the Newman Club, and ranks with the leading orators of the



JOSEPH SCOTT.

At the great Fleet banquet held at Los Angeles, the most magnificent affair of the kind ever seen in the west, the moving spirit of the occasion was Mr. Joseph Scott. He was the unanimous choice of the citizens to be toastmaster of the banquet in honor of Admiral Evans, and no more happy selection could

west in the wit, eloquence, magnetism, and vigor of his public speaking.

Mr. Scott is an alumnus of Ushaw College, England, and has the honor to be one of six chosen from among all the alumni to address the assembly at the coming centennial celebration of the founding of the college.

A COPY OF QUEEN MATILDA'S TAPESTRY.
Preserved at Bayeux. (Valvognian Industry.)

QUEEN MATILDA'S TAPESTRIES.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

William of Normandy conquered England in 1066, A.D., and died in 1087. His queen, probably between these two dates, wrote with her needle, and the assistance of the ladies of her court, a story of her William's achievements. When the work was done, forty yards of hand-made linen had been covered with embroidery and over the pictures her majesty placed inscriptions in faulty Latin, lest the full meaning of her stitchery should not be apparent.

If Queen Matilda, who lived so long ago, was able to read or write at all she must have been accounted a very learned dame among her contemporaries. Probably she commissioned a "clerk" (cleric) to furnish forth the text. "Monkish Latin" was the best quality procurable eight or nine centuries ago, and it certainly kept alive the light of learning in the world, but it was not of a classical beauty. So we must not be surprised if the queen's needle traced: REX RI A DUX ANGLORUM, etc., above a mounted hawking party.

In the same panel a castle was indicated and, beside it, beneath an arch, the king with crown and sceptre, is very literally lending an ear to complainants. The peasants who have copied this panel have inclined the ear at an even more merciful angle than did the first Norman queen of England.

Lowell wrote that the thoughts of great hearts

> ". . . . . We
> Breathe cheaply in the common air;
> The dust we trample heedlessly
> Throbbed once in saints and heroes rare,
> Who perished, opening for their race
> New pathways to the commonplace."

A KNIGHT WITH HAWK AND HOUNDS.
Queen Matilda's Tapestry, copied by peasants.

and a queen's labors in bygone times afford a mine to Italian *contadine* in which to quarry patterns wherewith to fill their too abundant leisure during the six to eight snowy months of their year.

As has been shown already in the pages of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, the women of the Valvognian industry are very clever embroiderers and lace-makers. They are very industrious, too, and necessity is a potent spur to their efforts, for their stony uplands hardly support

Border from the Tapestry, Bayeux Museum.

the inhabitants, though they work like slaves under the lash during their four months of fine weather.

Queen Matilda's borders with their spirited swans, ducks, and lifelike beasts-of-fable have been adapted to tablecloths; the hawking part has been copied as a wall panel; and a single horseman with hawks and hounds makes a panel for an upright piano. It has fighting geese as well as feeding geese in its borders.

The queen's horses are less successful than her birds, plants, and griffins; but the whole effect of her work is curious and artistic. The idea of adapting parts of the historic tapestries to modern purposes, and to the uses of the Valvognian industry, arose from the fact that a passing stranger noticed that the queen's pictures were embroidered on a coarse linen identical with the hempen hand-loom linen made by the women in the Valle Vogna, from the crop of hemp which they themselves raise on their rock ledges.

There are truly many "pathways to the commonplace." It is pleasant to think that the labors of a long-dead queen are helping to fill the dreary months of these industrious Italian women, and, moreover, to fill their hungry mouths.

In connection with mention of one activity pursued by the Italian women it may not be amiss to call attention to a notable book upon lace "Antiche Trine Italiane," compiled by Eliza Ricci, and published by the Institute of Graphic Arts, Bergamo, Italy. It is illustrated by more than five hundred pictures of original laces.

This truly monumental work has been long in preparation and lace-lovers in the Peninsula have been expecting it with impatience for years. The specimens included have been sought in the finest private collections and among the treasured heirlooms of noble Italian families. The pictures thus scarcely represent pieces that are known, but they are so clear that an ordinary lace-maker can easily work from them, as from a sampler, particularly when the lace represented is of the kind which is her own specialty.

"Antiche Trine" is a weighty work, in two senses. It cannot be sent by parcels

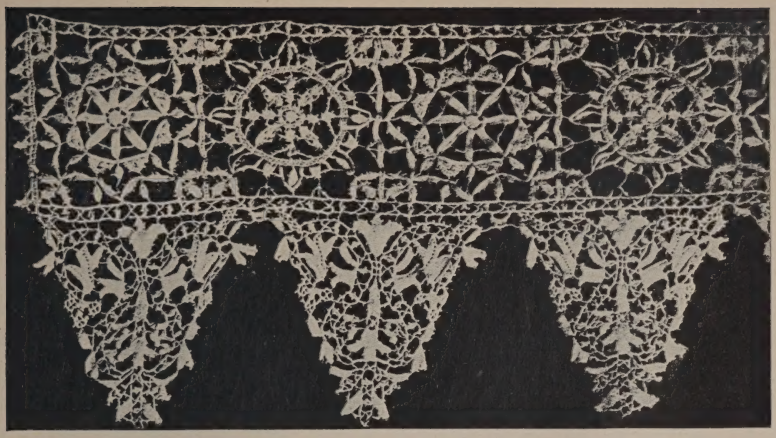
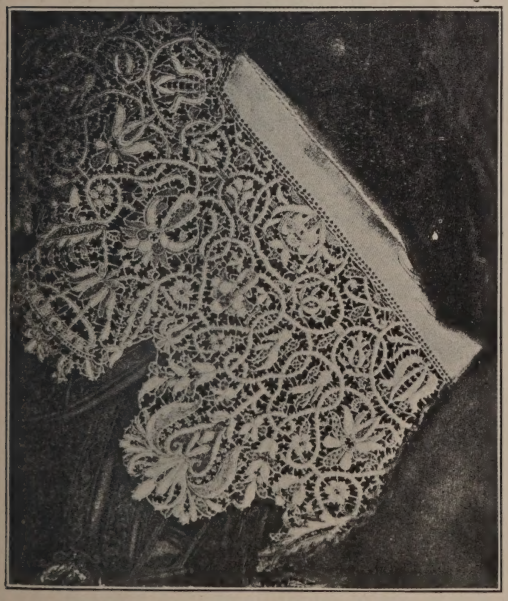


ILLUSTRATION OF NEEDLE-POINT.
From Trine Antiche Italiane.

post as one volume because it exceeds the seven-pound limit, and it cannot travel by book post as it is quite too heavy for the postal regulations. Divided, it is classed as two separate parcels. Mark Twain declared that we associate the Italian with light tasks, but, as all who study this book will admit, the task of Eliza Ricci has been by no means light. Her object was to write a history of Italian lace—to tell when and where arose "this beautiful minor art" which epitomizes in its very self two essentially feminine virtues, grace and patience.

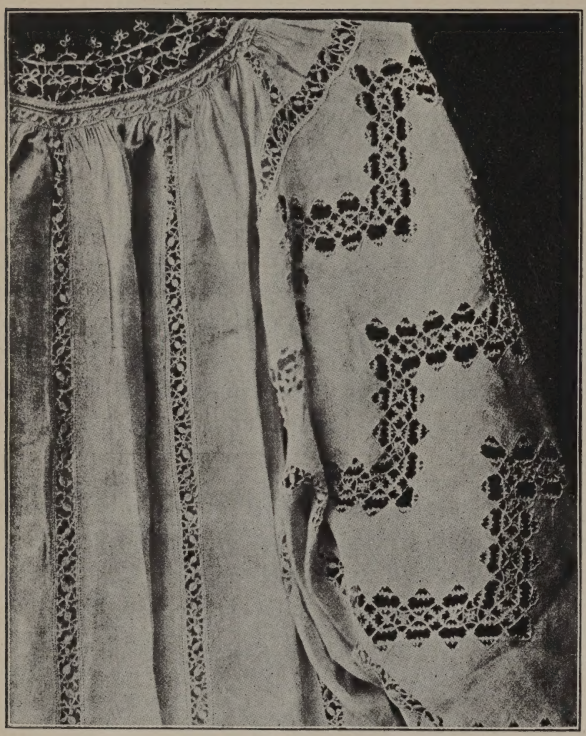


A SUPERB NEEDLEWORK COLLAR.
One of the illustrations of Trine Antiche.

Signora Ricci explains the nature and the origin of the various laces, and her illustrations may be left to speak for the glory and wonders of this minor decorative art.

A commercial Italian, in whom residence among middle-class English people had apparently blunted the art instincts which are the heritage of his race, was roused to enthusiasm when shown the beautiful laces and embroideries made by some of his peasant compatriots. He exclaimed: "Needlework is one of the arts. Italy is glorious because of her supremacy in art. These poor women are artists. They deserve encouragement. It is a duty to help them to succeed." He followed the path he indicated—and in the most practical way, by obtaining orders for the lace-makers and by making their work known to hundreds of possible buyers.

The strong interest in the revived art of lace-making is most remarkable. Italian ladies again feel that there is no



AN ANCIENT GARMENT.
From Trine Antiche Italiane.

finer ornament for their houses or their garments than their own beautiful point and pillow laces. Many Italian women of rank are adepts with the needle. Others gratify their love of lace and their charitable instincts at the same time by buying the work from the poor. As the present fashion prescribes lace for every sort of toilet and for all kinds of household plenishment a great impetus is now given to the production of lace. Irish lace-workers profit by this impulse, as well as many peasant industries in Italy.

Convents, the harems of the East, and the snow-bound valleys of the Alps, are said to be the great sources of fine needle-work to-day. Cloistered women have time for long, long tasks; the inmates of the harem have a superabundance of leisure; and the snow in the high mountains makes prisoners of the dwellers in the *chalets* for the greater part of their year—whereby a great store of lovely handwork is accumulated. In ancient days when roads were unsafe and grand dames stayed at home — their maidens and servants about them—rich tapestries were made, clothing was embellished with fine stitchery, even towels were ornamented with mottoes or armorial bearings or patterns of flowers, and the house-mother took pride in her linen closets.

An Italian, Countess Cavazza, coming home as a bride, about twenty years ago, found many ancient pieces of needle-craft in her husband's house. Some were torn, and she mended them, but the old and fine specimens were too numerous to be restored by one pair of clever hands. The Countess called in a few good needle-women to share her tasks. Other beautiful pieces were copied, and adapted to articles of modern use. The number of workers grew, and now there are eight hundred of them—coöperative workers having a depot in Bologna, agents in many parts, travelers who go back and forth and hold exhibitions even so far away as Paris, a committee of management, and a regular staff. The association is known as the *Ars Emilia*, Bologna being in the Emilian province.

Although there is a salaried chief designer complicated orders have been handed over to a great architect to plan. Many of the eight hundred workers are ladies of small means; a great many are dwellers in towns where living is

costly. The work is executed with admirable faultlessness. Of course it cannot be sold for a low price, under these circumstances, but many lace-lovers agree in saying that it gives them more pleasure to possess exquisite needlework than to have trophies from goldsmith or silversmith.

In the Alpine uses of lace there are strange and interesting features. For instance, seams in the hand-woven linen are never made, whether sheets or garments are being fashioned. Peculiar stitches known as *aggiunti* are laboriously constructed from edge to edge of the two breadths that have to be joined. This *aggiunti* is no insertion. It cannot be taken out except by cutting it—that, is ruining it. If it were an insertion, in the proper meaning of that word, it would be a band of lace independently constructed, each side of which would be sewn to an edge of the linen; and it could be unsewn and applied to other uses. An *aggiunti* however, is part and parcel of a table cloth, sheet, or garment, into which it is worked. It is one of the canons of decorative art "never construct ornament, but ornament structure."

Greek lace or cut-work and drawn thread-work conform to this law, and lace-makers who have never formulated the rule rejoice nevertheless in the work in which it is observed. The thing looks right to them; they cannot tell why. In an old garment, a specimen illustration from Signora Ricci's book, will be seen structure ornamented in the seams and zig-rag patterns (which are Greek lace) and in the effectively embroidered neckband. Even the collar is made of a foundation of the very threads that run through the linen. This kind of work is absolutely beautiful for albs, cottas, altar cloth, and church work in general. Those who make Greek lace take an artist's delight in their task, and they are perhaps happier in their work than any other lace-makers. May it not be because the patterns when well executed are so eye satisfying?

Mrs. Hemans, the writer of popular verse, used to say that plain sewing was the most restful of occupations after too much literary toil. Lace-making is not a dull "mechanic" exercise as is mere stitching. It refreshes more because it gratifies the art sense, while it has all the soothing effect of manual labor. It is quite possible that this age of frayed nerves may be driven in self-defense upon its great grandmother's resource of lace-making.

The frontispiece of Signora Ricci's book is from the panel of a linen press painted by scholars of Guido Reni's. The original is to be seen in the *Pinacoteca* (picture gallery) at Bologna. The painting represents a pretty young woman bending over an elaborate collar while a little angel (or is it cupid?) traces the design upon the lace pillow, and a tiny dog frisks at the girl's feet. It is true that the Italian text of this book will be a drawback in America, but the printed pages are comparatively few, and the admirable illustrations speak the universal language. There is no difficulty in understanding the story they tell of art and industry in Italy.

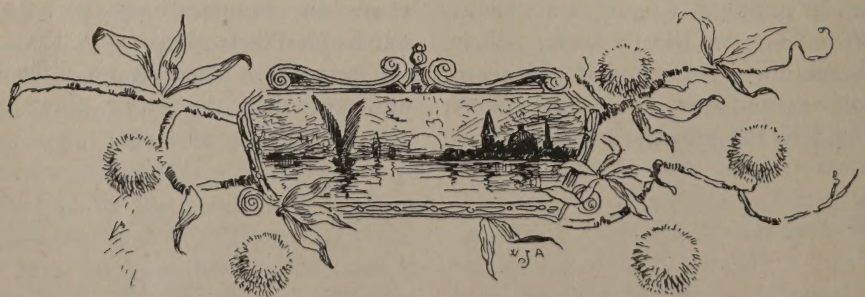
"USELESS FOOD."

Ten Per Cent. of the Average Income is Squandered on Useless Food, Says Professor Bailey, of Kansas University.

It is one of the unmistakable signs of a wider dissemination of food knowledge that more people are asking questions about food than ever before. Time was when the average person consulted only his palate when it came to the question of what to eat. He simply asked himself, "Does it taste good? Will it tickle my palate?" Now-a-days nine out of ten persons are apt to ask concerning a food, "Is it nutritious? Has it any muscle-making or brain-building material in it? Is it pure? Is it clean?"

It is true that many foods have no other claim upon popular favor than that they please the palate. They possess no nutritive value whatever. But it is also true that a food product that hopes to become a world-wide staple now-a-days must appeal not only to the palate, but to the popular knowledge of dietetics.

In his book on sanitary and applied chemistry, Professor Bailey, of Kansas University, says that at least 10 per cent. of the incomes of both the poor and the well-to-do is squandered upon useless foods; that is, foods that afford very little nutrition. Without doubt the greatest amount of body-building material in smallest bulk, in the most digestible form and at lowest cost is found in Shredded Whole Wheat. In this product, which may be obtained of any grocer, we have all the tissue-building, bone-making elements in the whole wheat made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. Every particle of nutriment in it is taken up and digested by the most delicate stomach. It contains more real nutriment than beef or eggs. When properly served it has the advantage of being both palatable and nutritious. The biscuit should always be thoroughly heated in an oven before serving. It is delicious for breakfast with milk or cream, or for any meal with fresh berries and cream. It is certainly a pleasant surprise to the stomach after eating greasy meats and soggy pastries.



Lectures and Replies. By the Most Rev. Thomas Joseph Carr, D.D., Archbishop of Melbourne. The Australian Catholic Truth Society.

Among the many tributes of admiration and respect offered to the Archbishop of Melbourne on the occasion of his recent jubilee was a fine edition of his own collected writings, prepared by a Committee of the Australian Catholic Truth Society, and presented by the Bishops of the province of Victoria, as a token of their esteem for His Grace the Metropolitan, and as a recognition of the distinguished services which these lectures have rendered in defence of the Catholic Faith. The learning, wisdom and piety of the Most Reverend Author make detailed criticism unnecessary, and are in themselves a sufficient guarantee of orthodoxy, scholarship and general excellence. The tribute is both useful and happy.

The volume is a large octavo containing about 800 pages. The contents cover a wide field, such as the Church and the Bible, the Primacy of the Roman Pontiff, the Origin of the Church of England, and various Replies. Every statement likely to be questioned by skeptical readers is supported by citations from the Fathers, from ecclesiastical writers and from profane historians both Catholic and non-Catholic. A comprehensive index makes reference relatively easy. There is one slight fault, however: the material of the volume is extremely heavy, at least in our Northern hemisphere. Possibly it might weigh less at the Antipodes. We leave the question for scientists to decide.

A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching. Vol. I. The Creed. New York. Joseph F. Wagner. Price $2.00.

The present volume belongs to a series which will form a complete exposition of Catholic doctrine, discipline and cult in original discourses by pulpit preachers of our own day. The editor says in a prefatory note: "The Encyclical of His Holiness, Pius X., in which he so strongly insists upon Catechising as one of the chief duties of the priesthood, has induced the publication of this Series. Our aim has been to prepare for the priest and for the catechist a storehouse of well-digested thought, from which may be drawn inspiration as well as spiritual food." Each discourse is preceded by a synopsis which will serve to fix the outline in the memory and render it easy for future use. Needless to say, the discourses are not equally available for preaching and catechising, partly on account of their subject matter, and partly on account of the mode of development. Some writers, who have an easy division and a natural way of evolving a line of thought, lend themselves to imitation and assimilation without an effort. Such pre-eminently among Catholic writers of the present day is Rt. Rev. Monsignor John S. Vaughan, whose name occurs more than once in the present volume. His style is natural and graceful, his illustrations apt and striking, his doctrine is safe, and his reasoning sound.

The Training of a Priest. By Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D. Longmans, Green & Company, New York. 1908. $1.50.

This essay on clerical education first appeared in 1896. At the time of its publication it caused a great stir among Catholic critics and provoked much unfavorable comment. It was thought to be imprudent and over-severe in condemning the system of clerical training which was then to be found in the average diocesan seminary. In the preface to the present volume Father Smith refers to "the lively reception given this simple and candid essay" and he admits that "a too direct, sometimes caustic expression in the book without the usual safeguards of limitation and diminution, rather than the spirit of radicalism in the author, led to these suspicions."

This fault of expression has been rectified in the second edition, but after reading the "Reply to the Critics" and the author's foreword one feels that although Father Smith tempers his language with "a careful reserve" he is still of the same opinion in regard to certain faults of seminary training as when he wrote "The Training of a Priest" twelve years ago. In his "Reply to the Critics," a most interesting chapter, he analyzes the character of the criticisms made on his book when it first appeared, and from them he draws the conclusion that their value apart from the encouragement given the author, lies in their expression of a popular sentiment in favor of a change of methods in seminary training. In support of this contention Father Smith reprints from the American Ecclesiastical Review an essay, "Our American Seminaries," written by the Rt. Rev. Bernard McQuaid, D.D., Bishop of Rochester, whose seminary he extols as a model institution. The Bishop's essay is included because it outlines the matter of the book and sums it up in episcopal fashion.

The action of Pius X. in closing two hundred seminaries in Italy provided the occasion for issuing the present volume, but its subject is the American boy, "the only one of his kind in the world," who is not to be blamed "for being a man at fifteen and an old man at twenty, knowing so much as to lose reverence for divinities that are behind the age. He must be taken as he is, ardor and impudence together, and trained from his own starting point. Swaddling clothes are not for him, and the attempt to force them upon him is responsible for the loss of many a vocation to the Church."

Taking the youth as he is, Father Smith then proceeds to develop what the seminary expects of him, and its methods of moulding him for the priesthood. It is quite possible that this revised and chastened second edition will also incur some censure as the author sets forth the faults of the present system in his usually direct and candid way. For instance, his reflections on the bursars of many present-day seminaries may not be kindly received by some readers, but the majority will admit that he does not overdraw his portrait of the attenuated gradu-

ate of the seminary, whose health has been impaired by overstudy and indifferent diet.

The volume is divided into six parts: "The Standard;" "Health, Strength and Manners;" "Certain Arts of Expression;" "The Spiritual Life;" "The Missionary Spirit;" "The Intellectual Life."

It is a work of interest not only to those engaged in seminary training and to that part of the Catholic laity whose sons have been given to the priesthood, but to Catholics in general. Young priests will find in it wise suggestions to aid them in solving the many problems that confront them after the seminary has been left behind. What could be more to the point than this paragraph dealing with the young priest sent to a country mission?

"A city-bred boy gets often the idea that only in the city is there laborious work for the priest; the country is a place for leisure, enforced leisure, which an honorable priest will employ in study, and in preparation for the larger field of city work. Hence the frequent statement innocently made, there is really nothing to do here from Sunday to Sunday! Too many priests have uttered that stultifying remark. Nothing to do where there are human beings? Where passion is busy, and prejudice is growing; where impressions of a million shapes are forever flowing in upon the souls of men from the press, the neighbor, their own circumstances, the growth or decrease of their own minds and bodies, the changes of fortune, the growth of their own children? Such a man must be shown just what there is to do in any community. He has command of a fortress and his garrison is in a state of perpetual siege, for the forces of nature and society and grace are tireless, change is continuous, and weaknesses are ever showing themselves. The true missionary finds no moment free in any conditions."

The duty of the priest in the city parish is dwelt upon, with detailed study of each division of his onerous charge—the children, the young people, the married—each set of circumstances testing the quality of his training and his special fitness for the high office of pastor of souls.

"The Training of a Priest," in its second edition, is one of the most helpful books of recent times. The author has knowledge of his subject, a fearless spirit, and a unrivaled gift of expression.

Defence of the Seven Sacraments. By Henry VIII., King of England. Re-edited with an introduction by Rev. Louis O'Donovan, S. T. L., with a preface by His Eminence, James, Cardinal Gibbons. New York. Benziger Brothers. Price $2.00 *net.*

Usually a man's works have little weight when it is known that he does not practise what he preaches. The present book is an exception to the rule. Henry's Defence of the Sacraments can be used as an *argumentum ad hominem* against himself when he subsequently became a heretic, an adulterer and a wife-murderer. The book won for its author the title, "Defender of Faith," and there can be no doubt whatever, that at the time of its publication, 1521, both the King and people of England acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope. It is regrettable that such a people should be robbed of their faith by the persecution of a degraded, heartless tyrant.

The Cardinal in the preface says: "In his exhaustive introduction to Henry's work, Father O'Donovan has quoted the views of many different writers bearing on the occasion, origin and motive, the authorship, the editions and versions, the presentation of the book to the Pope, and the question whether or not the title, 'Defender of the Faith,' was intended to be hereditary. . . . The presence of the original Latin text and somewhat old English version, together with the complementary documents, should appeal to and reach many readers, not only in this country but especially in England."

Short Sermons for Low Masses. By Rev. F. Heffner, Priest of the Order of St. Herbert. New York: Joseph F. Wagner. Price $1.00.

Mr. Wagner, by his extensive publication of pulpit literature, is rendering valuable service to preaching, present and future. When priests are over-worked and worried by business cares, as many of our clergy are, they are not in a mood to sit down and follow out a line of thought. And yet they have to preach, at least once a week. The result is apt to be extempore speaking in a bad sense; short preparation and long discourses, or preparation without beginning and a sermon without end. An extempore speaker, in general, has been happily defined as a man who feels that he is not doing justice to himself, and who keeps on indefinitely, hoping that justice will come sooner or later. One of the short sermons in the present volume will obviate such a predicament. Holy Writ says that a brother helped by a brother is like a strong city. I would respectfully add that, in the ranks of the clergy, the student can help the business man, and the business man can return the compliment by purchasing the books of the student.

The Next Step in Evolution. By Isaac K. Funk, D.D., LL.D. New York. Funk and Wagnalls Company. Price 50 cents.

In a foreword we are told that "this is a study of the probability, significance and character of the second coming of Christ. The author believes that Christ came the first time into men's vision by coming on the plane of their senses; He comes the second time into men's vision by lifting them up into His plane of spiritual comprehension." The theory is pretty, but it is more ingenious than solid. For our part, we prefer the traditional interpretation of centuries, which holds that, even as Christ ascended into Heaven, so will He come again at the end of the world to judge mankind. That is, we hold His second coming shall be real, not figurative.

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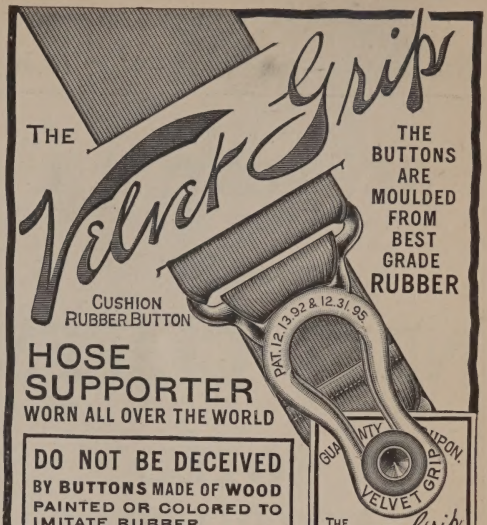

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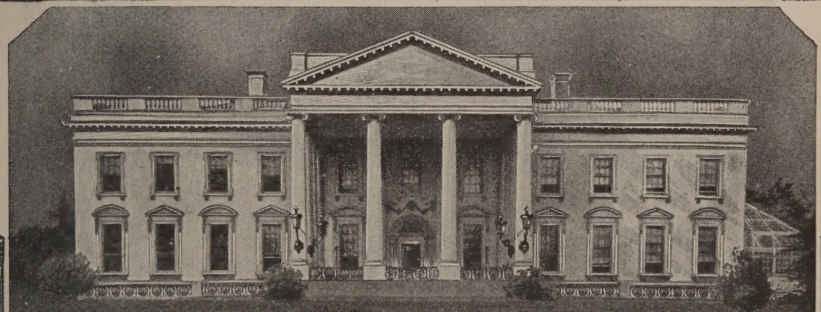

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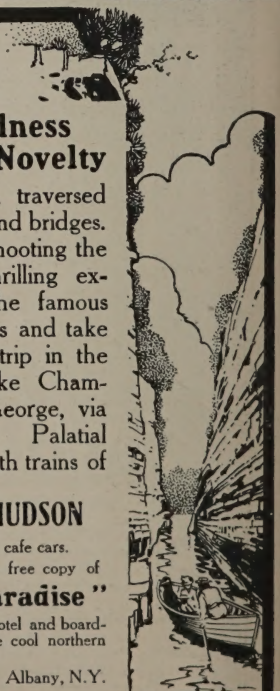

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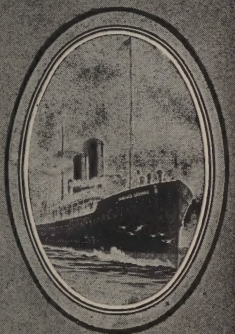

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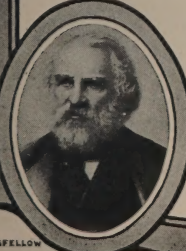

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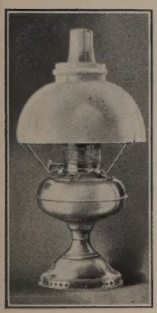

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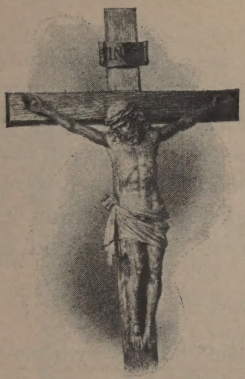

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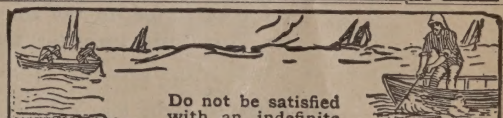

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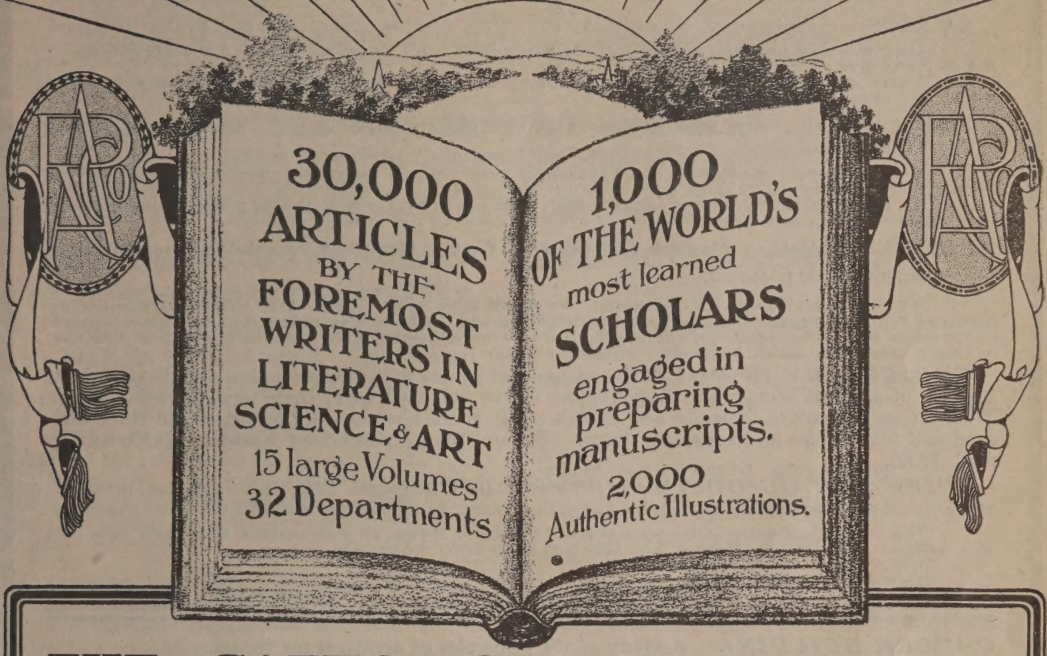

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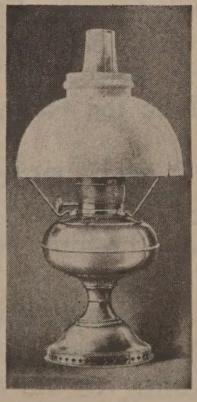

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 58 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*"

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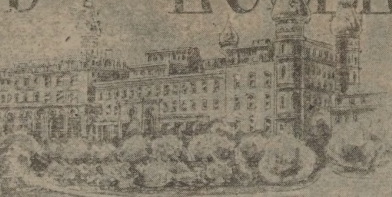

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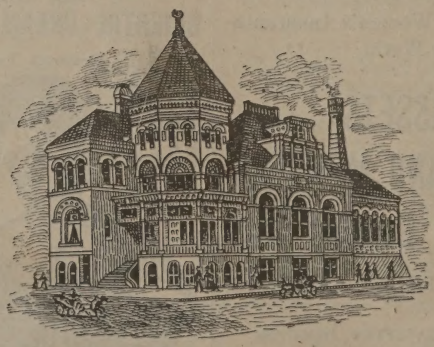

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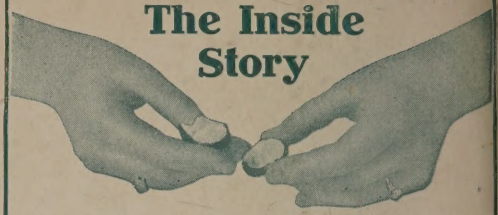

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